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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SORORES, unanimique PATRES."

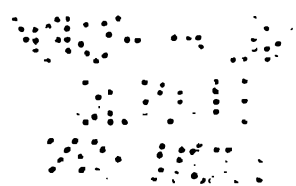
VOLUME SEVENTEENTH.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

1852.





CONTENTS

OF

Volume Seventeenth.

Aboriginal Monuments of the Mississippi Valley,	15
Absolute Power,	18
A Day Dream Among the Hills,	21
A Graduate's Reminiscence,	139
A Poser for Linguists,	102, 127
A Romance of the Laboratory,	66
A Smile,	138
Autographs,	146
A Voice of Praise from All,	126
Award of the Yale Literary Premium,	120
A Winter's Visit to the Catskills,	309
Birds of Passage,	18
Boat Song,	217
Books and Their Covers,	244
Centralization, (Townsend Prize Essay,)	248
Clark Prize Essay,	301
College Boating,	215
Collegiate Education in the West,	179
College Life,	204
Dorylla,	51
Down East and Out West,	174
Editors' Farewell,	236
Editor's Table,	38, 80, 113, 158, 199, 231, 276, 319, 357
Essay on Sleep,	68
Festus,	219
Fill a Cup to the Past,	178
Forest Leaves,	128
Geometry,	5
Great Days,	289
Holiday Walk,	81
Hortonse,	243
Insincerity in College, its Cause and Cure,	209
Junior Year,	60
Letters,	171
"Letters Home,"	26
Light,	306

Literary Notice,	190
Luthers' Saddest Experience,	145
Memorabilia Yaleana, 29, 77, 110, 149, 190, 224, 270, 317,	355
Mistaken Philanthropy,	161
Mistakes,	209
New Haven Harbor,	12
New Publications,	112, 157
Night, (Townsend Prize Poem,)	284
Notice to Contributors,	324, 359
Oda, (Ad Amicum,)	209
Oda, (Aurea Opportunitas,)	208
Ode to Pastoral Romance,	254
Our Confessional,	325
"Perit,"	341
Phonography,	188
Prof. Silliman's Tour,	78
Rainy Days in College,	345
Recipe for a Chemical Lecture,	103
Song of the Sailor,	327
Territorial Extension,	1
That Morning Bell,	29
The Antiquary,	221
The Claims of Yale College to the Regard of its Students,	41
The Deacon's Plunge,	343
The Dying Poet,	10
The Evening of the Massacre,	277
The Harp of the Winds,	63
The Household of Sir Thomas More,	350
The Lament of the Hungarian Exiles,	213
The Maiden Listening to the Murmur of the Shell,	247
The Moral Element in True Greatness, (Townsend Prize Essays,)	293, 329
The National Observatory,	134
The Pleasures and Duties of College Life,	95
The Political Influence of Towns and Cities, (Townsend Prize Essay,)	336
The Things which Life is Like,	91
The Undine of Fouque,	166
The Young Dreamer,	300
The Writers of the Elizabethan Age,	24
The 'Yale Lit,'	301
Thoughts on Naturalization,	266
To Our Readers,	237
Translation of Anacreon's Ode "To the Rose,"	344
Valentines,	183
Yale,	88
Yale Literary Prize Essay,	104

VOL. XVII.

No. I.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



*"Ipsa mea grata omni, dumtaxat Vallibus
Castellat Bonales, nondumque Patres."*

OCTOBER, 1851.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY;

EDITED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

NEW YORK:

CONTENTS.

Territorial Extension,	1
Geometry,	5
The Dying Poet,	10
New Haven Harbor,	12
Absolute Power,	13
Aboriginal Monuments of the Mississippi Valley,	15
Birds of Passage,	18
A Day-Dream among the Hills,	21
The Writers of the Planchetian Age,	24
"Letters Home,"	26
That Morning Bell,	29
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA :	
Webster Premium,	29
Southern Students,	30
Commencement Week of 1851,	31
The Literary Societies,	35
Professor Silliman's Return,	50
Foot Ball Game,	37
Portrait of Professor Porter,	27
KNOTCH'S TABLE,	38

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1851.

No. I.

Territorial Extension.

UPON the question of Territorial Extension, there are at present in our country several parties entertaining different views. One party we may, for the sake of distinction, call the Manifest Destiny party. They hold that the Anglo Saxon race is destined to progress until it swallows up all other races. So wild are their views that they are ready to plunge our nation into war with any other nation which pretends to dispute their divine right to rule. All projects for the extension of territory, however dishonorable to us as a nation, they cloak by their "Manifest Destiny."

With such a class we do not take issue. With those who disregard all the considerations of justice, who lay aside all regard for the law of nations, and the faith of treaties, we would have nothing to do. We can only console ourselves, when we view the results of their mad schemes, with the reflection, that beneficial effects sometimes flow from causes which would seem to produce the opposite. We can say

"Not but wat abstract war is horrid,
I sign to that with oll my hart
But civlyzation doos git forrid
Sometimes upon a powder cart."*

Another class there is who propose to extend our country's limits southward only. The object of these is easily seen. They desire not the extension of territory as such, but only the enlargement of the area of human bondage. The events of the past five or six years have fully shown this to be their aim, for the same party which most strongly

* Biglow Papers.

urged the annexation of Texas was the party most bitterly opposed to the admission of California as a free State. But California came in and the "Slavery Extensionists" were caught in their own trap. Among these two classes are to be found those of our countrymen who lately invaded the possessions of a foreign power on terms of amity with the United States. They are reaping the bitter fruits of their respective doctrines.

A third class are those who are opposed unqualifiedly to any and all extension of our territory. Such maintain that our country is large enough as it is—that were territory to be had for the asking, we ought not to take it—that we had better turn our attention to improving what we have, to developing our resources, to bettering the condition of the masses, than to be engaged in projects for national aggrandizement. This class embraces a large and by no means unimportant portion of the community. Much of the wealth, the learning, the intelligence, the morality and the religion of the country are to be found in its ranks.

It is to this class that we would speak for a few moments. We would ask in reference to what might be said about the development of our resources, Are not the resources of this country in as much greater state of development than they were at the time of the Revolution, as our country is larger? Have not science and the arts, literature and education advanced equally with our territorial limits? In short, has not civilization kept pace with territorial extension? We think the most conservative must admit this.

Let us at this point answer a few objections which this class usually bring against territorial extension.

The case of Rome is often cited as an argument against this policy.

Whenever any project for the annexation of any particular territory has been before the people, the opposers of the measure, whether for party purposes or from patriotic motives, have portrayed in vivid colors the downfall of Rome. Orators and poets have waxed eloquent in their descriptions of her ruin. Divines have invoked the vengeance of heaven upon any who would bring the like catastrophe on us. Newspaper scribblers have vilified and abused the administration which would favor such a project, likening the leaders to ambitious Cæsars, and the subordinates to their underlings.

All, from the statesman in the Senate Chamber to the man who "does the politics" for the meanest seven-by-nine weekly, have attempted to show from the example of Rome that we in our giant strides for power will overstep the bounds of reason and sink to rise no more.

It is urged, to speak more seriously, that because the ancient Romans, by extending their domain brought on the ruin of the Empire, the Republic of the United States will in like manner fall to pieces if it pursues a like course.

The fallacy in this is in supposing a parallelism to exist between the two cases, whereas in truth they are totally different.

Rome was at first a municipal corporation, then an empire of cities held together partly by a spirit of despotism infused into the people by the Imperial Government, partly by a sort of chain-work of functionaries spread over them, and partly by a powerful military system.* Never at any stage of its progress was it any thing at all approaching to a federative system.

It will be necessary then for those who adduce the case of Rome as argument against the extension of territory, to prove that the self-same causes which have conspired to the overthrow of extended military despotism will work the downfall of extended republicanism.

Again, it is said by the opposers of territorial extension that if our country is extended it will soon fall to pieces from mere extension. To support this assertion they unfortunately bring forward the illustration of an extended beam breaking by its own weight. Unfortunately we say, for if we rightly understand the matter, a beam is not weakened if, as its ends are extended, a proportionate increase is made to the central parts. Now this is precisely the case with our country. Whenever our territorial limits are extended, a proportional increase of representation is made in the central government.

This illustration then, it will be seen, can be used with greater force by the supporters of territorial extension than its opposers.

We would notice a third objection. A want of nationality is often attributed to people of an extended country. A difference in manners and customs, diversity of pursuits, of institutions, of thoughts, feelings and actions, it is said, render it impossible that such a people should be one in heart. In answer to this we would ask, Are not the people of these thirty-one States as much one people to day, as were the people of the old thirteen States in 1776? We have only to place ourselves in circumstances somewhat similar to those of former days to answer this question. Suppose a powerful foreign force were to invade our territory, no matter for what purpose; but to make the parallel stronger, let it be for the purpose of taking away our liberties and reducing us to a state of vassalage or colonial dependence—would not the old altar fires of freedom

* Guizot's History of Civilization.

be kindled anew throughout the length and breadth of the land? Would not the same great principles which the fathers defended, be defended by the sons, and with equal success too? No answer but an affirmative one can be returned to such questions as these. Were a British army about to disembark at Boston, the electric wires would scatter the tidings far and near, and from the pines of Maine, from the prairies of Iowa, from the everglades of Florida, yes, could the news reach them, from the gold mines of California, would come up those who would account it their highest glory to wet with their blood the soil made holy by the blood of their fathers.

But evidences of a oneness of spirit in the hearts of the American people can be found in the occurrences of actual life. The late war with Mexico affords a proof, and we may add a melancholy proof, of this unity of which we speak. Although it was begun contrary to the wishes of many, perhaps the majority, still when we were fairly engaged in it, all parties combined to prosecute it to a successful issue. And when peace was at last obtained, it was hailed, with scarce a thought of the terms, by all the country alike.

Another proof is afforded from a source entirely different, where neither our country's liberties were in danger, nor the reputation of her arms at stake. We refer to the triumph of the yacht *America*. An interesting contest has been going on for some time between England and the United States, both in steamships and in sailing vessels, and in the partial triumph of the former and the complete triumph of the latter, every American feels an honest pride of country. He feels a stronger attachment to his native land, and a deeper love for those who with him are its citizens.

But further proof of unity of feeling is unnecessary. Every one who considers the subject in all its bearings, must be fully convinced that we are as much one people now as when our territory was not half or one fourth its present size. True, there may be now and then a discontented spirit manifested—as once in a while, for example, in South Carolina—but such a spirit can no more disturb the well arranged system of Republicanism, than can the glare of an occasional comet derange the Divinely ordered system of the universe.

There may exist wide differences of opinion on various subjects, party spirit may run high, sectional animosities may prevail, one principle may come in contact with a counter principle—these are but purifying elements—they do not destroy the oneness—they but make it the more perfect. The ocean is lashed into fury by the tempest, but it is one for all that.

Having considered the objections which are brought to territorial extension by this third class, let us pass to yet a fourth and last class. There are those who earnestly desire the extension of our territory by all honorable and peaceful methods. Having themselves experienced the benefits flowing from a free government, they are naturally desirous that others should enjoy the same blessings. Nor in this desire are they by any means regardless of the interests of their own country. They think that they see enough in its past history and present condition to warrant them in advocating its extension, wherever and whenever the way is opened for such extension.

Not by windy declamation on the "manifest destiny" of the race, would this party influence the minds of their countrymen, and urge them to a crusade against all despotism. Not by a reckless seizure on a portion of a sister republic would they extend the area of human bondage, under the pretense of extending the area of human freedom. Nor on the other hand would they timidly shut themselves up in their seclusion. They would rather throw wide open the gates of the temple of liberty, that the oppressed nations may come in.

C. M. B.

Geometry.*

In this inquiring age nothing is left unquestioned. Whatever bears the marks of time is the proper subject of criticism and sneers. Truths which have commanded the assent and respect of ages can claim no exemption. Axioms must be proved and our own existence is doubted.

The "New Elements" is as remarkable for its origin as its logic. While in College the author had gone through three or four books of Euclid. For thirty years he had been engaged in foreign pursuits. Every demonstration and almost every principle had faded from his mind, when it was accidentally turned to this subject all at once. With great acuteness he sees, all at once, that Mathematics have been always groping in the dark and that Geometry now rests upon a false basis. For a *long* year and a half he labored to perfect a new system and build up this science upon true foundations. The results are embodied in the work before us.

* New Elements of Geometry. By Seba Smith. New York, 1851.

His great discovery is that a Geometrical line is not, as has been always supposed, destitute of breadth and thickness ; that it is impossible to conceive of it according to the old definitions, and that if it has extension in either directions it is not indefinitely small, but is of finite magnitude. A line is therefore, he claims, a unit in breadth and thickness, and is a parallelopiped. A plane surface is a succession of straight lines and is a unit in thickness. There is then only one kind of quantity in Geometry instead of three, as heretofore. A line may be equal to a surface, or a solid, as they are all of the same nature. This renders Geometry much simpler ; doing away with useless distinctions.

Mr. Smith claims that it is impossible to form an idea of a line without breadth and thickness. As long as he refers to a material line, he is right ; for the idea of matter includes that of extension in all directions. But mathematicians treat of ideal lines, by their very definition not material ; and if the mind has any power of abstraction it can remove the other properties of extension and treat of its length alone. It does this not by a process of reducing a body to an infinitesimal thickness and then reducing in a similar way the breadth ; but by a simple act. As such it needs and admits of no explanation. It is not the child that is troubled with obtaining the idea, it is the philosopher trying to explain the process. But should we grant (which we certainly do not) that such an idea is impossible, we can at least regard a line as possessed of infinitely small breadth and thickness. There is no necessity for new definitions ; and Mr. Smith's only argument will be that they render Geometry more simple.

If all the relations of extension could be conceived of with equal ease and simplicity, by considering only one kind of quantity, it would, doubtless, be better than to introduce three. But if such a course renders the processes of Geometry more complicate, and burdens them with useless and foreign ideas, this benefit will be dearly purchased.

Conceive now what the more common Geometrical elements will be in this new system. The straight line is a right parallelopiped. Its upper surface corresponds with the plane of the paper. The volume of all rectilinear figures is likewise below this plane. We cannot consider this surface as the line, for then we lose sight of the thickness. If we treat of surface alone, without regarding the thickness, we revert to the old definitions and introduce another kind of quantity. Still less can we regard the corner as the line. We must always keep in mind that it has volume, though at times we do not use it, and it is plain that this volume must occupy some definite space.

A square would be a right parallelopiped with a square base and a unit in thickness. If we consider it as bounded by lines, they must have volume and locality. Their most natural position is without the square, and below the plane of the paper, so that their inner surfaces shall coincide with its outer edges. Draw now a diagonal. This must also have volume and locality. One edge, we suppose, would be drawn through the centre of the square and the volume is disposed on one or the other side at convenience. At the corners it would evidently penetrate, to some extent, the lines of the circumference. If a line in another plane be drawn obliquely to one in the square, proper corners must be designated so that when they meet the lines may be considered as intersecting. We may, without doubt, conceive of all rectilinear figures as formed in a manner similar to the square and may demonstrate, if not all, a large proportion of their relations.

But when we pass to curvilinear figures we meet some serious difficulties. It is not easy to get an accurate idea even of a curved line. Take the simplest case—the circumference of a circle. It has volume, and that volume locality. But how shall we conceive of it? A straight line bent into this form would be distorted. If it be a unit in breadth and lying without the circle, it is too large; if within, it is too small. If partly without and partly within, how shall we know when another line meets it? The most natural way seems to be to regard the circle as a polygon of an infinite number of sides, so that its circumference would consist of an infinite number of thin leaves as it were extending out in every direction. Curves of double curvature are still more complicated. In these we can generally have only one corner of the leaves in contact, where before we had the whole breadth of the line.

Passing on we find the definition, “a curved surface is composed of curved lines.” If we have obtained the true idea of a curved line, according to our author, we may readily conceive of a cylindrical surface. This circle is, in fact, a specimen of the common cylinder, and its circumference is such a surface. We confess ourselves however entirely at a loss when we come to the cone. It would be most natural to consider the surface as an infinite number of triangles and the small prisms, a unit in height, erected on these as the volume of the surface. But this does not correspond with the definition. We confidently defy any one to tell how Mr. Smith would dispose of the spherical and other surfaces of revolution; and the warped surfaces are equally, if not more, difficult.

Combine now these elements and we see how *simple* Geometry may be rendered. Take, as a specimen, one of the more complicated diagrams

of the hyperbola in the conic sections, and conceive it as formed in this new system, making one of the axes the unit. Or if this be too simple, take those illustrating propositions in Descriptive Geometry, and we cannot fail to appreciate the beauties of this marvelous system.

There is but one alternative as long as we give to lines and surfaces any definite solidity. It is possible to consider them as possessing volume which has no fixed location. The line presented to the view is destitute of breadth and thickness, but we must yet suppose it possessed of the proper amount of volume—a kind of incorporeal hereditament. What great attractions such a two-fold view must present to the learner, from its remarkable simplicity!

Finding *such* perfection in the *foundation* of the new system, we should expect to see the genius of the architect equally displayed in the superstructure. Behold, then, what admirable simplicity we find! Of the seventy-two propositions which he has given, forty-eight are devoted to the elucidation of a single one: "The area of a polygon circumscribing a circle is equal to the product of its perimeter into one half the radius of the circle." The demonstration of Prop. 52, which would ordinarily occupy about eight lines, here fills eight pages. "I most earnestly desire," says Mr. Smith, "to do something to simplify the study of Geometry—something by which the benefits of its admirable discipline may become more widely diffused, and its beauties and harmonies more generally enjoyed." A treatment of the rest of Geometry, according to these specimens, would certainly do much towards its universal diffusion.

Our author confesses that he has but little practical acquaintance with Algebra, and yet advises that it be not applied to any Geometrical subjects. The calculus comes under his ban. Perhaps Le Verrier ought to have discovered Neptune by synthetic methods. "Away," he would exclaim, "with the distinction between pure and mixed mathematics, and let the analytical branches be destroyed." What wonder that the child who has never crossed the parental threshold believes that the world is bounded by the visible horizon! We might have been inclined to consider this confession rather as the result of extreme modesty, but must believe it is true when we meet such an assertion as this: "Algebra is entirely blind to the relations and agreements existing between surd quantities; whilst arithmetical numbers, by carrying out the roots to a few decimal places, can see and show these relations and agreements as clearly and satisfactorily as in quantities with perfect roots." Any one who had been half way through quadratics might well be laughed at for such extreme ignorance.

We should be glad to notice the discovery of several such important truths as these—"There are no quantities or magnitudes in nature that are incommensurable"—"All mathematical numbers are but representatives of magnitudes, and all magnitudes have forms," &c., but must deny ourselves the pleasure.

We cannot, however, forbear quoting one or two passages of especial beauty. Speaking of the benefits of separating Algebra and Geometry he says, "But let him (the learner) descend into the deep caverns of Geometry with the Greek rule and compass in his hand, guided by the perfect modern numerical notation which the Greeks did not possess, and he carries a torch before him, which lights up his pathway, and the rich and bright gems of truth on all sides come flashing upon his gladdened sight from every crag and corner. Let the teachers of the world give this important subject a fair hearing; and if this prove to be the right view of it, let them wrest Geometry out of the hands of Algebra, strip the bandage from her eyes and let her walk forth again upon the earth with unclouded vision. Then shall she brush away the cobwebs and dust of modern abstractions, and clothed in a garment of new light and beauty, shall stand before the world more perfect and more comely than in the days of her Grecian youth. Then shall she carry forward her high mission to elevate the condition of man, by teaching him God's everlasting truths. Then shall her dignity and divine importance be vindicated even to justify the assertion of Plato concerning the probable employment of the Deity, that 'He geometrizes continually.'"

One more specimen and we close. "Through Geometry he (the child) should learn all his Arithmetic. Then would he find the dark and puzzling labyrinths of numbers to lighten up at every step of his progress. Then would the toilsome and blind path of arithmetic become a bright and pleasant road, and her mystic and vague expressions would open to him full of clear and beautiful meaning. Then would he see and comprehend what is meant by those perplexing enigmatical things, the square root and the cube root. Then would the boy 'with shining morning face' no longer be seen 'creeping like snail unwillingly to school,' but tripping with a light heart and singing for joy."

All this would be very fine, no doubt; but we fear it will take more than the "*New Elements*" to introduce such an intellectual millenium.

H. A. N.

The Dying Poet.

THE long, lone, dreary night had passed away
 At length ; how long, alas ! to him
 Who sleepless marked time's sluggish step, till day
 Stood blushing on the dappled east :
 To him whose only watchers through that night
 Had been low, dingy walls, whereon
 A scanty hearth had cast pale streaks of light,
 Dancing to fitful gusts of wind.
 The friendless poet watched them playing there,
 And they to fancy spirits seemed
 Lurking in Death's shadow, ready to bear
 His grief-worn soul up to its Rest.
 But morn had now appeared—a morn of spring,
 Smiling on distant winter's scowl,
 And new life breathing into every thing
 Beneath the sun's all-warming blaze.
 Within this gloomy room, one ray of all
 That shone upon a world like this,
 Alone fell on the dusky chamber wall,
 Like an expiring torch within
 A grave, or fainting Hope upon the eye
 Of black Despair. The poet saw—
 And he who there had long, oft wished to die ;
 To leave a world most selfish, false,
 And be at home where spirits only come ;
 Resting his aching head the while
 Upon his fleshless hand, mused on his doom.

My eyes have seen the beauteousness of earth :
 It is all glorious, all full of smiles—
 A temple for the dwelling in of gods.
 Its graceful hills with living verdure clad
 Celestial feet might tread upon unstained :
 The snowy foam of its unresting seas
 To be the birth-place of a goddess fit :
 The rainbow o'er its waterfalls the throne
 Of Naiads, with tresses of sun-gilt spray :
 Its mountains filled with Oreads, its lakes
 Spread out their glassy bosoms, as a floor
 For the soft feet of lightly-tripping nymphs ;
 And in the kingdoms of the viewless air
 Dwell charming Sylphs away from vulgar eyes,
 Companions ever to the poet's soul.

'Tis beauty all in the wide range of thought ;
 But man's dark soul—oh God ! how undefined !

In darkness mantled, yet how much of light—
 Angel at once and devil—Heaven and Hall;
 Noonday and midnight here together sit;
 Fair Love in arm with Hate, Hope with Despair;
 Keen Remorse treading on the heel of Crime,
 And Murder dallying with pallid life;
 Mercy clasping the knees of Justice stern,
 And Pardon at the ear of deaf Revenge;
 Crouching beneath plumed Pride, Humility;
 Hypocrisy, stretching its hands to Heaven,
 But walking ever towards the gates of hell;
 And over all Ambition with its head
 Among the stars sticks fast in earthy mire.
 Virtue is unrewarded here, and Vice
 Slips past the hand of Punishment.

But thus

To spend a whole existence worshipping
 The Beautiful, and spreading out my hymns
 Of praise to it before mankind; to glad
 A thousand hearts with new, embodied thoughts;
 Looking with prophet-ken into the world
 Invisible, and tracing on the sky
 Of verse, the golden visions there discerned,
 And in the end to perish unbewept,
 With not a kindred soul to love and cheer;
 No hand to loose the gripe of Poverty;
 No feeling breast whereon to lay my head,
 And so to die! Ye dreams of calm decline,—
 Of parting from this life like summer suns,
 That pour their blazing floods o'er all the west,
 And thus diffused fade out upon the clouds;
 How have I waked to storms tempestuous
 Upon this night of death! But it will soon
 Be past for aye. Longer I would not live;
 My soul would quit this clogging tenement
 That binds it to the gross Material,
 On Heaven-lent wings to soar nearer the Sun
 Of truth, perfection, beauty and of love.

Slowly the aged man sunk back
 Upon his couch, a feeble rack—
 The relic of a better day.
 The smoking embers on the hearth
 Went out, and as the last spark fled,
 Leaving the fragment cold and dead,
 The poet's spirit flew from earth,
 Quitting the thin, emaciated frame,
 A dust-doomed lump unworthy of a name,
 Wherein a soul, filled with poetic fire,

Had lived but to aspire
 Higher and higher,
 Till nigher
 The pure and uncreated Soul of Life,
 Than men aspiring often on earth appear,
 He perished in the Heaven-daring strife
 Without a friend, without a wail, or tear.
 The death-gasp echoed through that lonely room,
 At once a poet's cell, a poet's tomb.
 Rigid the writhing muscles grew and calm ;
 The thin and parted lips were pale ;
 The ghastly eyes fixed on the lone sun beam
 Might tell the living a sad tale.
 All hushed and still was now that solemn place ;
 None stood to gaze upon the dead one's face.
 Loudly the death-watch ticked behind the wall ;
 The cricket on the hearth came out and sang,
 And busy spiders wove a thin, gray pall
 Athwart the icy corse there as it lay.
 Within a neighboring steeple rang
 The morning bell, but not for him
 Who lay alone ; it was a merry day,
 And thousands through the crowded streets went past,
 Sending their wild and rushing din
 Into the chamber of the dead.
 It is a fearful thing indeed
 Even to dream, that such must be the last
 Of earthly scenes, to one like this,
 Whose every thought was happiness,
 When early prospects promised only bliss.
 Forgotten 'mid his monuments of song,
 His lamp went out, as in a stormy night
 A tempest-braving ship, once winged and strong,
 Goes down hard by the useless beacon-light.

H.

New Haven Harbor.

If it is not a king among waters, I say
 It is yet what a Turk would call Al-i Bey,
 And, although not a Papist, I take it to be
 In some sense a member of some Wholly Sea ;
 Though not deep, it is witty, if salt goes for wit ;
 And at College 't would never be Fresh, I admit ;
 But its cold water fame, I am sorry to mar,
 For it has out of sight, near the light-house, a Bar !

NEPTUNE.

Absolute Power.

THIS is a term to which a great deal of odium is attached, and in most cases it has not been without reason. To free a man from all human restraint, to allow him to range untethered through the world, is a proceeding always to be deprecated, and which urgent necessity alone can justify or palliate. Even when the individual to whom absolute power is intrusted has a sincere regard for the interests which occasion the trust, and is inclined to use it in the most beneficial manner, is the commission a fearful one. But it is when its possessor is influenced in the exercise of it more by private than by public ends, when however honorable his intentions may have been, he is moved by wrong counsels, or swayed by wrong motives, or when he *wilfully* uses his authority for the accomplishment of personal objects that the utter madness of the proceeding in most cases, is apparent. Yet that occasions *do* occur in which this course is called for, that there *are* times which demand the concentration of a nation's power and a nation's majesty into one focus, times when one man, energetic and patriotic, absorbing all the divided authority of a government in his own person can wield the whole with far greater celerity and proportionably greater effect than could be done through the cumbersome machinery of a legitimate administration, is what will be attempted to be proved.

The main feature of government now is the distribution of power, in opposition to any extensive accumulation of it at any point. The motive principle, be it what it may, acts through such complicated machinery, the force is transmitted through such a variety of wheels and levers, and its amount graduated by such a variety of pinions and balances as to make it no easy task for one unacquainted with their operation to assign every effect to its proper cause, and always to render it difficult to reconcile the regularity and evenness of the power thus attained, with the speed which it may be advisable sometimes to use. And whenever occasions arise, as they sometimes do, when celerity of movement is the main ingredient of success, when it is essential that the action shall be instantaneous, that the execution shall go hand in hand with the conception; in short, that a nation shall be endowed with all the activity and all the personality of an individual; it can be done in no way so effectually as by identifying an individual with the nation. True, this must be done at the expense of all those safeguards which a jealous regard for its liberties may have thrown around any government; at a temporary sa-

crifice of every thing which could render it worth preserving. But celerity is not the only benefit derived from such a course. Power can be applied much more *forcibly* this way than by the ordinary methods of procedure. And this additional force is partly the effect of the additional celerity, and partly owing to the advantages which are inseparably connected with the unity and personality thus given it. In war especially do the important results of such a concentration of power become most apparent. "The whole art of war," said Napoleon, "consists in being the strongest upon a given point at a given time." In other words, success must depend on perfect unity and quick decision. Discipline with soldiers is mere obedience, and the more perfectly obedient they are, the more nearly they approximate to living, breathing machines, pervaded by only one mind—so much the more effectually they act. And in governments where there are of necessity contending interests and hostile parties, could we find an infallible leader to take charge of our fortunes, it might perhaps be well to entrust them entirely to his hands. The difficulty here is not in the extended application of the principle, but in the impossibility of finding such a leader. But even when any great disparity exists between individuals, when any one man, in his motives, his designs, as well as his power of carrying them into execution is far above the ordinary standard of his fellow-men, it is often best to allow him full scope for his exercise. And it is questionable whether in every barbarous or semi-civilized race, one absolute ruler, such as has been described, would not exert more influence upon their prosperity and development than they could themselves work out through ages. In the career of Peter the Great we find an exemplification of this. The irresponsible nature of his position gave him opportunities for the accomplishment of more good on a more extended scale than could possibly be possessed by any of less absolute authority, while his patriotism, or at least his pride, led him to improve each opportunity to the utmost. And to him, severe and tyrannical as he often was, is Russia mainly indebted for her civilization and the influence she now enjoys. But this is a disparity which can exist only in a new or barbarous nation, and no superiority of talent, nothing but the extremest necessity can furnish a sufficient motive for an enlightened people to resort to this extreme proceeding. In cases like the above, where one man occupies a vantage ground over his fellow men—where he possesses the will and the power, he can make it felt over the whole nation. Thus, Peter the Great could, by his firm will, and a stern and often despotic use of his power, force the whole Russian Empire to a certain degree of civilization, could drive them as it were in an army to a

certain height, but at this point the good effects of this mode of government, so far as it is exerted on their civilization, ceases. A nation, after it has attained a certain level, cannot be, or at least never has been, pushed higher than this by any exertion of absolute power by one individual. All advances made beyond this, must be by themselves; by their own separate expansion. The acorn has now been planted. The ground has been prepared, and the gardener has watched the germ with anxious eye. He knew that if violence was offered to the tender plant—if it was forced to assume an unnatural position—"the deformed oak would tell the tale for centuries," and he accordingly guarded it with sedulous care—protected it from injury until it gave promise of strength and majesty; but here his care can go no farther. It must now have full exposure to the free wind of heaven; the dews must fall upon it, aye, and the storms beat around it before the young sapling can grow to the perfect oak. Such are some of the advantages of absolute government; whether they are not more than counterbalanced by its disadvantages must, of course, depend upon circumstances.

O'R.

Aboriginal Monuments of the Mississippi Valley.

PERHAPS no object strikes the tourist with more lively interest, than the fortifications, or mounds, in this part of the country. They transport the mind at once to other days and other scenes—times whose history is enveloped in the dark mists of past ages; such obscurity as the antiquarian can never unveil.

These vestiges present several features which are worthy of observation. First. They are wholly different from any other remains of antiquity which are known to exist. In respect to themselves there is much similarity of construction, both in form and material. They consist of a circular embankment formed of earth, and a ditch made by the excavations; both alike serving for the purpose of defense. The walls, or fortifications, differ much in the extent of their circuit; sometimes enclosing twenty or thirty acres, and again not more than two or three. These works are invariably, when the nature of the situation will admit, very

accurately circular; and have usually two openings at opposite sides. These were, doubtless, secured by some kind of gates or doors, but which, from their perishable material, have entirely disappeared. The ditch is usually about ten feet wide, and four feet deep, and the bank of a height corresponding to the quantity of earth cast out of the ditch. But this cannot be taken as a correct measurement of the works when first formed, since, in the natural course of events, the circular elevation would sink and become wider, while the ditch would fill up. In the centre of the circle there is a hillock in the form of a cone. This is usually two hundred feet in circumference, and some twenty feet high. Judging from appearances, this cone must have had a very pointed venter, and much higher when built than now. It was formed of earth which was brought some distance, and there are no signs of excavations in its immediate vicinity; or if it was obtained within the circle, this was done by scraping the earth from all sides in such a manner that its loss now makes no perceptible depression. This hillock was used as a sepulchre; thus giving the works a twofold character; that of a means of defense for the living, and a receptacle for the dead. The mounds have frequently been examined as to their contents, and in addition to the remains of human beings, are found also rude instruments of iron, beads or *wampum*, and many similar articles belonging to rude society. In these offerings which accompany the dead, we also find obscure traces of their religious notions; that they had the common views of the uncivilized, that the departed require some articles for their convenience in journeying to the land of spirits.

There are very great numbers of human remains in these mounds, and we find some very near the top of them, and still more as we dig further down; which favors the idea that they had been long used as a place of burial by increasing their height. In their formation, as noticed above, we never find any thing employed save earth, even when stone exists in abundance. This fact seems to distinguish them from all other monuments built by savage or civilized races. In the earliest remains of Grecian architecture we find stone used, though in the rough state; in the extreme East we find bricks employed for their structures; in Mexico, Central America, and South America, both stone and bricks.

Secondly. Their *number* is very considerable, especially along the banks of streams. Frequently in such localities there are four or five within a mile of each other.

We cannot infer a dense population, however, for various reasons. Although the same place was occupied, in all probability, by the same

tribe as long as it held possession of the country, yet from the warlike character of the savages, the tenure was a precarious one. And when one tribe was driven, it is not likely that the conquerors would use the same receptacle for their dead; being unwilling to mingle even with the dust of their enemies. This may account for the fact that so many monuments are found in a certain district in close proximity. For the most eligible situations seem to have been selected, as regards means of defense, facility of construction, and productiveness of soil. Hence these advantages, where they existed together, would offer inducements for many near the same place.

But in the third place—The time of their construction cannot be known with any degree of certainty. That they belong to a remote period, however, may be inferred from unmistakable signs. The remains of the dead are in the last stage of decay—almost returned to mother dust. Only some of the harder parts of the bones and the teeth remain entire. Even when we first bring them from the earth, if they present a sound appearance, they quickly crumble when brought into the open air. Their beads are in a better state of preservation; being made of some very hard and durable shells. The bones present very much the appearance of having been calcined; yet we learn from their structure that this is not the effect of fire, but of time. From the timber found upon these works, we can safely place their origin many centuries in the past. Trees of the largest size grow in the trench, on the embankment, and also on the mound itself. Here are the stately black walnut and ash, trees of exceeding slow growth. These are often four and five feet in diameter, a size which they would not attain under ordinary circumstances in less than a thousand years. Besides, there are old trunks of the same kind of trees within the enclosure, which, from their decayed appearance, could not have lain much short of a century; all of which give us a better estimate of the antiquity of these works. But these facts do not fix a precise time for their origin; for the present growth of timber may have been preceded by another and another, and thus their period be placed farther back. We can, from such facts, only say that they are not of modern origin. Another circumstance would lead us to the same conclusion. The tribes who lived in the vicinity, at the settlement by Europeans, could give no account of their origin. As to the natives themselves, who at that time possessed the country, they constructed nothing of the kind. Doubtless nations have risen, flourished for a season till some stronger power came along, then fallen to rise no more—leaving only vestiges enough to prove their existence. It is with melancholy interest that we have approached the tombs

of the Red man. Our curiosity overcoming our veneration, we have opened their recesses, and rudely brought forth the reliques of the brave warrior. As we gathered the fragments of skulls, as we picked up the arm of the stalwart savage, we scarcely felt justifiable in thus disturbing the long repose. Here perhaps lay a chief, shrewd in council and mighty in war. What courage once dwelt in this forsaken mansion! What agility once actuated these limbs in the hunt, or in the tumult of battle! Here perhaps he died fighting bravely to ward off the enemy; and here he was laid to rest amid the honors of his country, and the lamentations of his kindred. Perhaps here are the ashes of a "medicine man," of the seer

* * * * "Whose untutored mind
Saw God in clouds and heard him in the wind;"

he that in the simplicity of his nature foretold the secrets of the misty future, as he murmured his *pow wow* over the pot of smoking drugs. How changed the scene! Then was all life and activity. The luxuriant forest waved its green boughs, and the sprightly deer bounded over the hills. The smoke of the wigwam rose in the mild breeze of the morning, and the children of nature rejoiced in the buoyancy of life. But how different now! The stillness of centuries hangs as a pall over the resting place of the warrior. His eyes were closed in the sleep that knows no waking. Time has swept his very name into oblivion. Gazing into this hill of earth do we not read our own destiny? Does not the tottering column, the crumbling marble, and the sinking mound speak to us? Time, who sweeps away all before him, will not pass us by, and we shall, like the Red man, sleep on unknowingly and unknown. J. C.

~~~~~ Birds of Passage.

WHY away, ye Birds that caroled
Here, so swiftly have ye passed!
Have ye heard old Winter's herald
Loudly sound his warning blast!

Why do breezes as they nestle
In the bare and dreary tree,
Seek in vain the leafy rustle,
Miss your answering melody!

Heard ye Autumn, moaning, dying,
As ye nestled in the spray!
Is't for this ye now are hieing
Over regions far away!

Or because the boughs deserted
Shorn and brown up-reach toward heaven,
Silent mourn the gifts, departed,
Spring-bestowed, now winter-riven!

Has the storm-cloud darkly shading
Dimmed your coverts in the grove,
Or have leaflets falling, fading,
Bid you, songsters, hence to rove!

Has the driving snow yet gathered
Where reposed your downy breasts,
Where your toil had warmly feathered
As for life, your little nests!

Or has deadly hail from Heaven
Rattling down 'mid branches bare,
Sudden, startling warning given
Ye were not in safety there!

Tell us, songsters, who have left us
For a flight o'er regions vast,
Have these causes stern bereft us,
Shades of mourning o'er us cast!

Hark! methinks they sing, obeying
Our far distant earnest call,
Tunefully I hear them saying,
As their bird-tones clearly fall;—

“Aye! for these our way erratic
Little pilgrims we have ta'en;
God directs our flight prophetic,
Where he bids us we remain.

Prophets are we warblers, roaming,
Telling yōu of future change,
When, from northern regions coming,
Winter stern, abroad shall range.

So, though skies were bright above us,
And the fields were dressed in green,
And the zephyrs seemed to love us,—
Yet a change to come, was seen.

Yes! we saw the leaf-fall coming;
Heard the autumn's dying wail;
And the frost-clad herald dooming
Earth to frost and snow and hail.

And we waited not, till dreary
Winter came, with chill and snow,
Fearing not to faint or weary,
Taught of God our strength to know.

Taught of Him, our way erratic,
Little pilgrims we have ta'en;
God directs our flight prophetic;
Where He bids us, we remain!"

Yes! sweet absent ones, ye tell us,
Wintry days will soon be here,
When the Ice-king shall assail us,
Making all things waste and drear.

When, his snow-clad hosts advancing,
He, fierce "Monarch of the north,"
From his crystal throne far glancing,
Dooms the shivering, paling earth;—

Ye, mid verdure fresh, may carol
Tunefully your songs of praise
To his name, who, forth from peril
Led you through ærial ways.

Oh! let us instruction gather,
From those songsters far away;
Learn to trust our Heavenly Father,
And his gracious will obey.

When, as strides the King of Winter,
Come old age and sickness sore,
Threatening our loved homes to enter,
Where they never frowned before;—

When chill Death, a hostile comer,
God shall tell us, draweth near,
May our souls, like birds of summer,
Stay not for a shelter *here*.

Startled by the Heavenly warning,
May they leave this home of clay,
Let them take "the wings of morning,"
Rise from earth and flee away!

A Day-dream among the Hills.

HILLS and valleys are the unevenness of the earth ; ranks and stations the unevenness of human condition. There are laws of association and principles of analogy. Dreams take advantage, as far as possible, of the mental faculties, without awakening the suspicion of deception. Incoherence is their prerogative. From these elements will grow out directly or indirectly probably all that follows. Day-dreams differ somewhat from those of the night in perhaps being a little more rational—nothing more. When philosophical Jacques “throws himself down under the shade of melancholy boughs,” and cherishes his dark reflections on “all that is,” the matter-of-fact tongue pronounces him weakly sentimental. But his lamentations are for the most part heard in the wilderness—silence and nature elicit them. He that sits for this purpose at the wayside of life can find enough to laugh at, or weep over, in the motley crowd passing by.

But it is not a melancholy feeling that comes over me reclining on this hill, with one eye on the Future, the other on the Past, and merely the physical me in the Present. I have happened to drop down here in my reckless flight from care and labor ; and if it please shall gaze and meditate, if not—sleep. For here “no noisy bells intrude ;” no city tumult thrusts its tongue into your very ears, and hisses—business, fashion, toil. If I am doomed to fall asleep let me consider the dimensions of my couch. Of the Hill this is the summit, from which it slopes down on all sides to valleys, and beyond these rise mountains up to the very sky. The mountains are majestic, and on that side they stretch away where distance throws its blue mantle over them, and they lie misty and dim against the clouds. On this they are nearer, and I can see the forests bending to the breeze. But nowhere can I look beyond the circuit—mountains and sky—from the amphitheatre of the one stretch up the tent-like curtains of the other to the zenith. Not beyond can the eye penetrate—not beyond the present can mortal vision look. What folly in the attempt to look away those mountains, and that sky, to see what beauties may chance to lie beyond ! How madly we bend human sight against the walls of the Future, as if to melt them down with the intensity of the gaze ; and roll those feeble orbs all along the limits of the Present, as if it were possible to pass.

Indeed this scene reminds me of the mind. In the valleys meditation walks ; thought sits silent on the hills, and over all the clouds of imag-

ination float, dropping their life-giving dews, till the golden harvest of ideas waves on every summit, slope and plain.

Looking hence those mountains seem smooth as a painted scene, and the sunlight lies on them like a faded veil of gold. But stand there in person—walk about—the foot stumbles over jagged rocks; fastens in tangled weeds, or sinks in the mire and you are precipitated, to end all, down a precipice into a gulf dark as night, and full of all loathsome creatures. In that forest so inviting the serpent winds his clammy coils around the fairest trunk and limb, and the beast crouches in the coolest thicket for his prey. "Distance lends enchantment to the view:" Distance, ever walking before us as we go, making the rough smooth: Distance the magic painter. Oh! this broken, chasmy, miry Present—it will flow back into the past, till we shall see only smooth, sunny, painted hills. We will forget where we stumbled, where sunk, where the reptile stung us. The peaks alone will remain.

Before my eye still gazing on those hills a swarm of insects buzz, frail and forceless as the fog sucked from the swamp by the sun, in whose rays they are basking. They will flutter till the sun has set, and those who look for them after will look in vain. These creatures live, forced into life by nature—hum drowsily to day, and to-morrow are—perhaps nothing. So are there said to be "insect minds," that sustain a sleepy buzz for an hour in the Present, and leave no more impress on the world, than do those tiny wings upon the air that seems their birthplace and their grave. What good these do is not easy to discover; what evil I know not, more than to drift into my eyes and start a tear, forced out not by "brute," but insect force. But they go to make up the complete scene—a random, yet beautiful mark, made by a straggling hair from the brush of Nature.

How it floats along, now dashing on like a mad thing as the hurrying breeze catches it, and now sailing dreamily in the calm—that thistle-down! Now it rises above the hills, and is lost in the blue of the sky, and again sinks down gliding over the background of the mountain: a thing inanimate on wings! Unfortunately it trusts to the wind for transport, and lights by the aid of chance. It requires the energy of life and will, to soar and light with independent ease. Soul of man! immortal thistle-down, tossed into the winds of Time. It sometimes ascends far above the hills of matter, and seems going airily and joyfully up the sky in its native element, but a gust of passion seizes it, and down it is dashed all ruffled toward the valley. Now it is seen in strong relief upon the background of Sense, and now is hurled up lost in ethereal fields,

"Divinely darting upward every wish;
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost."

The whirlwind of Ambition bears it far upward among the stars, and with reversed direction drives it downward into the dust, where the foot of the passing beast crushes it forever. Lightest, weightiest, highest, lowest of conceivable things.

Thought, like a gentle breeze, breathes upon it, moving its downy wings up—up, till earth's loftiest mountain disappears, and Immortality stands full in view on the dome of Immensity. How the vision overwhelms! Immortality—a form for which the Future is weaving no shroud; digging no grave. Fire-fly suns and stars shine about it a moment—a few thousand ages—and then go out forever. Still unchanged it gazes with fadeless eye through space, while all things on which Finite is written rise, sparkle and die, and the winds of flying ages drift their dust around its pedestal.

While I write, an unsightly thing of the insect tribe, with its crooked, countless legs, strides across the sheet like a half-developed passion—thought. And looking closer in the grass about me, I see innumerable creeping things, of shapes, dimensions and colors differing in each—long-bodied or short—legless, wingless, or legged, winged—green, black or gray as it may chance; crawling among the spires of grass as we among the trees of the forest. Although we are thus mightier than they, yet there is a world common to both. We have but to look toward the other extreme, to see beings to whom "worlds are but lamps hung up for light in the universe." Thus stand we half way up the "scale of being"—angels above, and things below us. What impulses move these creatures in their strange crawlings it matters not now—impulses there are. So man scrambles over creation driven on by longings forever ardent as Appetite itself fed on hopes, and "bidden eat the east wind." As I lie here and feel the ridiculous stirred within me by the senseless frettings of these creatures, so doubtless, above us are beings who look down with laughter upon human antics. They laugh at us digging down mountains and tunneling hills to be a little richer, and ride a little easier for an hour—laugh to see whole nations of these pigmies at fist-cuffs for a real nothing, but supposed something—disposing of life as if the actual authors of it. Man to angels may be small; but to himself man is almost a god.

Something whispers in my ear, I would like to sleep that "breathless slumber" on this hill-top, that at the resurrection morn I might behold, from the bursting sods of yonder encircling mountains, the dead of all

ages past buried there rise peopling the slopes with mingled races. The tawny Indian shoulder to shoulder with the "pale face;" he of a thousand years burial with him of yesterday—all standing face to face, and eye to eye—unknowing and unknown; the rediscovered tide-marks of the ceaseless waves of immigration.

But hark! a dozen peaks are echoing that peal of thunder, and over the summits the huge black clouds come rolling their massy folds—a fierce storm among the hills. Fast toward the east they drive, and now but a hand's breadth of blue sky is visible—it is covered—all is storm. Night comes up the valley; already its black robes sweep by me—my dream vanishes; the world is confused and forgotten. To shelter. *

The Writers of the Elizabethan Age.

THAT this is a reading age, has long since passed into a proverb, although we are not informed whether it is a *thinking* age. We often amuse ourselves in conjecturing the probable thoughts of the sages of the olden time, could they only be permitted to revisit the earth and see our balloons, our locomotives or our steamboats. In my opinion however nothing would be so wonderful to one of the wise men of antiquity as the amount of reading, when brought into comparison with the amount of thinking which we perform. Through quartos and octavos, whose very title pages would suffice to occupy the brief space allotted to humanity, we plod our way—gathering here a flower and there a gem—swallowing the mass of light literature for the few thoughts contained—despising the stream of truth when it gushes pure from the fountain of ancient literature, but eagerly drinking it, after large dilution and unnecessary attenuation while passing from the books of ancient authors to the puerile pages of modern literature. It is said of Hobbes that his library consisted of Homer, Thucydides, Euclid and Virgil, and when asked why he did not read as much as other men, he replied that if he did he should know as little. We would not approve of such extreme fastidiousness, for a knowledge of contemporaneous literature is all important to the educated man, but we feel that the light literature of modern times takes too much of our attention from the study of ancient learning. We *profess* to venerate the English classic authors, to reverence the names of Bacon, Locke and Shakspeare; but do *all* who *profess* a knowledge of their writings in

reality know them. Too often, I fear, those bright lights which we have by unanimous consent placed in the heavens, are left to shine in solitary grandeur unheeded, while the passing meteors flickering for a while between obscurity and darkness, are looked upon as the source of all light.

The ancient literature of England, when compared with modern trash, has something noble in its frame work. Its architects were Sidney and Bacon, Shakspeare and Raleigh, Jonson and Spencer, and yet we turn from the repast to which they invite us to the milk of these latter days, fit only for babes in the literary life. We pore over the frippery of some unthinking coxcomb while Jonson is unopened, Shakspeare unread, and Sidney unknown. And yet if English genius and literature are to be known and honored, where shall we find them but among the authors of this age. Blot out the names of Shakspeare, Jonson, Marlowe, Milton, and their cotemporaries, and what have you left but a wilderness of thought over which the eye may wander and sicken ere it find substance on which to rest. I do not say that modern writers have no merit nor that literature flourished only among the writers of Elizabeth's age. No, I would not slight the talents of Sir Richard Steele, of Joseph Addison, nor tear a feather from the plumage with which Johnson, Scott, and others have decked themselves at a later period. But surely the Augustan age of British literature was that in which a maiden queen swayed the destinies of the nation. What have modern writers added to the original stock of valuable literature? The most celebrated writers of modern times have been merely critics or copyists of these fathers of learning. Their object has been to refine and polish at the risk of substituting refinement for genius and elegance for invention. Of late we have had no noble structure reared by the human mind from its original resources. Johnson has only decked out ancient truths in his majestic diction. Burke's mind could not stoop to imitation and he became through necessity a statesman and an occasional critic. Goldsmith said that he found every thing new to be false, and he became a compiler and a letter writer. Berkely and Bolingbroke tried to discover new truths and astonish the world with their originality; but they were stars shooting madly from their orbits, creating nothing but wonder and fear.

Our lot has been cast in degenerate times—criticism, imitation, and drivelling make up the staple of our literature. The soil in which our first English authors labored was well fitted to repay their toil. For a thousand years scarce a furrow had been turned. Before the Christian era skillful laborers had toiled in the field, but a long and dreary winter

had chilled the plants they had carefully reared. Darkness and death followed the dismemberment of the queen of cities, till the sun of truth on its rays of light bore spring time and life to the fallow land. Then flowers sprang forth—the earth was green again and smiled as a garden of rare and beautiful plants.

Such have often been our reflections when contemplating the reign of Elizabeth, whose name should ever be held sacred as long as love of truth, genuine nobleness and worth remains. Laurels have been won under other sovereigns. Under Elizabeth no charter was granted, no concessions to the people made. Before her reign Richards fought for their country and Henrys triumphed, and since her time at Blenheim and Waterloo, Marlboro has vindicated and Wellington crowned her first among the powers of the earth. But, for all that can make a nation great, admired, immortal, we yield the palm to the maiden queen. In vain shall we expect again to find such men as Raleigh and Sidney. In vain shall we call again for Spencer to tune his fairy harp or for Shakspeare to unfold nature to our view. England can produce such men but once. Rays of light have appeared at other times, but with Elizabeth arose the sun himself. Around her name shine luminaries,

"Thick as the glowing stars in heaven's blue vault."

B. W. G.

"Letters Home."

[We had some little hesitation in admitting the following correspondence to a place in our pages, and for two reasons—first, the style is below that standard of dignity to which such a Magazine as ours should aspire; and second, there may seem, at first view, a treading on forbidden ground. Our apology for the first is a great dearth of articles calculated at all to excite the risibilities—and for the second, we cannot perceive, on a careful examination of the piece, any intention to transgress any rules of propriety. Whether the author has given us a chapter in his own personal experience or not, he has not informed us.—Eds.]

FROM A TUTOR IN COLLEGE.

YALE COLLEGE, ———.

DEAR MADAM,—It becomes my duty, according to College laws, to inform you that your son's marks have amounted to eight. We are, in general, well pleased with his conduct—and particularly well pleased with his scholarship. He is in a fair way to take at the Junior Exhibition a very high appointment.

With much respect and esteem,

I remain your obedient servant,

—————.

EXTRACT FROM THE SON TO HIS MOTHER.

YALE COLLEGE, ———.

DEAR MOTHER,—

* * * *

Tutor ——— called me up this morning and told me that as I had eight marks, the faculty, at their last meeting, had directed him to correspond with you—or, in other words, that I was to have a "letter home." I am sorry that you are to hear no better account of me from the faculty—but the faculty cannot always judge so well of a student as can his classmates. For, although I have been sick a good deal this term, Bill Jones, the best scholar in our class, told me the other day that he was afraid that I should have the valedictory. So mother you must not be discouraged by the letter of Tutor ———.

* * * *

—————

FROM THE MOTHER TO THE TUTOR.

PUNKINTOWN, ———.

dear sur—I received your favorite of the 16th instanter tother day bout james i am very glad To here he is gittin along so well down to Newhaven i am glad to here he has got 8 marks he allers did git more marks than any on em when he went to the cademy he wus ollers up to the Top ov his class i got a leter from him when i got yourn he says he is sorry you Do not tell a better story about him now he ollers was mity ambitious about study and was ollers afeard folks woodent give him all he desarved so i aint consarned but what hes doing well in the study line but im rally consarned a bout the boys helth he says hes been sick a good deal this quarter and some ov his mates is afeard hes goin to have the valedictry Now hes never ben nockerlated* i tried a long time befor my poor Husband died to have him have all the children nockerlated for there was ole Docter fansher lived rite acrost the road from our House the best nockerlater i ever new in all my born days but now my poor Husbands gone and the doctors gone and im desprit afeared my poor jamey wil go tu the lord be mussiful im a comeing rite down to newhaven arter we git threw our fall work i hope you wil see that my deer boy is well doctored and nussed as soon as you can an prevent ef possible any sech afflictin calamity the boys helth has bin falin for some

* We have.—Eds.

time past im rally feard he studys too hard when he cum home last vocation he looked as though he wusent long for this worl he said his class had been through a bilin exanimashun an he sed he had to work very hard to get threw an he sed he only got threw as it was on suttin conditions he sed when he did git threw he sot up evry night for sevrall nights i spose nis narvus sistim was so unstrung he coodent sleep he told as how he had a warmin to This ere as sort ov irish wake i spose or sum sech kind ov thing these things are well enuf in there place i reckon but it wont du for the boys to hev 2 many ov em peers to me twood be well enuf fur yu sur to tri to hev em discontinud in futer thers one succumstans my deer sur which i wish to ask yu bout ive Ollers herd how they bused freshmuns down to colige now my boy aint a freshmun but i didnt no But ferstynr he mite hev been imposed on in a kind of sly way cos one day when i Went to mend his cote i Found in wun pokit a mess ov ole seegar stumps and in a nuther wun a mity curus little bottle kinder like a nussin bottle with a grate big brittauny kiver i must say i was a little skeered when i made these diskeviries But my ankshus mind wus gretly alleeverated wnen i cum to ask jamey about em i rally pitted the poor boy he took on so to think that sum ov them rascally coleegiers as he calld em his buzzum frens should put them things into his pokits to make his deer ma spose he was a nee brayat or eny ways Dictated to sech practtizs it duz seem to me that such carryins on ort not to be allowed in colige an that the facultery ort to put a stop to them at once or i should think that sum sociashun mite be formd amungst the studens to froun indignantly on oll sech proceedins but as i sed a fore i am comin rite down to newhaven to See about my boys helth and i will call on yu an wee wil have a long talke on oll these consarns in the menetime i hope yu wil see that james does dont git the valedictry bad i am very glad sur you writ me a letter a bout him i hope to hev a good meny more from yu i hope you will rite a longer wun next time yu rite when you cum to punkintoun you must make our house your home we shal ollers be glad to see you or to here of your wellbein ant jemima sends her love to yu and hopes yu injoy your mind well with the kindest ov feelins toards yu an the grettest respect for the enstitooshun ov which yu hev the onner to be sech a distingwished servent i beg leve to subscribe myself yours affeckshunatelsy wider hulday ———.

That Morning Bell.

THAT morning bell! that morning bell!
How many a dream its notes dispel,
Of pleasures sweet, and golden days,
And fairy forms with witching ways!

That morning bell! that morning bell!
How many a flunk its tones foretell,
Whose circles round the pillowed head
With dance fantastic, terror spread.

When tolls that bell—that morning bell,
How many a tale our mem'ries tell!
While fizzles grim of ghastly hue,
Like graveyard spectres rise to view.

That morning bell! that morning bell!
What sad mishaps have oft befell,
When in the land of dreams we'd roam,
To hear next day of 'letters home'!

'Twill be the same when we are gone,
That iron tongue will still clang on;
But then we'll snooze and slumber well,
And cease to curse that morning bell.

c.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

WEBSTER PREMIUM.

There has been a tradition, that a premium was formerly given in Yale College by Noah Webster, LL. D., for the encouragement of excellence in English composition. We have made some inquiries on this subject and have ascertained the following facts.

In 1790, Noah Webster, Esq., granted to the President and Fellows of Yale College "one copy of each hundred copies of any and all parts of his Grammatical Institute of the English language," which should be annually sold in the State of Connecticut. The principal condition of which grant was,—that the money arising from the sale of the books given, should "be and constitute a premium to be assigned by the authority of the said College, consisting of the President, Professors, and Tutors for the time being, at the annual examination in May, to the author of the best treatise on Ethics, Moral Philosophy, or Belles Lettres, to be exhibited to the

said authority of College, by any person being of the Junior or Senior Class in said College, or a Bachelor of said College, under the degree of Master of Arts."

The first premium was adjudged in 1791 to Samuel Miles Hopkins, at that time a member of the Senior Class. Mr. Hopkins was afterwards a Representative in Congress from the State of New York, and in other ways distinguished in public life. He died in 1837. His composition was entitled "An Essay on the Religious Opinions of Mankind, and their Effects on Manners and Morality."

The premium of 1792 was adjudged to James Gould, at that time Junior Bachelor of Arts of the Class of 1791. Mr. Gould was afterwards a Tutor in the College, rose to great distinction in Connecticut as a lawyer and law-lecturer, and was for some years a Judge of the Superior Court. He died in 1836. His composition was entitled, "A Treatise on the Origin and Progress of History, and the Utility of Historical Knowledge."

The premium of 1793 was adjudged to Josiah Stebbins, at that time Middle Bachelor of Arts, of the Class of 1791. Mr. Stebbins was afterwards a Tutor in the College, and subsequently resided in Maine. He was a lawyer by profession, was engaged in public life, and while Maine was connected with Massachusetts, was, one year or more, a member of the Governor's council. He died in 1829. His composition was entitled, "Thoughts on the Progressive Improvement and Corruption of Morals;—with some occasional observations on the Morality of Ancient and Modern Times."

The premium of 1794, and that of 1795, were adjudged to Jeremiah Atwater, in 1794 Junior Bachelor, and in 1795 Middle Bachelor of Arts, of the Class of 1793. Mr. Atwater was afterwards a Tutor in the College, was the first President of Middlebury College in Vermont, and subsequently for several years, President of Dickinson College at Carlisle, in Pennsylvania. He is still living. His composition in 1794, was entitled, "An Essay on the True Dignity of Genius;"—and that in 1795, "A View of the Origin of the Heathen Mythology, and its Influence on the Moral and Intellectual Powers."

We have been able to find no record of any premium adjudged after 1795. There is a tradition, however, which we suppose may be relied upon, that the last Webster premium was adjudged to Jeremiah Evarts, of the Class of 1802,—but in what year is uncertain. Mr. Evarts was well known as the Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He died in 1831.

SOUTHERN STUDENTS.

It is worthy of note that an increasing interest is manifested in College in behalf of the Calliopean Society. That Society having been formed and sustained chiefly by students from the South, our readers will be gratified at seeing the following table, which has been made out to show the relative number of students from the southern portion of our country in the fifty classes that graduated at Yale College in the first half of the present century. It will be observed that the number of students from the South has been increasing during the whole period, though with considerable irregularity. It is supposed that no northern College has as great a representation from the South. The results were obtained by an examination of the official annual Catalogues of the College, which are issued about the middle of the first Term. The column marked Fresh. exhibits *the per centage* of southern students

in each of these fifty classes in the early part of its first year; those marked Soph., Jun., and Sen. exhibit this per centage for the three subsequent years:

TABULAR VIEW OF THE PER CENTAGE OF SOUTHERN STUDENTS IN YALE COLLEGE.

Year.	Fresh.	Soph.	Jun.	Sen.	Year.	Fresh.	Soph.	Jun.	Sen.
1801	.02	.02	.02	.02	1827	.14	.12	.14	.11
1802	.65	.06	.04	.05	1828	.08	.12	.11	.13
1803	.68	.08	.13	.08	1829	.14	.20	.24	.27
1804	.62	.08	.12	.12	1830	.20	.24	.23	.24
1805	.08	.10	.08	.07	1831	.24	.25	.28	.29
1806	.03	.11	.09	.10	1832	.14	.15	.08	.15
1807	.02	.12	.16	.15	1833	.09	.21	.17	.14
1808	.08	.10	.06	.06	1834	.14	.20	.16	.14
1809	.09	.09	.11	.10	1835	.11	.10	.09	.08
1810	.08	.11	.06	.09	1836	.09	.19	.17	.18
1811	.04	.04	.06	.03	1837	.06	.08	.10	.11
1812	.03	.12	.10	.13	1838	.04	.15	.20	.19
1813	.16	.15	.13	.13	1839	.13	.12	.08	.09
1814	.16	.19	.14	.15	1840	.15	.14	.11	.12
1815	.23	.22	.26	.20	1841	.13	.08	.16	.19
1816	.13	.16	.14	.10	1842	.07	.08	.07	.08
1817	.08	.14	.11	.11	1843	.14	.14	.10	.10
1818	.12	.09	.09	.07	1844	.13	.14	.15	.16
1819	.23	.21	.20	.16	1845	.15	.17	.20	.18
1820	.16	.24	.25	.20	1846	.08	.14	.14	.16
1821	.16	.17	.18	.13	1847	.16	.25	.25	.26
1822	.10	.18	.11	.11	1848	.17	.19	.21	.18
1823	.24	.26	.20	.22	1849	.18	.23	.18	.18
1824	.07	.09	.11	.08	1850	.23	.18	.18	.16
1825	.10	.23	.20	.12					
1826	.10	.13	.10	.08	Average,	.117	.147	.141	.135

The average number by decades of years is as follows:

Year.	Fresh.	Soph.	Jun.	Sen.
1801-10	.055	.087	.087	.084
1811-20	.134	.156	.148	.129
1821-30	.133	.174	.162	.149
1831-40	.119	.159	.144	.149
1841-50	.144	.160	.164	.165

COMMENCEMENT WEEK OF 1851.

BAOCALAUREATE SERMON.

The public exercises connected with Commencement began as usual with the Sermon to the Graduating Class, which was preached in the College Chapel on Sunday afternoon, July 27, by Rev. Dr. Fitch.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY. DR. BUSHNELL'S SERMON.

On Monday evening the 25th Anniversary of the Beethoven (Sacred Music) Society was celebrated in the College Chapel, on which occasion Rev. Horace Bushnell, D. D., of Hartford, one of the founders of the Association, delivered an admirable discourse on the subject of Sacred Music.

The erection, then just completed, of an Organ in the Chapel, gave additional interest to this anniversary. A meeting of the past and present members was afterward held, and hereafter there will annually be a similar gathering of the graduate and undergraduate members during Commencement week.

CONCIO AD CLERUM.

Rev. Lyman H. Atwater, D. D., of Fairfield, delivered this annual sermon in the North Church upon Tuesday evening. His text was Gal. ii, 16, and his subject "Justification by Faith." The discourse has since been published.

BUSINESS MEETING OF PHI BETA KAPPA.

This Society met at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning and elected for the annual meeting of 1852, Hon. Daniel Webster as Orator, and Hon. Wm. H. Seward as Substitute; and also Rev. John Pierpont as Poet, and Fitz Green Halleck, Esq. as Substitute.

MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATED ALUMNI.

At 9 o'clock on Wednesday, the Alumni gathered in the spacious tent erected directly in front of the Library Building.

Hon. R. S. Baldwin was chosen President of the day, Hon. A. N. Skinner, Vice President, and Hon. John A. Rockwell and Rev. S. W. S. Dutton, Secretaries.

After prayer by Rev. Theophilus Smith, D. D., and the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting, the record of deaths among the Alumni, (prepared by Prof. Kingsley and Mr. Herrick,) was read by Rev. Mr. Dutton.

Hon. Asa Bacon, of Litchfield, was then called up to speak upon the sentiment—"The Memory of the Dead."

Pres. Woolsey then announced the resignation of Professor Kingsley,—who has been an officer of this Institution for fifty years,—and expressed the regrets of the present officers at losing his active services. He was followed by Prof. Thacher, who reviewed at length the important services of Prof. Kingsley, and closed with moving the following resolutions, similar to those which the Corporation had previously adopted, in accepting this resignation:—

Resolved, That this association express their grateful appreciation of the important services which have been rendered to Yale College by Prof. Kingsley, during the half century during which he has been an officer of this institution.

Resolved, That while they regret that he has thought fit to retire from the active duties of his office, they rejoice that as a Professor Emeritus he will still continue to give the College the benefits of his mature experience and sagacious counsels.

Resolved, That it is their earnest and united desire that he prepare a history of this College, whose annals have been so adorned by his pure and classic taste, his complete knowledge and his generous and enlarged enterprise.

Ex-President Day arose to bear his testimony to the abilities and services of Prof. Kingsley and closed with seconding the resolutions, which were then unanimously adopted.

Hon. Julius Rockwell, of Pittsfield, afterward spoke upon a sentiment alluding to the "Reminiscences of College life and their influence on after life."

Hon. Linus Child, of Lowell, addressed the meeting upon the "Connection of American Industry with American Mind and Literature," and other speeches were

made by Rev. Dr. Robbins, of Hartford, Rev. Dr. Adams, of New York, Rev. Mr. Eldridge, of New Bedford, T. L. Bayne, Esq., of New Orleans, and W. E. Robinson, Esq., of New York.

The exercises were enlivened by singing, in which the Beethoven Society led.

THEOLOGICAL COMMENCEMENT.

The Commencement of the Theological department took place on Wednesday afternoon, in the Centre Church, when addresses were delivered by the following speakers—

SILAS W. ROBBINS, on "The Visible Church, its Design and Efficacy."

DAVID PECK, on "The Nature and Design of the Atonement."

ANDREW T. PRATT, on "The Gospel the true Remedy for Social Evils."

HENRY M. COLTON, on "Low Views of God's Sincerity in the Offers of the Gospel."

HENRY M. HASKELL, on "Christianity not a Failure."

CHARLES H. BULLARD, on "The Political Duties of Christians."

JOHN EDMANDS, on "The Just Defense of Truth."

WILLIAM AITCHISON, on "Jesuit Missions to the Heathen."

CHARLES O. REYNOLDS, on "The Intellectual Tendency of Christianity."

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Business meetings of the Literary Societies were held before dinner on Wednesday, for the purpose of maturing the plans for a new building upon the College ground, which shall contain the Society Halls. At four o'clock the members again assembled in their respective halls for the interchange of friendly feelings.

In Linonia, Hon. Julius Rockwell of Pittsfield presided and Rev. S. W. S. Dutton acted as Secretary. Among the speakers were the Hon. Daniel Lord, Linus Child, Julius Rockwell, and Lafayette S. Foster, Professors Olmsted, Larned, and Porter, Rev. Messrs. Eldridge and Dutton, J. G. E. Larned and W. D. Bishop, Esqs. and Homer B. Sprague, the undergraduate president.

In the "Brothers," Hon. John A. Rockwell, of Norwich, presided, and H. B. Harrison, of New Haven, was appointed Secretary. Among the speakers were the Hon. A. N. Skinner, Mayor of the city, Hon. Asa Bacon, John A. Rockwell, Professors Dutton and Thatcher, Rev. Dr. Vale, Rev. S. B. S. Bissell, S. E. Morse, of the New York Observer, Dwight Foster, and Wm. H. Richards, Esqs., and Wm. Boies, the undergraduate president.

In Calliope, James Atwood, the undergraduate president, presided. Speeches were made by Rev. S. W. Magill, Dr. John S. Adams, T. L. Bayne, Esq., John Murdock, Russell Smith, R. A. Henson and others.

PHI BETA KAPPA ORATION AND POEM.

The public exercises of this Society took place in the North Church on Wednesday evening. Hon. Henry White presided and Rev. Wm. Adams, D. D., opened the meeting with prayer. Daniel Lord, LL. D., of New York City, then delivered an Oration "On the extra-professional Influence of the Bar and the Pulpit." He was followed by Alfred B. Street, Esq., of Albany, with a Poem on "The Pilgrim Spirit." Both poem and oration have recently been published.

YALE LAW ASSOCIATION.

This body was permanently organized on Tuesday afternoon. It is composed of all those persons now or formerly connected with the Yale Law School and of such Honorary members as they may elect. Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, was chosen Orator for 1852, and the following persons were elected Officers:

Hon. C. Bissell, of New Haven, President; Hon. S. P. Staples, of New York, R. I. Ingersoll, of Connecticut, E. Bates, of Missouri, J. W. Houston, of Delaware, E. A. Nisbit, of Georgia, and L. C. Duncan, of Louisiana, Vice Presidents; Hon. H. White, Treas.; Hon. E. K. Foster, Cor. Secretary; and the Librarian of the Law School *Ex-Officio* Rec. Secretary.

COMMENCEMENT.

The morning and afternoon of Thursday were occupied with the exercises of the Graduating Class—held, as usual, in the Centre Church. We have before announced the "Appointments" of the Class, and now our limits will only allow of a list (in the order of the programme) of the

SPEAKERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS.

Morning.

- Latin Salutatory, by Asher R. Little, Newport, R. I.
 "The Mission of Great Men," by David B. Temple, Framingham, Mass.
 "Statesmanship as a Profession," by John W. Noble, Columbus, Ohio.
 "The Decomposition and Recomposition of the Products of the Mind," by Walter Frear, Ulysses, N. Y.
 "The Enthusiasm of the Naturalist," by David L. Judson, Birmingham.
 "Gustavus Adolphus," by Charles A. Baer, Lancaster, Penn.
 "Energy," by W. J. Maltby, Bangor, Me.
 "Spain in her Glory," by James S. Hoyt, New Canaan.
 "Order," by John R. Thurston, Bangor, Maine.
 "Napoleon and Wellington at Waterloo," by Wm. A. Atlee, Lancaster, Pa.
 "The Progress of the Mind in the Knowledge of Material Things—illimitable," by Edward Hungerford, Wolcottville.
 "Americans the Keepers of their Liberty," by Richard J. Haldeman, Harrisburgh, Penn.
 "Pulpit Eloquence," by Augustus H. Carrier, Bridgeport.
 "The Theoretical Reformer," by Salmon McCall, Lebanon.
 "Scottish Song," by Joseph Sheldon, Watertown, N. Y.
 The "Supernatural Element in Human Belief," Philosophical Oration, by William W. Winthrop, New Haven.

Afternoon.

- "Philosophy and Revelation," Philosophical Oration, by Rufus C. Crampton, Farmington.
 "Chaucer and his Age," by Horatio W. Brinsmade, Troy, N. Y.
 "Malheurs de l'Acadie," by Richard C. Stiles, West Chester, Pa.
 "The Four Monarchies," by William De Forest Manice, New York City.
 "The Islet Grave," a Poem, by Timothy C. Downie, South Grove, Walworth County, Wisconsin.

"The Old Federal Party," by Calvin H. Carter, Waterbury.

"Hugh Miller and the Development Hypothesis," by Henry H. Jessup, Montrose Penn.

"The Vital Power of the Imagination," by Henry Loomis, New Haven.

"The Literary Element in National Greatness," Philosophical Oration, by James G. Vose, Milton, Mass.

"The Love of Truth, as a Passion of the Soul," with the Valedictory Address, by Thomas S. Potwine, East Windsor.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on ninety-one graduates, and it was also voted by the Corporation to Albert Hebard, so that his name might appear upon the Triennial Catalogue with those of his classmates. The degree of Master of Arts in course, was conferred on twenty-eight persons; the honorary degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on two, and that of Master of Arts on two.

The Music during the day was performed by the Italian Opera Band of N. Y.

Seven members of the Law School received the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and twelve persons received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. No one received the degree of D. D. or LL. D.

At noon the graduates and members of the graduating class dined together upon the College grounds, and in the evening there was the usual Levee at the house of President Woolsey.

The classes of 1821, 1826, 1841, and 1848 had meetings during the week, and several of the Class Societies held their annual conventions.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The College year opened, as usual, with the strife of our Literary Societies. All the zealous interest and warm enthusiasm which can be conceived as belonging to antagonists in any cause, is displayed in these electioneering contests. Every man is a partisan, responsible in a measure for the success or defeat of his chosen Society; and the hurrying to and fro—the 'special meetings'—the whispering between committee men—the eager eyes which watch the freshman's every step about the College—the long walks and longer arguments—the glowing panegyric passed upon the one, and the withering sarcasm and unmingled contempt lavished upon the other Society, are some of the indications of the earnestness and life of party strife in College.

The campaign closed, in accordance with a long established and far-famed custom, with the "STATEMENT OF FACTS"—peculiar, we believe, to the Societies of Yale. The exercises of the day were celebrated in Brewster's Hall, and attended by a large and enthusiastic audience. The claims of Linonia were presented in the morning by H. B. Sprague and W. Stanley of the Senior Class, and C. L. Thomas of the Junior Class; and those of the Brothers in the afternoon by W. Boies and E. Houghton of the Senior Class, and W. P. Aiken of the Junior Class.

It does not become us in giving a record of the facts to make any criticism upon, or comparison between any of the performances of the day; it is sufficient to say—that each party, as usual, seemed satisfied that the truth and merit belonged to them, and the falsehood and demerit to their opponents. It may be pleasing to our graduate readers, who have often listened to these speeches, to know that the patriotism and worth of Nathan Hale and David Humphreys were eulogized in glowing

terms, that statistics of great men were given with their usual discrepancies, and the membership of John C. Calhoun was still the subject of fierce and eloquent debate.

In the evening, the new comers became Linonians, Brothers or Calliopeans. And it is amusing to observe the Freshman, who a few hours before was puzzled how to decide or indifferent as to the result, now a warm, enthusiastic partisan and a devoted admirer of the Society he has selected.

The result of the recent campaign may be fairly summed up by saying that Linonia and the Brothers gained an equal share of the Class, and Calliope her usual number of southern students.

CALLIOPE.

We have to chronicle a movement of more than ordinary interest to our College Societies, and which more particularly affects the Calliopean. It is the withdrawal of the Southern members from the Linonian and Brothers Societies and their admission into Calliope. By means of this change, Calliope has gained seventeen active and three honorary members, and has drawn more definitely the sectional differences of the students. Her prospects however have not been brighter for a long time than they are at present, and the best wishes of the students generally go with her, for her success and usefulness as a Society. The present number of Calliopeans is 63.

ORATIONS.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 8th, an oration was delivered in the Linonia Society by Henry E. Dwight of the Senior Class. Subject—"THE BOUNDLESS FIELD OF KNOWLEDGE."

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 15th, an Oration was delivered before the Linonian Society, (the members of the Brothers and Calliope being present by invitation,) by Daniel C. Gilman, of the Senior Class. His subject was "THE PECULIAR CLAIMS OF YALE COLLEGE TO THE LOVE AND ADMIRATION OF ITS UNDERGRADUATE STUDENTS."

On the same evening an Oration was delivered to the Brothers in Unity—the other two Societies being present—by Delano A. Goddard of the Junior Class. Subject—"THE USES OF TALENT."

ELECTIONS.

The Second Election of the Collegiate year took place in Linonia and the Brothers, Wednesday evening, Oct. 15th.

LINONIA.		BROTHERS IN UNITY.
	<i>Presidents.</i>	
Wm. B. Ross,		Edward Houghton.
	<i>Vice Presidents.</i>	
Daniel C. Gilman,		Albert Bigelow.
	<i>Secretaries.</i>	
H. H. McFarland,		Delano A. Goddard.
	<i>Vice Secretaries.</i>	
O. C. Sparrow,		J. Warren Wilson.

PROFESSOR SILLIMAN'S RETURN.

We have been kindly furnished with a somewhat extended account of the late tour of Prof. Silliman and party, but we are sorry to say it came too late for inser-

tion in this number. Without interfering at all with the article of our friend we will just give the reader their route, leaving the details for another number.

Prof. Silliman, Sen., in company with Prof. Silliman, Jr., and others, making a party of seven in all, sailed last spring in the steamer *Baltic*, for the purpose of visiting the principal countries of Europe. After spending a fortnight in England, they passed over to France, remaining in Paris the same length of time. Thence they went to Marseilles and thence to Genoa. They then visited Rome and afterwards Naples, where they ascended Vesuvius. A portion of the company then went to Sicily, attempting, though not accomplishing, the ascent of Mount Etna, it being too early in the season. Returning to Naples, the whole party, after visiting the principal cities of Italy, proceeded to Switzerland. Thence they went to Germany and Prussia, then to Paris and then to England, whence they sailed for this country in September.

Professor Silliman was warmly greeted on his return by the students, as those of them who were present at his opening lecture will remember.

FOOT BALL GAME.

The annual foot ball strife between the Sophomores and Freshmen took place upon the Green in front of the State House on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 8th. The day was pleasant and the spectators quite numerous. Students of the upper classes, as also others, thronged the steps of the State House, or leaned against the iron fence, while the ladies gazed from the neighboring windows to witness the performance of this time honored custom. A large portion of the afternoon was consumed in contentious discussions between the two classes relative to the appointment of umpires. The Freshmen finally carried the point, and three umpires from the graduates present were selected.

The *kicking*, when commenced, was expeditiously performed and resulted—as is usual in the Foot Ball game—in a victory for the Sophomores.

A fine boquet was sent to the victors from some one of the fair spectators, which was acknowledged by the Class.

In the evening the Sophomores assembled upon the State House steps and, assisted by a band of music, held a Class *powwow*.

PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR PORTER.

The Trumbull Gallery has lately received a new ornament, by no means inferior to the best of its old ones. It is a portrait of Professor Noah Porter, done by Mr. David Huntington of New York, and procured at an expense of two hundred and fifty dollars, by the class of 1851. As to the merits of the painting, it is enough to say that it was executed by the eminent gentleman just mentioned. If succeeding classes have the generosity to keep up this excellent custom, and the taste to secure the best artist that the country may afford, the College will eventually have a collection as creditable to the contributors and as rich in historical associations, as Oxford or Cambridge.

Editor's Table.

It was our intention, reader, to have a good long talk with you here, a nice little *tête-à-tête*, and what has prevented us from so doing the *devil* only knows. For our own part we can say that we had made every arrangement to bring about a "conversation so devoutly to be wished," so that the cause of the disappointment is not to be attributed to us. As the case is, we can only tell you what we were intending to say to you. And as you run over the bill of fare, tell us if you don't think that we should make good caterers if we had the opportunity. We were in the first place to give you an account of a ride we had in a stage coach. Now don't writhe and twist about in that easy chair of yours as though it were up in arms at the mere mention of such a lumbering vehicle as a stage coach,—we did not intend to take you bodily with us. Only in imagination would we have placed you by our side, to listen to the stories of the olden time, coming from the lips of one of former days—to notice with us how the voice heightened and the eye lighted up as the scenes of other years were recounted, when he, a youngster of some eight or ten years, with his little hatchet in his hand clung to his father's knees and besought him to take his little boy with him,—when the wife bid the husband go and fight for his country and leave her and her little ones in the midst of a howling wilderness to defend themselves and their home as best they could from the savage wolf and the equally savage Indian. We would have had you listen with us to a recital of college scenes in times of yore, when the venerable Dr. R—— of H—— was the *freshman* of our fellow traveler. And when a gentleman on the front seat, a graduate of some thirty years standing remarked the great apparent disparity of ages between the former and the latter—we would have had you hear with us a philosophical reason for it, and in the same connection a few words of counsel to us, advising us, if we wished to live happily through life and to come to a green old age, to take to ourselves a companion, one who will share with us our pleasures and divide with us our sorrows—who will smooth for our feet the rugged highway of life and beguile for us its tediousness, ("Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.") We would have had you see also our approving smile as we winked an acquiescence to a bright eyed lad near us. We would, moreover, reader, have had you hear from the same source an account of a certain examination in optics in the Geological Chamber, ('twas not in our division,) how the question was asked, "What kind of lenses do old people require?" and how the Junior answered, "Concave lenses, sir." But perhaps you were there yourself; if so we would by no means have had you hear this account of it.

But enough of this—we will merely say, that a short ride in a stage coach with pleasant companions is far from being a tedious affair. And especially is it agreeable with such company as we have spoken of above. And even when you are an entire stranger to all about you, it is pleasing to notice the different ways of different people—one so retired that he will hardly answer civilly a question civilly put, another affable and smiling as a May morning, and a third with a tongue like a trip-hammer. An exhibition of these and a thousand other peculiarities a stage ride will furnish to a mind at all given to observation.

We had for you, in the next place, good reader, a pretty little coterie of stories—

some we will venture to say you never heard, why? because we made them up for the occasion. And then we were going to give you reports of several editorial meetings,—one in particular would have been interesting, when the principal topics of discussion were Cousin, Reid, Lectures, Recitations, College Societies, and Ladies' Society, and so forth, &c., et cetera and so on. We had a word or two to say about athletic games in general and the foot ball game in particular. We had intended to expatiate at large on the past history, present condition and future prospects of our Magazine, now entering on the seventeenth volume. And in the last place to offer a word of expostulation, coupled with a gentle oburgation, to *Non-Correspondents*—to those who think that editing a Magazine is like sailing on a smooth silvery sea—(it is a smooth sea, no rocks and a plenty of wind.) But we have no room for these, for we must pay a little

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Starlight" we decline. It is too feeble to enlighten our readers in the least. Perhaps however the author may think, that as it has been *filed* for insertion many times since he first sent it to the editorial corps, mere attrition would have caused it to shine with something approaching to splendor. Such we assure him is not the fact, for it is with poetry as the poet says it is with friction matches,

"No rubbing will kindle your Lucifer match,
If the fiz doesn't follow the primitive scratch."

Yet lest we do the author injustice, we extract a verse or two.

There is a star in the west,
It shines o'er a mighty river,
(Mississippi, we suppose.)
When man has gone to his nightly rest,
And the leaves in the night wind quiver.

It shineth on through the hours of night,
Undimmed in its silent beauty,
Till the moon hangs pale in the morning light,
And man goes forth to duty.

A new astronomical discovery, we find. Stars which appear in the west at evening are not generally found there when "the moon hangs pale in the morning light." If the discoverer will point out this bright particular star to us some morning when we are "going forth to duty," we'll give him—we'll give him—why—most any thing—why, we'll give him, if he will call at our sanctum, "Our Grandsire's Home," that other article which he wrote for us.

"The Greek Slave" is good in the main, and had we not seen with our own eyes that "model from Almighty hands," we should be inclined to publish it. But as the case is we are disposed to say with the writer of the piece,

"O! ne'er can pen from mortal hand
Do justice to thy priceless worth!"

"The Foot Ball" is an inflated thing, in our opinion, and so bounds about from one thing to another that it is a very difficult matter sometimes to keep track of it.

Its cant is the only feature about it worthy of notice. With this passing kick we put it over for the present.

The author of "The Reverie" states to us that his aim is to do good. We will do all in our power to forward so praiseworthy an object. To that end (as we are full) we advise him to publish his production in pamphlet form for distribution through college. It might do a vast amount of good.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

"H. A. N." will please accept our thanks for his favor which appears in the present number. We bespeak a continuance of such favors, and hope that other graduates will follow his example.

From "B. W. G." we should be happy to hear again.

"Neptune," our readers will observe, (page 12,) has been "swapping horses." He has exchanged that "Ægean mare," on which he and Æneas were tossed, for a Pegasus. It is a disputed point, we believe, among critics whether Neptune was the originator of the horse, yet that the Pegasus employed on this occasion was one of his own manufacture will not be doubted. But this is not the only trick he has been up to. He has turned punster. Ye gods! Neptune a punster! Bad puns too he makes. But then 'tis nothing strange, considering their origin, that they should be Trit-ons.

The communication of "Delta" was received at too late an hour. We have not examined it closely, but should think from a casual inspection that the author, by taking pains, might write very good poetry.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The usual list of College exchanges has been received;—the "Georgia University Magazine," the "Nassau Literary Magazine," and the Jefferson Monument Magazine." The Nassau Literary is deserving of notice from its neat, tasty appearance, as well as the ability of its articles; and the Georgia University Magazine for a most unusual circumstance with College periodicals—its punctuality. A hasty glance over their respective Editor's Tables shows us that the same troubles and perplexities which so harrass us in providing for the literary wants of our fellow students are also with them. The same call upon contributors for good, readable articles, and the response answered with a flood of poor, worthless poetical scribbles; we hear the same demand for *pay* that we so often make, and the Editors utter the same murmurs of discontent.

We have also received two numbers of the Ohio Teacher.

We would call attention to the improved typographical appearance of our Magazine. Our printer has given us new type and a better quality of paper. Old Governor Yale has washed his face, combed his wig, and brushed his clothes, and now looks out upon us, as if intending to make a long tarry with the students of the institution bearing his name. This, however, depends on how you treat him. And, we assure you, fellow students, it would not much surprise us if some day he should become so dissatisfied with your treatment that he would retire from these scenes forever. We certainly should advise him to take such a course, if we were to speak to him privately.

Errata.—On page 31, in the first column marked Fresh., second, third and fourth lines, for ".65, .63, .62," read .65, .68, .62.

VOL. XVII.

No. II.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"*Ille domus est domus, domus literarum YANKEES
Cavalant Rogers, magnificus PATRIS.*"

NOVEMBER, 1851.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. B. MALTBY.

PRINTED BY T. L. STAFFORD.

MDCCC.

CONTENTS.

The Claims of Yale College to the Regard of its Students,	-
Dorilla,	-
Junior Year,	-
The Harp of the Winds,	-
A Romance of the Laboratory,	-
Essay on Sleep,	-
Prof. Silliman's Tour,	-
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA :	
Improvements in the College Buildings,	-
The Literary Societies,	-
EDITOR'S TABLE,	-

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The Claims of Yale College to the Regard of its Students.*

'In the good old colony times,' when William III reigned over Great Britain, and Gen. John Winthrop was Governor of his Majesty's dominions in Connecticut; when Louis XIV held his voluptuous court in France, and Peter the Great was blessing Russia with his energetic labors; when the fellow-chieftains of Uncas traversed the plains around us, and the few Pilgrim Europeans who had made their home within this State were less than seventeen thousand; before a Post Office had been opened, or a newspaper established on this uncivilized side of the waters—a little stream of its own accord came bubbling from the ground to cheer and fertilize these barren lands, and a morning star arose in the East to shed its light upon the darkness then prevailing, to usher in the day.

That stream then feeble, narrow, scarcely overcoming the obstacles which it encountered, now broad and deep flows majestically along,—that star then twinkling in the sky is now a brilliant sun enlightening and invigorating both this and other lands. Need I say that stream, that star, is the Institution of which we all are members.

England was then reveling in the days of its greatest literary glory. About that time, Locke was writing his Essays on the Human Mind, Bishop Butler was investigating the Analogies of Religion, Newton was developing his profound Principia, Hooke, Rapin and Middleton were compiling their Historical works, Addison and Steele were entertaining their readers with the shrewd Spectator's comments; Dryden, Pope,

*** An Oration delivered on Wednesday evening, October 15th, 1851, before the Linonian Society,—the Brothers and Calliopeans being present by invitation.**

Watts and Young were displaying their poetic fire; while Halley the Astronomer, South the Sermonizer, Bolingbroke, Parnell, Defoe and Prior and Berkeley were gaining eminence in their various departments.

Literature, having risen in the East, had been slowly traveling round the globe, and having in its progress cast its invigorating rays successively on Western Asia, Greece and Rome, was at the time we speak of pouring a flood of light upon the British Isles; while its forerunning rays, appearing in our morning sky, had, like the early twilight, betokened coming day.

Such, in very general terms, was the condition of the world around when the plan of founding a college within this colony was conceived, matured and carried out. For years the idea was well discussed, and at length, in 1700, ten ministers, bringing what offerings their libraries could spare, assembled at the town of Branford, and there established this college in those words which may well be cut in letters of stone and placed upon the Library, "WE GIVE THESE BOOKS TO FOUND A COLLEGE IN THIS COLONY."

Those of us who were upon these grounds some fifteen months ago beheld a very different scene,—not indeed more interesting, but somewhat more imposing. We saw many hundred sons of our Alma Mater assembled to commemorate the third of her semi-centennials. Old and young, rich and poor, came back to show their love for Yale, and to renew the memories of other days.

They came—a band from the prairie land,
From the granite hills dark frowning,
From the lakelet blue and the broad bayou,
From the snows our pine-peaks crowning;
And they poured the song in joy along,
For the hours were bright before them,
And grand and hale were the elms of Yale,
Like fathers bending o'er them!
A noble throng, they made the song
Roll on in the hours before them,
While high and hale were the towers of Yale,
Like giants, watching o'er them!

This recent festival and that founding of the college, stand before us now as eras, each a convenient center around which we may circumscribe a circle, a lofty eminence from which we may view the surrounding region. We propose, accordingly, from these two points of view to look at what Yale College was and at what it is.

And, first, what was Yale College when it started? We can almost, but not quite, adopt the language of the Harvard poet, who asked a kindred question, and answered it himself, about his Alma Mater:—

Pray, who was on the catalogue
When college was begun?
Two nephews of the President,
And *the* Professor's son;
(They turned a little Indian by,
As brown as any bun,
Oh, how the Senior's kicked about
That Freshman class of one!

Our beginnings were even on a different scale from theirs. During its first six months, Yale College, with its rector, a man of such attainments as to be the sole instructor, and its ten trustees, with its formal charter from the Colonial Legislature, with its forty folio volumes in its library, was moreover blessed with *one single student*, by name Jacob Heminway! While Harvard's motto might well have been "*Rari nantes in gurgite vasto*," ours rather would have read, "*Solus cum solo*." Picture him, ye admirers of William Wickham! and ye non-admirers—if any such there be—picture Heminway, I say, not as the senior member of a flourishing society, but as the sole embodiment of college students! Behold him exhibiting in one form, the plain and inoffensive manners of the Freshman of those days—the haughty bearing of the Sophomore, the Junior's condescension, and the grave demeanor of the Senior;—standing high, undoubtedly, in the estimation of the class, and without rival in the eyes of the Faculty. Tradition adds, that his disputes before the President were exceedingly unique. He swept off all the honors of the day, received the Valedictory, and might have been "first President" if he had planned for it in time! To avoid the inconveniences which then attended Freshman life, he entered Sophomore, and in three years was graduated, having undergone, as it is supposed, two hard "biennials," whereat he was carefully separated from all other members of his class, and was closely watched by two members of an examining committee appointed for the purpose; but so well did he acquit himself, as to merit the approbation of all, for, like the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol Hill at Rome, there was no second to him; but, unlike that temple, he had no third nor fourth nor fifth!

There was then no School of Science and the Arts, no Law, Theological or Medical department, no prizes, no customs, no catalogues, and no laws; no tutors, no professors, no edifice, no permanent location, and no name; but in *one instructor* and *one pupil* we see the University of 1700!

But what is College now? We may here adapt to our own use the familiar words of another, and say that "the same sky is indeed over our heads, and the same waters roll at our feet; but all else, how changed!" Thrice fifty years have passed away, and the forty volumes have increased to over fifty thousand; the one presiding officer is supported by nearly forty, steadily employed; where forests grew before, thirteen substantial buildings stand, from which the bell each morning summons (with some exceptions, I admit) four hundred undergraduates; four departments beside the College proper, furnish to many scores of older students instruction in the higher range of science; and six thousand men having here completed a course of study in "the liberal Arts," now rank as graduates of Yale.

But I will not dwell upon a picture with which each one of you is so familiar. Of these six thousand graduates, one half yet live; and of these, one thousand gathered at the recent celebration. No one who was present then could have failed to notice the enthusiasm which prevailed, the pleasant meetings of classmates long and widely separated, the cordial greetings which were paid to the College officers, and the hunting up of rooms and places which were years before familiar; and when the multitude had dined around the common table of their Alma Mater, and a time was given for the expression of their feelings, not only in wit and poetry and eloquence did their sympathies find vent, but in the soul-stirring strains of music and the loud and hearty cheers.

It is not merely on state-occasions like this, that the love of Yale displays itself, but graduates and undergraduates exhibit it in a thousand different ways. Behold the former returning steadily in such numbers to their various class-meetings, ten, thirty, and even fifty years from graduation, and whether present or absent delighted to hear of the welfare of Yale, and eager to speak her praises. What makes the jurist, tired and weary with his public life, return to the Academic shades, and stroll around to find the faces of those who once knew him and the places he once knew? What makes the Reveries of a Bachelor turn back to college as 'the noon' of his life? What makes the poet linger here for inspiration and find it in these college haunts? Behold the undergraduates, moreover, possessed of an *esprit du corps* which makes them all desire to aid, befriend and counsel one another, to preserve memorials of college life, and when the day of parting comes, to part with real fraternal feelings. Tell me, both graduates and undergraduates, is it not true that the simple words "Yale College" are always enough to draw your immediate attention? When away from this place, let the driest speaker but

introduce Yale College, and do you not instantly give heed? If you meet the words in the dullest book, or see them in an ultra paper of the ne-plus-ultra stamp, do they not serve as an instant catchword, and are you satisfied until you know why your Alma Mater has been thus alluded to?

Are not your sympathies more easily awakened for one in public life, whose name may be found on the triennial? and do you not lament a death more keenly, because the life was past at Yale, and the number of your brothers therefore has been lessened? Yes, I am sure you all will bear me witness, that Yale College is to your hearts the magic 'Open Sesame!' of the eastern tale, the countersign to which your sentinel gives instant heed. Men who have been educated here, may seal their hearts against the stranger's approach—they may firmly lock with 'permutation fastenings' each entrance to their feelings, but if you wish to know what arrangement of the letters of the key will fling back the bolts and open wide the door, you will see it in the four which form that suggestive and potent word of *Yale*!

What now, we ask, has caused this state of things?

First may be mentioned *the History of this Institution*, which, extending through so many years, and embracing so many topics of interest, may well be examined with pleasure, and regarded with pride. I know indeed of no local historical topic which would repay you better for a careful study. The College—not forced at once into a brilliant existence, but adapted to the wants of a feeble colony, not flashing up with periodic light, but steadily increasing, growing as the country grew, and strengthening with its strength, ever progressing and never retrograding, sustained not so much by munificent donations as by a rigid economy of those it did receive, poor yet knowing how to use its means, young and yet abounding in enterprise—presents in the record of its hundred and fifty years, a series of important events, and of entertaining incidents of great variety and stirring interest.

Secondly—the list of graduates hence sent forth, deserves consideration; and if it be right and pleasant to trace a goodly line of ancestors in the flesh, is it not almost as pleasant to trace the line of those who here preceded us, and who passed their days of youth in scenes and in duties so similar to those in which we are now engaged. If we take a laudable pleasure in claiming nationality with Washington and Franklin, if we are eager to claim as ours all English writers previous to our existence as a nation, if we take delight in all eminent men who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue, may we not, with far more propriety, claim as our fathers

and our elder brothers, those who have gone before us in this school of literature? Let not the momentary exceptions which we are tempted to make at the times of our annual strife as literary Societies, prevent us in our calmer moods from giving all their due. I honor David Humphreys none the less because I love old William Wickham, Nathan Hale and others somewhat more. There is Percival as a poet, Calhoun as a statesman, Webster as a lexicographer, Kent as a Jurist, James Fennimore Cooper as a writer, David Brainard as a missionary, Jonathan Edwards as a metaphysician, of whom, each one of us should say without any reservation, are they not *ours*, ALL OURS?

I might for a third topic, dwell upon the present *means of instruction* we enjoy; of the course of study and the officers who conduct it; of the various aids we find in the library, the laboratory, the cabinet, the observatory, the apparatus, the gallery of paintings; but these are daily before your eyes, and I will not dwell either upon their intrinsic or their relative excellence, for you yourselves can judge whether, even though faults and imperfections may sometimes be detected, there is not much, very much, which we should regard with admiration.

Once more: *the large number of students* here assembled, is a great advantage to each of us. Look around, and you see more than four hundred undergraduates, young, intelligent, active men. Who of you wants a nobler field for emulation, or seeks for higher honors than those which here are offered? How great a diversity appears of natural sympathies, and tastes, and inclinations? and that, among those who are in many respects so similar in their circumstances, so nearly of an age, and so equal in their attainments. How sure we are to find proficient in almost every science and accomplishment, how bright the talents often exhibited, how various the intimacies which are so freely offered!

Then too we are not gathered from a single town, nor a single state, nor even from the same section of our land, but North and South here learn of one another; East and West may join their hands. Not only does every portion of our own confederacy send hither its quota, but at the present moment we see Canada sending her representative and Nova Scotia also; England, Scotland, Ireland, and Germany appear with theirs; South America here studies science, and the Islands of the sea help swell our numbers; the Turkish dominions send no less than four, and even China consents to learn at the feet of 'outside barbarians.'

We are not indeed to think that excellence consists merely in size and diversity, for the number and variety of students will be no advantage, unless a rigid series of examination like that which now prevails, shall make an occasional sifting and keep the standard high.

In the next place, I would mention *our three literary Societies*, notwithstanding that the claims of two of them have been so recently argued. I stand here at the present moment as an advocate for the peculiarities of neither, but I beg you to consider how the influence of the large number of students in college is felt within our society halls. In each how spirited the debates may be, and how well may be compared the different views of every question. The avowed rivalry between Linonians and Brothers—as all in their calmer moments must admit—is also an advantage to them both, and even the neutrality, of Calliope is not without its influence in aiding on the others, while it is a proud thing for Yale that it can so handsomely sustain three societies of the magnitude of those which now exist. Too much can scarcely be said of their libraries, so well stocked in general literature, so munificently increased, so carefully guarded. Selected according to the wants of students, bought with our own money, and subject to our own regulations, they are the laurel wreaths of the undergraduates of college, imperishable crowns by which we have adorned the institution to which we belong.

Again : I call your attention to the smaller literary associations which here exist, the '*class societies*,' as they are called ; and although it will not be expected that I should enlarge on such a theme, yet I may be allowed to say, that so far as my acquaintance goes, they are both profitable and pleasant. Liable to abuse as these and all things good may be, yet even a casual observer can scarcely overlook the advantages they possess, in uniting together those whom the rivalries of the large societies would render hostile through the year, and those whom sectional and other differences might keep entirely apart.

I must be excused for mentioning another thing, the credit of which pertains by no means to any class alone, much less to any portion of a class. I refer to the *Yale Literary Magazine*, which, whether dry or racy to its readers, has been of lasting service to those who have written for its pages. It contains the essays of young writers, but if you will study out the names of its contributors in by-gone years, you will see the names of many who have since been honored in far wider circles. I am not aware of any similar Magazine which has been sustained so long, while the various volumes, standing as they do upon the shelves of the several libraries, may be considered as fair specimens of what Yale undergraduates have accomplished with their pens. If all the classes would but do their best for its support, the Magazine might soon attain a higher rank, and by a larger number of writers, readers and subscribers would

increase its present advantages, by furnishing a field of emulation still greater than it does at present.

In the next place, consider the various *college customs*—not those boyish tricks sometimes handed down from class to class, but those local peculiarities which have been for years perpetuated, and which are of credit to the Institution.

Such is the “Annual Presentation,” with its attendant exercises. The farewell speeches of that day are more heartfelt, and more impressive than those at graduation, for these are of our own accord, and are uttered among acquaintances alone, while the others, from the nature of the case, must be in a measure constrained and formal. The after dinner sports of Presentation Day, moreover, are not without their use, when those just to be recognized as men, for the last time indulge with a sort of lingering regret in frolicsome pastimes.

The annual *statement of facts*, and the concomitant electioneering, are of admirable tendency in more ways than one. The historical research evinced on such occasions, the skill displayed in arguing nice points, the knowledge which is exhibited of Human Nature, and the tact which is there developed, are indications that these electioneering campaigns are of almost incalculable service.

The *presentation* of the *Wooden Spoon*, freed as it is hoped forever from anything exceptionable, although an ‘edged tool’ which should be managed with care, has been, and may permanently be an outlet for real wit, an innocent occasion of mirth and recreation.

But it will not be possible for me to allude, much less to dwell, on all the various points which seem to me of interest, and I must therefore hasten on. Our *boat clubs*, however, must not be overlooked, for the refreshing pleasures they afford in summer evenings cannot well be prized too highly, while the athletic games upon ‘the Green,’ time honored and valuable as they are, are so much appreciated by those who engage in them, that I need not expatiate upon their praises.

The *books of autographs*, comprehensive as they are and embellished to such an extent with the portraits of College officers and perhaps of classmates also, form no small item in the literature of Yale; and when the formal words of false, unmeaning flattery are not employed, but a few suggestive sentences bring to remembrance scenes which classmates have enjoyed together, or when, in lieu of this, a word of council or of cheer is given, then books of autographs possess a real and a yearly increasing value.

The attention here paid to *music* is moreover deserving of note, exhib-

ited as it is not merely in the singing of a choir skillfully trained and accompanied with the organ's swelling tones, but manifested in the chorus which daily rises upon every side and from every company of students. Occasionally, with a chorus not unworthy of a German university, we join in singing

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus,

while you well know that not an event occurs, from the foot ball game to a successful 'biennial,' without some original song in its commemoration,—not a society but has its ample private collection.

There are many, moreover, in our midst who rejoice to say that in the *Church* which here exists and in the special privileges which it has furnished, they have found those ties which bind them more closely than any other to their college home, and from which they break with more reluctance.

Now, fellow students, do you ask why I have dwelt so long upon these things with which you are all acquainted, instead of choosing a more novel and perhaps more pleasing topic? There are two reasons.

First, because we see here and there among our number one who has not a particle of college spirit, who seems to care no more for his classmates and for the things in which they take delight, than he does in a wandering Tartar tribe. They are human beings, and as such he has an interest in them, but he feels no bond of union, no glow of sympathy, no desire to improve for his own and their advantage the intimacies which we are so fully offered. He lives a stranger in the midst of those who would be friends, a blind man in a paradise of beauty, a proser in a world of poetry; he longs to be free from his present position, and when he goes he will tell to others that college is after all a sort of tread-mill bondage. Is this honorable or right, in one who might enjoy so many pleasures without a particle of detriment to his mental discipline?

But, secondly, those of us who enjoy the scenes and the associations in which we live do well to pause sometimes and think how much we have in which to take delight. We love as brothers those with whom we meet, for now as to this world at least,

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares ;—

we already take delight in the various concomitants of college duties; and appreciate in some degree the enjoyments which here are found, yet the occasional review of what we here possess cannot but expand our hearts, enlarge our sense of the advantages which we have, and renew the glow of our love toward Yale.

For you my aim has been not to awaken such feelings of regard, but to show how they may be increased; to suggest those trains of thought which you only can properly expand. I have merely tried to unravel an end of the twisted cord which binds us together, that you may see the strands of which it is composed. They will amply repay you for a careful examination. Such studies would not interfere with the severer tasks which engage your time; they would be like way side flowers which beautify, but not impede our path, or like the lesser satellites around some brilliant planet, they would add their radiance to its own effulgence.

And if our advantages are indeed so great, let us *show* how much they are appreciated. If we cannot otherwise improve, let us at least adorn and beautify this place; let art as well as science here be cultivated; let no defacements be allowed; let elegance as well as excellence pertain to every thing around; let our present noble gallery of paintings be increased from year to year; let the libraries, the society halls, our private studios, and even the public buildings and the College Green be embellished with works of taste.

To be sure

There in red brick which softening time defies,
Stand square and stiff the muses factories,

and yet our efforts now, and our more ample means hereafter, may do much to improve as well as to adorn.

Again, let us hunt up the incidents which have here occurred and associate them with the various localities around us, till, as at Oxford, "Addison's walk" is still remembered, and at West Point the "Garden of Kosciusko" receives continual culture; so we shall point to rooms which our eminent men have occupied, to walks they trod and haunts they used to love.

And then I would have each student feel that to him pertains the duty of keeping up the college eminence. Not only would I have him defend its character, but frown on ought which would deteriorate its worth or injure abroad its reputation. Let none but worthy precedents be followed, but let every plan which an active imagination can suggest, an inventive genius contrive and an enthusiastic love can accomplish, be seized, perfected and established, that it may tie us more closely than ever to one another and our Alma Mater, and identify us inseparably with all her interests.

The fire I know is in our breasts, let us fan it into flames. Then shall the clarion cry of "Yale!" which used to be the rallying shout in times

of trouble, the watch word in danger, and the pæan of victory, be in these more peaceful days the countersign of friendship; and when we have left these walls it shall be 'a sound from home,' reminding us of early pleasures and dear associations, and introducing us to at least three thousand kindred spirits. Then shall we show in deeds and words that

Dum mens grata manet nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES unanimique PATRES!

D. C. G.

Dorylla.

[The following poem has been founded upon an incident taken from an old legend of Savoy. The story of the silver arrow, variously modified, has given thrilling interest to more than one prose tale, but never before, we think, has it been narrated in verse.]

In far off lands, where flows the Rhine,
'Mid crag and rock and woody pine;
Where sunny hill and blooming plain,
Join with the rugged mountain chain;
Where cave and gorge and forest grand,
Add strength and beauty to the land;
There on a lofty cliff, and steep,
Which overlooks a chasm deep,
Where oft is heard the torrent's roar,
A castle stood, in days of yore.
In aspect stern, of massive form,
It breathed defiance to the storm,
Its walls were grim and gray through age,
And mocked with scorn the foeman's rage;
Dark, gloomy, fierce and strong it stood,
Fit emblem of its master's mood.

A summer morn is shining bright,
And tipping with its golden light
The forest glade and turret spire,
And fragrance breathes from leaf and briar.
When early dawn the morning waits,
Wide opened are the castle gates,
And soon upon the turf of green,
The vassals of the land are seen,—
The servile peasants of the plain,
Who till the Baron's proud domain.
No lordly summons brings them here,
Nor dreaded wrath nor servile fear,

But with a lightsome step they throng
The castle court with shout and song.
The blushing youth, the maiden fair,
The laughing child with curly hair,
The matron and the aged sire,
Are here with smiles and neat attire.
And as they join the merry throng;
And loud huzzas are echoed long,
With joyous hearts and mirthful glee,
They hail their yearly jubilee.

Amid the festive throng is seen
The Baron Chief, whose lofty mien,
Whose haughty look and rigid face,
Proclaim him proudest of his race.
Beside him stands a being fair,
Of matchless form and beauty rare;
His only child—yet so unlike
She seems as do the rays that strike
The dim, embattled walls and towers
In sunshine's soft and golden hours.
The Baron gazed with parent pride
On this loved being at his side,
And swore so beautiful an one,
Was ne'er by bard or minstrel sung.
And well he might,—with beauty armed,
Hers was the magic power that charmed;
The dark, black eye and flowing hair,
The blooming cheek so fresh and fair,
The form of gentleness and grace,
The blushing beauty of her face,
Proclaiming loveliness within,
A sterner soul than his might win.
While in the form almost divine,
He sees the last of Rudger's line.

Dorylla, with an earnest gaze,
Seeks 'mid the throng who shout her praise,
For one she knew full well was there,
Whose thoughts and wishes she could share.
She finds him—and their glances meet—
Nor nearer would they dare to greet,
For he, though of a noble form,
A peasant is, and lowly born;
Though strong of arm and brave in heart,
His father's is the minstrel's art,
And Rudger's is a haughty race,
Whose sway through ages back they trace.

The sports begin;—the wrestler's skill
They practice with a ready will;
And with the bow and arrow vie
To gain the prize in archery.
But poorly now they pull the string,
Wide from the mark the arrows wing,—
Again the eager peasants vie,
And each chagrined, once more would try;
But still in vain they draw the bow—
No arrow could the target show.
The Baron was ashamed not less
At such a sad unskillfulness.
He enters where the archers stand,
And takes a bow the peasants hand,
And though he was a marksman famed,
The target *his* defeat proclaimed.

With shame and rage the Baron shook,
And shouted with an angry look;—
"This is a vile and awkward thing,
Go! Haste! my own sure cross-bow bring;
With it, the silver arrow too,
I cannot fail with those I know."

The minstrel cottager drew near,—
His step was firm—his eye was clear,
And though his head was silvered o'er,
And time his brow with wrinkles wore,
His rich voice still was sweet and strong
In plaintive strain and mirthful song.
The minstrel was beloved by all,
In peasant's cot and Baron hall;
For oft he'd sung of former days,
At Rudger's festive board of cheer,
And many a peasant's heart could praise
The wisdom of the minstrel seer.

"Beware, my noble Lord," he said,
"Lest thou bring vengeance on thy head.
The silver arrow—know'st thou not!—
If for a trifling purpose shot,
Will bring the weightier grief and wo,
Than ere can come from mortal foe.
Remember, it has magic force,
Thy fathers owned its mystic source,
And bade thee oft to guard it well,
And fear its mighty magic spell;

And warned thee ne'er its power debase,
Nor use, except to save your race;
And should one dare from this depart,
Its point should pierce the archer's heart."

The Baron stamped the ground with rage,
And answered stern the minstrel sage.
"Know, meddler, mine is not the hand
To cease at thy unasked command;
Nor I the marksman that can miss,
With such a well formed shaft as this."

He took the arrow;—never yet
Was one so fair in bow string set.
'Twas finely formed and wrought with care,
Of virgin metal pure and rare,
And if no magic power it knew,
It was a weapon sure and true.
With reverence which he could but show,
The Baron placed it in the bow;
The minstrel's words his bosom sting,
He fears—but madly pulls the string.
It catches in his vestment wear—
The arrow whizzes in the air.
Swift in its flight it lodges now
In a decayed and rotten bough,
Which hangs far o'er the fissure's verge,
Where loudly roars the torrent's surge.
The peasants hasten to the brink—
Then in their terror backward shrink.
The tree grew o'er the farthest edge,
And the dead limb so dry through age
Seemed held to the trunk in fear and dread
Of the foaming torrent's rocky bed.

The Baron saw it, and his frame
Shook with the thought of crime and shame;
Remorse and anguish o'er him stole,
And horror filled his inmost soul.
A curse was on its loss, he knew,
The forfeit of his life was due.
Better to lose his castle tower,
His wealth, his vassals, and his power,
Ay! he would gladly give them all,
The silver arrow to recall.

"My vassals brave and strong"—he cried,—
"In many a deed of courage tried,

A prince's wealth waits his commands,
Who puts that arrow in my hands."

A wistful buzz was all he heard—
He looked—but no retainer stirred.
They durst not, for though great the prize,
The frightful peril met their eyes.
The Baron marked them shrink in fear,
Then cried in tones which all could hear:—
"With wealth, with lands I freely part,
And give them with a grateful heart;
Name but the boon your souls demand,
And take it from Dorylla's hand."

Then leaping from the crowd who try
His mad, wild progress to deny,
A youth springs forth—the minstrel's son—
And swears the arrow shall be won.
One bound—his light and agile form,
Which seemed well fitted to perform
A wild and daring deed like this,
Is hanging o'er the dread abyss.
The bough is gained—a moment there
He pauses ere its strength he dare,—
A moment—and with courage rare,
Lays the cool plan as if aware
His peril, yet too bold to quail,
He treads the bough so weak and frail.
With eye firm fixed upon the prize,
His step the cracking wood defies,
He stops—his hands the arrow meet—
He throws it at the Baron's feet.

A shout—but hark! a fearful cry
Of terror rises shrill and high.
The limb gives way—they see him now,
Grasping the fragile, broken bough.
In awe they gaze; with giant might
Undimmed by fear, unnerved by fright,
He springs, and from the bough leaps clear,
And strives to gain the railing near.

'Tis barely gained—and with a grasp
Like one whose hands fond life would clasp,
With sudden fall and stunning shock,
His arms around the railing lock.
He's safe—and climbing to the plain
He mingles with the throng again;

Then takes the arrow from the ground,
And puts it in the Baron's hand,
While shouts of triumph loud resound,
In deaf'ning echoes through the land.
E'en Rudger smiles, and bids him name
The promised boon he well might claim.

The youth gazed on the maiden fair,
Who trembling stood in terror there,
And conscious now of him alone,
Whose safety made her love complete,
Blushing with hope before unknown,
She kneels with him at Rudger's feet.
The Baron white with anger grew,
His face was of a deadly hue ;
A storm of passion swept his heart,
Which well nigh tore his frame apart.
He gasps—when less his fury grew—
“ Bind him—he's mad—your sports renew.”

'Tis evening—and the castle hall,
With torch and lamp from roof and wall,
Shines with a gay and brilliant light,
Upon a mirthful, festive sight.
For gathered there the old and young,
In shouts of revelry which rung
The ceiling and the oaken walls among,
Join in the smile, the jest, the glance,
And in the rustic village dance.
Rudger, the proud and strong, was there,
The arrow grasped within his hand ;
His brow a darker look did wear
Of scorn, defiance, and command.
Dorylla too, but pale and sad,
No mirth could make *her* bosom glad ;
The one she loved—the minstrel's son—
The peril of his life had run,
And now in dungeon chains he waits
The doom her angry sire debates.

At length his harp the minstrel took,
And as its strings with music shook,
The dancing ceased, and gathering near,
Attentive now they strive to hear
The song of lovers, sad or gay,

Or list to tales of ancient day.
When stillness through the castle reigns,
He sings in simple ballad strains :—

“There lived a Baron once, revered,
Kind Fortune on him smiled,
His life a lovely lady cheered,
And a fond and only child.

“The good wife died, and years passed by,
The child a lady grew,
And many a lip of praise did vie
In blessings kind and true.

“A peasant youth she loved, alas !
With warmth and fervor true ;
No wrath the Baron’s could surpass,
No prayers that wrath subdue.

“But when the haughty Rudger heard
That she was not his child,
He gave her to—————”

“Cease, harper !” cried the Baron loud—
Stepping in front the peasant crowd,—
“It was of Rudger that you spoke,
Beware lest you his rage provoke.”

The minstrel threw his harp aside,
And calmly to his lord replied :—
“It was of Rudger that I spoke,
And not a word will I revoke ;
Dorylla is no child of thine,
I am her father—she is mine.
Hear, Baron ! nor my words deride—
Recall the time thy lady died ;
The one who nursed her was my wife,
Now both have ceased this troubled life.
An ancient wrong her lady did,
Aroused her anger, and though hid
For many a year within her breast,
Your very race she did detest, †
And vowed a deep revenge should come,
And strike a blow at Rudger’s home.
Her vow was kept—her mistress dead,
She placed another’s child instead ;

And who was there to know or tell
The secret that she kept so well ?

" 'Tis false—I do not care to dread—
What proof ?" the Baron coolly said.

" My oath," the minstrel quick replied—
" My wife's confession when she died.
At these you scorn,—but hear me through,
E'en *now* shalt say the tale is true.
An arrow marks the Rudger race,
Upon your arm its form you trace ;
And well you know 'twas said of old
Your house this seal of birth should hold."
The finely swelling arm they bare,—
There was no mark of arrow there.

The minstrel speaks in accents mild,—
" Now, Rudger, I demand my child."

" Take her,"—he answered with a scorn—
" Take her, false man, and quick—begone !
No blood of mine could be so base,
As mingle with a peasant race.
But hold ! is this brave youth your son,
Who late the silver arrow won ?"

" Not mine, as all the peasants know,
But was adopted years ago."

" Then bring the Priest,—he eager said,—
And by the fiend, they now shall wed."
Off from the youth the chains are thrown,
The Priest is brought—and they are one.

The minstrel stood in silence there,
And heard the injured Baron swear,
That on the morrow he should die
For such a foul, base treachery.
And when at length proud Rudger ceased,
And bade the peasants end their feast,
The minstrel, without fear or dread,
Turned calmly to his chief and said :—

" List for a moment, I entreat,
While I this tale of mine complete ;
For now, proud Baron, thou shalt hear

Of the lost one thou hold'st so dear.
When this fair maid was given thee,
Thy child, thy son was brought to me.
He whom you saw this very day,
A deed of courage rare display,
When all were deaf to your command,
Who placed the arrow in your hand;
He whom this moment you have wed
To peasant blood, though nobly bred,—
He is your son—in him you trace
The last of Rudger's haughty race.
Look, Baron ! on this arm, and own
This arrow makes him yours alone."

The youth's strong arm he looked upon,
And knew he was his only son.
His spirit stern, unused to yield,
His heart by long indulgence steeled,
Were rent and torn beneath the blow
Of such a mighty, deadly wo.
There was no joy that he had gained,
A long lost son by fraud detained;
But in his features one might trace
A look of shame and deep disgrace,
That his proud blood and ancient might,
Degraded by the marriage rite,
Was joined with one who was his serf,
A vassal, and of menial birth.

With lifted hand, he totters near
And whispers to the minstrel seer :—
"Lost is the pride of Rudger's line,
Traitor ! thy blood is joined to mine."

His arm upraised to strike a blow,
Against the one who caused his wo,
Dropped to his side—he tottered—fell,—
The arrow which he clasped so well,
True to its spell and ancient name,
With magic power and fatal aim,
Pierced deep his heavy, falling side,—
He moved but once—then gasped, and *died*.

w. w. a.

Junior Year.

HERE at length is Junior year, the late summer of college life. The modest budding of the Freshman bloom, the early, fitful heat of the Sophomore months, with the disappointing frosts of the one, and the chilling damps of the other season, as occasionally the prospects of the year were obscured, is past, and the proximity of fruit time causes things to wear a more sober and unvarying aspect, while at times the distant refraction of an approaching exit from these familiar scenes traces an additional line upon the thoughtful brow; and occasionally a strong swell from the heaving ocean of active life rolls up the river so fast descending and widening to the confluence, and makes the heart beat for the strong and mighty impulses of the winds and the tides. The shallows and the quicksands of the Freshman and Sophomore navigation, where so many of our companions grounded and were left behind, are now escaped; the difficult rapids of the Biennial are safely passed, and now the wider and more placid stream bears the bark right gaily onward, while the pleasant remembrance of toils successfully endured, and the lightness of heart when burdens are removed, and the expectation of pleasure while yet we remain, and the ardent resolves for the subsequent years, each add in their freshness a joy to the time. All sorts and complexions of fancies rise before us as we review the past two years. There are pictures of term time and vacation spread out as bright and vivid as when the sunshine of friends or fortune traced them on the memory. A delicate line here shows our former scrupulosity in Freshman days, when we were "righteous over much." See with what horror we made our first flunk—with what sincere penitence we approached the tutor's confessional to acknowledge our first delinquency. There is a blot or two made by a few tears, with which at the twilight leisure hour we mourned for

"The little parlor and the evening hymn,"

before we had entirely forgot the pious practice. Here the pencil shows hurried work, as if it had moved with the rapidity of our passage homeward, when the swift iron Phlegethon seemed a snail, and thought anticipated by many hours the embrace of a mother and a sister, and exulted triumphantly and sometimes tremulously, in the prospect of greeting many friends in general, and one *petite ami* in particular. The smoking party, armed to the teeth with blackened pipes for an onslaught upon some timid Freshmen—the Lyceum as it was, with its economy of rick-

ety settees, its oft mended, barn-like doors, its well-defined and ever memorable odors—the grim and terrible Biennial, with all its paraphernalia of un-Spartanlike tables, the sentinel tutor, the sound of the scratching of pens—all these glide before us as the panorama of the past moves on.

“I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory.”

These are the queer shapes that often rise phoenix-like out of the blue flames that flicker on the grate at night, when study is dismissed, and dreams steal over one sitting in the silent, glimmering darkness. Who does not love to call them up, to interrogate them, and listen to “twice told tales?” But there are more than these:

“When the dark shadows flit along the ceiling,
And the dull firelight trembles in the grate,
Fancy, fond yet with old, remembered feeling,
Striveth the loved and lost to recreate.”

The forms of him who first, and who last left us, appear familiarly, as they sat by our side in the recitation, or joined in the social walk and talk, or animated the debates of the Society halls. The impress they made rests still upon us, but they are no longer with us. The last days of health, the slowly waning life, the solemn annunciation of death, the sober groups that gather to converse, the crowded room of the coffined, the long, sad procession—these also flit like shadows by us.

Thus much for the retrospect. Pleasant indeed it is; who can deny? Sadness and the remembrance of grief impart a sober tint to our picture, but it is no less sweet. Having gained as it were a point of survey, the rugged places behind us are smoothed and softened in the distance; we have forgotten the quagmire, and remember only the crystal stream where we washed out the stains.

Perhaps imagination has tinted the memories of the past too brightly. But the present has too much of sober, stern reality to allow such a liberty. How lustily sang and roared a certain crowd in the woodland a few months ago,

“For the sunlight clear of the Junior year
Is beaming bright before us!”

It was then supposed for a verity, that the winter was past, that is to say, that hard times were over, and that thenceforth every tired Mæcenas of a Sophomore might cease to patronize Latin, Greek, etc., and would glide along toward the A. B. as smoothly and easily “as lightning on a greased railroad.” Pardon the inelegant simile, reader, but it is Davy Crockett’s own. What a hallucination those Sophomores labored under!

We certainly cannot see how the condition of a Junior is superior to that of a Sophomore. We, as well as they, are reluctantly aroused by the Alectryon as discordant as any that ever greeted the early dawn with its "brassy roar." We are bored as severely as they, and are not, moreover, allowed to remonstrate. A Junior must endure *tacitus*; a Sophomore may scrape and groan as loud as he please. Then Juniors are tantalized by a refinement of cruelty. They are obliged to sit and gaze for several hours every week at certain shawls, often ugly ones, upon the backs of the fair that frequent the Philosophical lectures, but are indignantly disappointed at a sight or glimpse of "the human face divine." Was not all expected "otium cum dig—" a mere mirage? Concerning appointments of modesty prompts us to say, that they are a humbug, writing them down as a bore, the glory of speaking, vanity of vanities.

But, regarding the position of a Junior more seriously, there are at least many sober thoughts suggested to the mind that muses on the frequent change, and the rapid progression of life. Time, as it advances, bears us ever onward, and the approach of future scenes, and the fading of those forever past, knows no cessation. Not many months run the round of change, before those now midway in College will stand upon the outer verge, and the records of an important period in their history will have been engraved forever. Like the ancient king who oftentimes spent the hours before the decisive conflict in meditation within the silent cloisters, they pass in seclusion the time of preparation for the severe struggles of life. Already the signal notes are heard which heralds admonish us to be carefully equipped.

These more serious thoughts suggest themselves. We shall not go any farther, but commend them to him who reflects,

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be."

The Harp of the Winds.

'Twas night, and tired men slumbered, slept and dreamed;
And Earth, weary, bathed in Lethe's wave;
Yet the wide dome of slumbering Nature seemed
Peopled with winds, trooped forth from Æolus' cave.

Not zephyrs, such as dimple limpid lakes,
Or slyly whisper, hid 'mid forest leaves:—

But fitful gusts, whose forceful onset breaks
Ships from their moorings, and the sea upheaves !

Wild winds which, though unseen, yet shouting loud
In lawless turbulence on-whirling roll,
Besieged my casement in a furious crowd—
Till gentle thoughts, in fright, forsook my soul.

When *Memory* swept my heartstrings, not a strain
But cruel winds supplanted with harsh discords.
Hope's whispering voice the harsh blasts rudely stifled
So, all my solitude's sweet charmers gone,—
All gone—I sat, at mercy of the storm.
And then, plenipotent to vex my soul
Like minions of some power that owed me spite,
These boisterous creatures joined in tuneless chorus.
Vast, whirling, rushing, dashing hurricanes
Formed for the lesser blasts, appropriate bass :—
While little, whistling, piping, spiteful winds,
Shrill shrieked a piercing treble, high and wild ;
And for the other parts, whoops so unearthly
Burst in, that I did think *Discordia*
Was howling slumbering earth a serenade !

Well nigh distracted by the hideous din,
I sought, like Saul, a charm 'gainst my tormentors ;
And, happy thought ! when these a moment lulled
Gave me short respite, I brought forth the harp
That owns no master save the tameless winds.
That wondrous instrument ! The soul of Saul
Not sooner felt the "Shepherd Minstrel's" power,
Than mine the influence of the tones that rose
Responsive to the advancing winds' attack.
Those winds, no more disturbers of my peace,
Came welcome now, as angels of delight ;
Their turmoil turned to tuneful tender lays,
Or noble symphonies resounding joy !
Now as I listened, rapt ;—at every *blast*
Tumultuous pleasure thrilled throughout my being ;
While every *hush*, gave tenderest harmonies
To sooth my soul, till in a loveful song
My heart poured praises to that witching harp.

I.

Harp ! that wooest winds of Heaven
By their gentle breathing fanned,
To thy melody 'tis given
Thoughts to sing of spirit land !

II.

Hark! I hear thee murmur faintly,
Faintly as the mourner's prayer;
Tones all heavenly, pure and saintly,
Saintly as a Seraph's are!

III.

And methinks thou sadly singest
Things I would, but cannot speak;
Griefful memories thou bringest
Of low voices, mournful—meek.

IV.

Still tremulous and low!
All silent, now!
Those voices faded so
They're silent now,
Silent now!

V.

Hark! from depths of silence welling
Joyous harmonies arise!
Tone o'er tone triumphant swelling
Higher, higher toward the skies!

VI.

'Minding me of *happy* voices
Jubilant amid the past!
Now like these thy strain rejoices—
Ah! too happy long to last!

VII.

Fading even as I listen,
Tone departeth after tone;
All earth's songs of joy thus hasten,
Just approach us and are gone.

VIII.

Hark! murmuring sad and low,
All silent now!
Glad voices faded so,
They're silent now,
Silent now!

IX.

Is the spirit-harp forsaken?
List! dim echoes, strange and wild,

Chords unearthly now awaken,
Each a wandering Fancy's child.

X.

Such the strains a dream revealeth
When the spirit, free to roam,
From the closing portals stealeth,
Of its humble earthly home.

XI.

Strains to make a seraph listen,
Ceased the while, his harp of gold;
Music as of stars that glisten,
Morning stars that sang of old!

XII.

This evanescent, too?
All's silent now!
Dreams, vanished like the dew,
Are silent now,
Silent now!

Now comes a breeze to strike thy silent strings,
Laden with heavy groan, and sob, and sigh,
And as each note of sorrow thrills, it wrings
A tear-drop from the sympathizing eye.

And now, from far a gale comes sweeping on!
Vibrations, rapid, free, a hymn resound,
In praise of noble deeds and freedom won,
Speeding the life-tide in a swifter round!

Thus, wildly swept by wandering winds of night,
Thy music murmurs, swells and bursts away!
Plaints, hymns, and pæans, varying like the light,
Dim or resplendent, of the Aurora's play.

Sweet Harp! thy crystal tones seem not of earth!
Thou dost prelude the songs of heavenly choirs,
By angels warbled since Creation's birth,
To ring forever from their golden lyres!

A. B.

A Romance of the Laboratory.

So-AND-So, a classmate of mine, gave a birth-night *convivium*. His rooms were up in High street, and when we had spent all our resources of enjoyment, which was at the smallest possible hour of the next morning, we departed for our respective abodes. The other fellows roomed out of College, and I started for "Old South" alone, refusing all offers of attendance, and relying on my own abilities to "steer clear" of the corners. It was rather dark, but I navigated safely through the posts opposite the Gymnasium, and was congratulating myself that I was safe on College ground, when, as I came near the Laboratory, I became conscious of a "dim religious" light, proceeding from within those low walls. I was not at all alarmed; I could have met with friendly cordiality, old Nick himself, or even a tutor, so I drew near one of the side windows, and peered into the darkness of the room, which was illumined only by a dim little spirit lamp on the table. Suddenly a series of bubbles burst out from the cistern and ignited with pale flashes of light, by which I could just see "Robert," with his hand on two large bell-glasses, from which he was turning up some inflammable gasses. In a second more there was a report and a flash together, and I caught a glimpse of a form rising from the cistern, from which Robert fell back with a shriek; then all was dark and still again, only the little spirit lamp burned dimly as before, a kind of blue, luminous bean in the thick gloom.

I began to get excited, and taking off my hat, placed my face close to the glass and waited for further developments. Nor had I to wait long, for a dark figure, not nearly as tall as Robert, poked the fire and lighted a candle and then a cup of alcohol, so that I saw clearly what was going on. 'Twas a sight to have frightened the Pope, for there by the stove was the image of the very Devil himself, horns, hoofs, tail and all! And on the floor lay Robert in a swoon! As I supposed then, and think now, Robert had been trying some alchemical experiment by himself, and had let together some antagonistic gasses, from the sudden union of which, Auld Hornie, or some of his crew, had escaped. I still gazed through the window, indeed I seemed fastened there, though I felt willing to leave the mysteries unprofaned, and saw the fiend begin flying about, taking the stoppers from various bottles, and after rapping them with his tail end, calling out "Evenite! Evenite!" Immediately out came fizzing various and sundry other devils of sizes corresponding to their bottles, who began to release others of their fiendish friends.

who worked in their turn at the same kind offices, till there were troops and troops of the little imps, whizzing and hissing about in all directions. They seemed mightily pleased at their release, and cut up the maddest antics, leaping and flying about, diving into the cistern or into the fire, knocking over bottles, and producing all manner of explosions and flames and smokes, so that for a time I could hardly see what they were doing; but when they lighted more of the combustibles which were lying about in a variety of forms, and became a little more quiet, I could see every thing. They had hauled poor Robert up into the Professor's high chair, where he sat stiffened with fright, the whites of his eyes rolling around ghastlily, and his hair doing its best to stand on end. Some of the imps were crawling over him, playing a devilish game of hide and seek in his pockets and sleeves, or were straddling his nose, and tickling his ears with the ends of their tails. He, poor fellow, was utterly powerless, and stirred not a peg. The rest of them, great and small, were scuttling all over the room and in and out of the back rooms, doing—every thing. I wish I could remember half what they did, or rather I wish I could forget it, for I dream of them whenever I have been taking the least drop, even of ale. I'll mention a few of their pranks.

Crowds of them were taking turns at a bottle of chloroform and getting gloriously tipsy; two of them had found a glove, which some of "our friends on the right" had left, and they were on top of one of the seats, trying it on as they would a double pair of trowsers; two others had tied their tails together with a piece of red ribbon, which some fair one had dropped, and were cutting about gaily; some were trying to swim in the bath of mercury; others rubbing themselves with sticks of phosphorus; a bunch of them were tugging together at a large horse-shoe magnet, with which they had caught the steel-tipped tails of a dozen others and were pulling them around in wild glee; a continual supply was taking the place of Robert's tormentors, as they grew tired; some were polishing their horns and the extremities of their tails with sulphuric acid; others warming themselves in the stove; these and several thousand other things they did, more than I can or wish to think of. A terrible clatter they kept up, galloping over the tables and benches, knocking over glasses, mixing effervescences, and letting off confined gases, and as I looked, my brain reeled with confused astonishment. Yet in the midst of my bewilderment, I had emotions of pity for poor Robert, who continued *in iatu quo*, and a wretchedly funny statue he was. I could not bear to see a fellow mortal in the clutches of such an infernal crew, so I picked up a brick, which I found lying close to my hat, and

standing back a little, hurled it through the window into the midst of them, and then fell down completely overcome with—exhaustion.

One—two—three—four—five, on the College clock, aroused me to consciousness. Aurora had not yet become rosy-fingered, but by the gray light, I picked up myself and my hat, and tottered over to my room to get ready for my morning lesson.

I should have considered my vision as only a dream that had visited me, as I rested myself on the grass on my way home, and the friaky spirits akin to the whiskey spirits of the night before, but a hole in the window and a brick found among the bottles on the table next day, seemed to give some thing of substance to the foundation of my ROMANCE OF THE LABORATORY.

Essay on Sleep,

AS IT EXISTS IN OUR WORLD.

THE solemn march of night and day is a great fact, throughout the system of worlds in which we live. The shining sun and whirling planets have led on these phenomena from the morning of creation, and must continue to command their march until the wreck of all things. Those twinkling suns, which shine upon us from afar, and reveal to us other systems revolving there, may, with their whirling spheres, extend the phenomena of day and night beyond our utmost thought.

What meaneth this? Who dwell in these worlds? What have they to do with night? Or if made to live in darkness, what have they to do with day? What twofold nature have they, to need both?

There may be beings to whom all these are deep problems. And to us they are but in part explained. We may *conjecture* from analogy, and it may seem more than guessing, but *certainty* for us must be confined to the little world in which we live. Here we may lay aside conjecture, and look around us for the answer.

Amid the light of day, we see the hurry and hear the bustle of active life. But in the shade of night, all is motionless and still. The flood of darkness, as it rolls on its daily circuit, drowns all living things, and shrouds them in silence and gloom. The manifestations of life are no more seen, until the brightness of a new born day wakens the slumber.

ing world. While day is succeeded by night and night succeeded by day, action is succeeded by repose and repose succeeded by action, again and again until, the eternal lethargy of death swallows up both.

This intermediate rest, this temporary repose, which we call *Sleep*, is the subject of the present remarks. The theme may appear unattractive. Its phenomena may seem to be a suitable basis for nothing except a Physiological or a Psychological discussion. But they have relations, interesting not merely to the Philosopher, but equally to all who love to contemplate the system of things amid which we are living, and which gives signs of a nobler system that lies still in the future. We need not then, and we will not be confined in our observations, by the one science or the other. Not desiring to found any system, or frame any theory, we will seek only the entertainment and profit that may be derived from the examination of a curious and noble law of the world in which we live.

I say *law*, for Sleep is not merely a habit, but truly a law of nature. It is one of those general principles whose operation is not only beyond the control of all living creatures, but rules over them. It is in vain to resist its power. We may as well attempt to fly from the cravings of hunger as endeavor to escape its demands. We may rebel against its authority, and do our utmost to keep the machinery of activity and consciousness in motion, but we shall not succeed. Though we should for a short time maintain our liberty with struggles, our resources will soon be expended, and then our captivity will be only the more complete.

It is indeed a natural law, but it is *peculiar*. Though we become so familiar with it, yet we can never reflect upon it without surprise. It is without analogy among all the other laws of creation. There is none like it. The heavenly bodies are driven on by forces which *never cease or abate*. The elements have each their affinities *fixed and eternal*. They seize each other, and *never* voluntarily relinquish their embrace. They reject each other, and *never* of themselves become reconciled. *All* other laws are *steady and permanent*. They either *forever* resist all cessation of action, or *forever* resist all renewal of motion. But Sleep is an intermittent law. Now with resistless hand it holds motionless the wheels of life. Now it releases its grasp, and they fly on with renewed vigor and speed. So peculiar is Sleep.

And not only is it peculiar, but its *relation to ourselves is most intimate*. Other natural laws may be displayed about us in splendor or in tremendous energy, while we without concern are intent upon other

matters. Or we may turn our attention directly to them, and employ our noblest powers in contemplating the beauty or the grandeur of their operations. But Sleep comes upon us and locks our senses. We cannot contemplate, we cannot even feel its power. While other laws are acting, even on our physical frame, the mind is free to think, to reason, to hope, to fear. But Sleep lays his hand on the thinking self, and consciousness sinks to nothingness. The mind before exalted as a spectator of the scene is now the very object on which the energies of the law are expended. So *personal*, as well as *peculiar*, is Sleep.

But though a thing so personal to *us*, yet it is not *limited* to man. Every thing which has life must sleep. Creative Omnipotence has left no exception. Not man only, but *every* animal, and not the whole *animal* world merely, but also the vegetable,—all these yield to its sway. Two of the three kingdoms of nature are united to form its empire. The lord of creation, Man, bows beneath its power. The wild monarch of the fields, the Lion, sinks powerless under its heavy hand. The great Leviathan of the ocean sleeps among the waves. From the pine on the mountain and the oak in the forest, to the lily that swims upon the surface of the water, there is a constant alternation from action to repose, and from repose to action.

Such are some of the *general characteristics* of Sleep. Now we may draw nearer and get a more *distinct* view,—take a survey of a more *definite* class of phenomena.

We inquire then, what are the *signs by which we may distinguish Sleep*? Here a difficulty presents itself. This state is not always clearly defined. Between perfect wakefulness and perfect sleep there may be numberless intermediate states. They merge into each other, and blend like the hues of the rainbow, or even like the imperceptible fading of twilight. Here is the broad land of dreams—a hazy wilderness difficult to explore. The boundaries of this disputed region we will not attempt to settle. Its uncertain phenomena we leave for others to examine. But *perfect* sleep is easily distinguished. Our inquiry, then, is, *what are the distinguishing phenomena of perfect Sleep*? I answer—*cessation of consciousness, cessation of external action, temporary, and periodical*.

The first and most obvious of these is *cessation of consciousness*. In perfect sleep there is no consciousness of any affection, either of the mind or of the body. Pain and pleasure are not felt by the body: joy and sorrow are annihilated in the mind: hope and fear cannot enter. Thus it is with man. And of other animals, so far as we can know, the same is true. They cannot indeed *tell* us of the affections of their *spirit*

ual part, but we know that their senses are shut to every thing external, and we have no reason to believe that there are any spiritual motions within. In plants this change is more difficult to discern, as the conscious principle itself is more obscure. But it takes place even in them, and may always be detected by refined experiments and strict scrutiny.

In death also there is a cessation of consciousness. How, then, do we distinguish sleep from it? Though all external action has ceased, yet the action of the muscles on which life depends, ceases not. And the vital fluids still continue to move. Hour after hour passes by, while the unconscious subject is wrapt in sleep, and still the powers of respiration are freely acting, still the current of life is shot through every part of the system.

But Sleep is *temporary*. In health it is always of short continuance. In a few hours at longest consciousness returns, external action is renewed, and the whole living machinery is again in motion.

Sleep is, also, *periodical*. It returns after regular intervals. Once, at least, in each revolution of the sun, with a course as invariable as that of the revolving orb himself, it comes back to reassert its dominion.

Such are the *phenomena* of Sleep. We now inquire, what is Sleep? What is its *essence*? What is that which *constitutes* it what it is—that without which it would not be sleep? I answer, it is a *cessation of volition*. This we may derive from its phenomena already exhibited. We have seen that sleep is distinguished from wakefulness by a cessation of consciousness and external action. But consciousness is an *act* of the will, and external action is but a *manifestation* of volition. While that internal vital action, which continues unabated in sleep, is entirely *free* from the control of the will. The essence of Sleep, therefore, can be nothing else, but a *cessation of volition*. This principle, attended by the phenomena described, and modified by various accidents, constitutes all that we call Sleep, whether perfect or partial.

Being thus acquainted with the nature or essence of Sleep, as well as familiar with its phenomena, we next inquire its *cause*. But here our search is less amply rewarded. Curiosity, though unsatisfied, must be content to call it an original law. Its cause is covered with the thick darkness which veils the secret workings of Omnipotence. When the wonderful power of Gravitation shall be explained, then, and not till then, may we expect that the secret cause of Sleep will be revealed.

It remains to consider its *Destiny*: to view its design, operation, and end: its mission for the body, and not less its mission for the soul: its Moral, as well as its Physical, Destiny.

Its mission in both relations is one of kindness and mercy. To the body it brings relief, enjoyment, and refreshment. It affords an *escape* from many a pain, and assists us to *endure* the ills from which we cannot flee. It is even a positive gratification. Amid all the joys of wakeful existence, its soothing pleasure is known and prized by all. No one would wish to be free from its mysterious chain until we shall have exchanged *all* earthly pleasures for the higher joys of pure unsleeping spirits. It also brings refreshment. How appropriate its name—"tired nature's sweet restorer." Health and vigor it renews. It checks the hurrying pulse and cools the fevered brain. It receives the toil-worn mortal of to-day and launches him into to-morrow, restored to begin anew the struggles and the conquests of life. This is its Physical Destiny.

Its Moral Destiny is summed in these three words,—Faith, Humility, Hope.

Where Reason fails, *Faith* begins. Sleep brings us to an arm of that great sea of mystery on which man is floating. It bears us out into deeps which Reason cannot fathom. It leaves us amid an unbounded expanse, where Reason is a bewildered stranger. Faith *then* must be our guide. Faith is *then* our all. Without her, we are lost, in the vast unknown. Here we learn to trust where we cannot know.

Humility is a plant which thrives most in the shade. Sleep, like a sable cloud before us and behind, covering from our view the brightness of immortal life, makes us feel that we are treading the shadowy path of mortals. So the darkness of our lot is made to wither pride, while humility expands the more.

Hope, sweetened by Humility, hangs on Faith. Sleep may be Death's brother, but he is also the pledge of his destruction. He may be the herald of his approach, but he is also the prophet of his defeat. As sleep retires before the rising dawn, so Faith beholds Death vanish before the morning of an eternal day. Faith believes, Humility relies, Hope appropriates, and rejoices. Thus Sleep's destiny is fulfilled.

J. F. B.

Prof. Silliman's Tour.

PROF. SILLIMAN's late tour in Europe was one full of incidents, which it would interest every son of Yale at least, to hear in detail; and not a few would be delighted to have his journals published. The passages we have already heard in the lecture room, are like partial glimpses of a hidden painting which only increase the desire to see the whole. Prof. Silliman carried with him his well-known accuracy of observation, his energy and zeal, and he has not returned empty-handed, like too many who travel with more time at command. His object was not merely to gratify curiosity, but to gather from the various places and objects which he visited, many valuable gems of knowledge. And these will go to enrich his scientific lectures, which have given so much delight as well as instruction to many College generations. His testimony in future on many points of fact, will be that of personal experience, instead of hearsay.

The outline of his journey has already been given. The pleasure of the trip was greatly enhanced by the company of his son, Professor Silliman, Jr., and lady, and several other friends, swelling the number to seven.

On their arrival in England, one of the first to welcome them was Dr. Mantell, between whom and Prof. Silliman there had been for many years a warm friendship, commenced by correspondence which was now for the first time strengthened by a personal interview. They spent only a fortnight in England at this time, devoting it principally to North Wales, where they richly enjoyed the romantic scenery around Caernarvon Castle, and those stupendous works of British art, the Menai and Tubular bridges. In London they attended a meeting of the Geological Society, where were gathered many of the principal scientific characters of England, by whom they were very cordially received. While in the metropolis, they were admitted as a special favor to the Crystal Palace, before it was opened to the public.

Without delaying in London, they passed over to the Continent, and another fortnight was passed while they were enjoying the society of the philosophers of France, and surveying the lions of Paris and its environs, its palaces and its monuments. At that place they procured a courier to accompany them through the rest of the route, who had been a confidential valet to the unfortunate Marshall Ney, and was one of Napoleon's couriers at Moscow. After the disastrous retreat, he had been intrusted

with private despatches to the Empress Maria Louisa, which he put into her own hands at the Tuileries. Proceeding through Marseilles, they took the Reveira road to Genoa—the city of palaces. Amongst other objects of interest, they here saw the tomb of Columbus.

Italy, rich in remarkable geological phenomena, as well as in ruins, absorbed much of their time and attention. At Rome the remains of an empire lay around them, temples, palaces, baths, and aqueducts—relics of pagan magnificence. But even there they found natural curiosities of almost as much interest. Near the city there is a wonderful lake of sulphureous waters, the only *lake* of that kind known in the world. They ventured near it, though not without difficulty and danger, and found it boiling away like a mighty cauldron, as it has done ever since the time of the ancient Romans, by whom it was first described. They traveled by land from Rome to Naples, admiring the beauty and fertility of the country, and, meeting with similar adventures on a part of the same road, they understood more forcibly than ever before, that immortal description of a journey to Brundisium, by one of the finest poets of ancient Rome. Here they noticed a singular intermingling of desolation and beauty. In the midst of beautiful rolling land, richly cultivated, there constantly appeared decaying monuments of human greatness. Magnificent aqueducts now fallen in ruins, united with the tombstones on the road-side, tell of a people who departed centuries before.

Immediately on arriving at Naples, they rode over to Pompeii; for when so near, their earnest desire to see that place would brook no delay, and they found it a spot of greater interest than almost any which they visited during their journey. A city buried by volcanic action, and embalmed so as to preserve to modern time a type of Roman magnificence, must naturally have awakened emotions of peculiar intensity, in one in whom are blended so much scientific knowledge and classic lore as in Prof. Silliman. Just outside the old city walls stands the villa of Diomedes, roofless, but with its columns, and arches, and walls just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago. The party were shown where the members of that ancient family—the lady of the house, her daughter and servants, met their fate, the tufa which concentered around them, having formed a perfect cast of their bodies—and even some of the bones being preserved entire. They spent many hours in examining various buildings, public and private, which have been excavated; and yet the excavations bear but a small proportion to the whole city.

Vesuvius next took up their attention, and they ascended to take a

view into the fuming abyss which has poured out such torrents of liquid fire in years that are passed. The ladies were borne up in chairs, and the gentlemen were assisted by Neapolitans who were more accustomed to the business than they. The ascent was somewhat arduous over the rough lava, and through deep beds of cinders and pumice stone, but they were well rewarded by the sight which at last they obtained. The crater is about one thousand feet in depth, and the very centre—the opening into the internal fires into which curiosity would have prompted them to look, was covered by impenetrable clouds of vapor and sulphurous fumes.

At Naples they made the acquaintance of Prof. Melloni, who is distinguished the world over, for his valuable contributions to science. Leaving the remainder of the party at this place, Professors Silliman Sr. and Jr. with Mr. Brush, made a trip to Sicily. On their way they were enabled to see the volcano Stromboli on one of the Lipari islands, which has been in action for more than two thousand years. Arriving at Messina, they proceeded to the base of Mt. Etna, seventy miles distant; not however without being obliged to obtain special permission from the government. This favor is denied to all but Americans who are supposed to be non-interventionists, and consequently safe travelers in a political point of view.

The principal object of attention connected with Mt. Etna, is a deep gorge on one side, which has not its parallel in the world—The Val del Bove. On all sides but one it is surrounded by almost perpendicular walls of nature's architecture between two and three thousand feet in height; the remaining side opens toward the sea. In this stupendous amphitheater they spent much time, deeply interested as geologists in the structure of the mountain which was laid open around them, and at the same time as intelligent men, filled with that awe which is induced only by a contemplation of the more magnificent of God's works.

Prof. Silliman, Jr. and Mr. Brush attempted to ascend the cone of Etna, but being too early in the season they went only to within thirteen hundred feet of the summit. They set out about nine o'clock one evening, and after toiling all night over rough lava and deep beds of snow, braving the cold blasts of a furious wind, they found it unadvisable on reaching the Casa Inglese, ten thousand six hundred feet above the Mediterranean, to proceed farther; they took shelter under the gable of that building—the rest being all embedded in snow—till sunrise, which occurred with great magnificence soon after four. Their thermometer stood at 18° F., while a few hours before at Catania, they had experienced heat as high as 94°. The view presented from that elevated position was, as might

have been expected, beyond description, either by pen or pencil. On their descent they obtained another view of the Val del Bove from the summit of its walls, which well repaid their toil.

A number of other objects attracted their attention in Sicily, which we have no room to detail. Hastening back to Naples, after visiting what remains of the ancient temple of Jupiter Serapis at Pozzuoli, a structure remarkable not more for its antiquity, than for the curious and instructive geological phenomenon of which it bears record—they traveled northward again to Pisa, passing Leghorn on the way. At Pisa they were so fortunate as to witness the ceremonies of a great Catholic celebration. At night the festivities were continued by an illumination more brilliant than they had ever seen before. Amongst all the other public edifices, the lofty leaning tower was conspicuous in a robe of fire, while the Arno, which runs through the city, was spanned by brilliant arches and temples reared for the occasion.

Lucca, Florence, Bologna, Padua, Venice, and Milan were successively visited, and thence our travelers entered Switzerland through the Simplon pass—one of the monuments of Napoleon's energy. Here the Vale of Chamouny, Mt. Blanc, the Alps and their glaciers, afforded them new pleasures. At Neufchatel they were met by a Swiss pastor of the same name, who is a connection of the Silliman family, and through whom the genealogy has been traced back many generations, and Lucca in Italy is now the ultimatum of the investigation, instead of "Holland Hill," at Fairfield, where it rested for many years.

At Geneva Prof. Silliman had an interview with Dr. Merle D'Aubigné and a number of distinguished philosophers. At this place, he found that men of science maintain a high stand, both in point of wealth and in rank, living in palaces in the city, and at the same time holding large estates in the country.

While visiting at Frankfort, the two Professors rode over to Giessen, where resides that most indefatigable of living chemists, Liebig. They entered his room in the midst of a lecture on Quinine, and on sending in their cards, were received with a smile of recognition while a pupil gave them chairs. At the close of the lecture, they were very cordially received and were shown all over that laboratory, whence have emanated many important discoveries which will give their author an enviable immortality. Their time was limited however, and they were obliged to cut short an interview which it would have been very pleasant to have continued.

The pleasure of their visit to Berlin—the next place of importance in

their tour—was much augmented by the fact that the Royal Geographical Society was in session. With Carl Ritter for their president, there were assembled Ehrenberg, Rammelsberg, the two Roses, Dove, Magnus, and Mitscherlich, with many other eminent men of Prussia—a noble band. The President presented Prof. Silliman's name, and he was elected a member of that Society. The following day a note addressed by Prof. Silliman to Humboldt, was promptly followed by an invitation from him, and he met them with a warm welcome and a pleasant rebuke for hesitating to call.

The interview was deeply interesting, and Prof. Silliman was much pleased with the spirited conversation of the venerable philosopher, who though over eighty, still retains his wonderful powers of mind, and shows an intimate knowledge of every part of the world.

Returning to London through Paris, they visited many objects of interest in England which had been omitted before. The Crystal palace occupied much of their time, and they shared in the delight of the thousands who were privileged to see that rare exhibition of all the most beautiful productions of art. After visiting the beauties of the Isle of Wight with Dr. Mantell for their guide, they reëmbarked for their native land on September third.

J. H. D.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

DURING the past vacation, the old Lyceum underwent an internal rejuvenation. On the first floor are now three rooms instead of four. The door in the rear has been shut up, and across the whole width of the building, extends a room for the use of the Senior Class. Leading to this room from the front door, is a hall (without any steps in the middle,) on each side of which is a Sophomore recitation room,—so that now there is no way to pass from the front to the rear of the building as before. Those who have broken their shins and nearly broken their necks in measuring their length in the old Lyceum entry of a dark night, will know how to appreciate this change. In the second story, the old Senior recitation room has been somewhat altered, and is now used by the Sophomores, and the two front rooms have been enlarged. These latter are Junior recitation rooms as before. In the third story, the old "Rhetorical Chamber" has suffered division, the South room being used as a recitation room by the Professor of Latin, and the North by the Professor of Rhetoric, with whose private room it communicates. This has also been enlarged and otherwise improved, and the whole building with the exception of one or two rooms, has been newly lathed and plastered, newly floored, newly painted, and thoroughly

cleansed. The case for the clock weights in the entry, has been shortened by one story, to make room for a stair case on that side, and a door-way has been cut in the opposite side under the other stair case. The rooms are moreover lighted with gas, and warmed by a furnace in the cellar.

The College world has great cause for rejoicing at these improvements, both on the score of health and also of comfort. Instead of going from morning prayers into a room, which strikingly reminds one of a combination of bed-room, kitchen, and other apartments not proper to be mentioned here, we now proceed to rooms possessing a far more Aristotelian atmosphere. Instead of the smoky oil lamp (called *solar* we suppose, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle) we have gas to assist us in tracing our way through the intricate mazes of Analytics—the muddy geography of Tacitus—and the accumulated rubbish of the Middle Ages. In short, the whole interior appearance of the building is so changed, that an alumnus would not know it.

But while we chronicle these changes with pleasure, we are saddened at the necessity of such partial changes. When will the sons of Yale show their filial affection, by providing for their Alma Mater a habitation, the fame of whose architectural appearance shall be coextensive with her own reputation.

The spirit of improvement has also manifested itself in the Chapel—in the introduction of gas. Here again we notice incompleteness. The galleries are not illuminated; whether this neglect has arisen from the want of funds, we cannot say, but probably this part of the house was considered already sufficiently *dazzling* to the eyes of the students.

Appropos of the fair sex: we are reminded that certain ladies of this city have in their kindness, supplied each seat at Chapel with a Hymn Book of convenient size and appearance, stamped on the cover—Yale College Chapel. All thanks for this kindness we say; while we doubt not that the students generally, will show by a careful preservation of the books, their appreciation of a gift which comes from such a source. That the favor is not unappreciated, we might infer from the fact that many of the students desire to possess themselves of more than was originally given them, for they may be seen lingering about after evening prayers for the purpose of supplying each of their seats with two or more of the precious gifts—a circumstance, no doubt, highly gratifying to the donors. But this laudable propensity is not confined to the students, for we noticed the other evening at prayers, that the occupants of the high seat at the right of the pulpit, were in a quandary as to the whereabouts of their hymn book. Their scrutinizing gaze was turned to the Sophomore aisle, to see if any blushing countenance betrayed the wearer's overfondness for the presents of the ladies. But they looked in the wrong place that time. The offender was not so far off. A classmate at our elbow, informed us that a no less personage than our worthy President, had at morning prayers abstracted the hymn book from the seat of the two dignitaries, the Senior Tutor and the Tutor in Natural Philosophy.

From these circumstances it will be seen how desirable an article a hymn book is, and how proper it would be for the Chapel to be *fully* furnished with them. For there are some who think students as a body, are not capable of using aright any thing which might be styled a luxury—that any effort made to enhance their comfort or physical enjoyment is never appreciated—that they are a set of bores fit

only to dig Greek roots and break windows—and that any favor like this bestowed upon them, is casting pearls before swine. True, they may sometimes have given to a casual observer, occasion for such belief. Instances have occurred and may again occur, where property has been destroyed by the students—we ourselves have seen bench after bench hurled from the recitation window. But does this prove that students necessarily destroy all property which comes in their way? Let the seats of the Freshmen recitation rooms, the seats of the old Senior recitation room, and the seats of the Lyceum, unmarked by a pencil, unhacked by a jack knife, testify. The destruction of a few rickety old benches, is merely an exercise of the right of suffrage, for which privilege only a quarter of a dollar poll tax is levied. We need not say that we are not endorsing this mode of suffrage. The historian need not inform his readers that he does endorse all the wars and revolutions which he records, although acknowledging their good effects. But we are transgressing our limits. We shall be glad, and we doubt not the originators of the present improvements will be satisfied, if the results of this experiment shall be to convince all concerned, that students *can* appreciate such favors.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

PROPOSED DEBATE.

Dr. Eck of the University of Ingolstadt, once challenged Martin Luther to a public disputation. The Society of the Brothers in Unity last term, challenged the Linonian Society to a similar contest. In the Leipsic controversy, the victory was claimed by each party. In the contemplated controversy, should it ever take place, the result would probably be the same. Linonia accepted the challenge, and in accepting it, expressed a wish that Calliope might participate in the dispute. Immediately after the excitement of electioneering was over, the three Societies by their committees, endeavored to determine on some plan of arrangement. Numerous were the difficulties that arose at this stage of the proceedings, among which were the following—From what classes shall the disputants be chosen? How many disputants shall there be? Shall there be one question for the whole dispute, or shall each class have a separate one? How much time shall be allowed each speaker? Shall the dispute occupy one, two or three afternoons or evenings?

A part of these difficulties have been overcome; at least it is agreed upon that all classes, except the Freshmen class, which declined any participation in the proceedings, are to take part in the dispute. The elections for disputants have been held in the different Societies, resulting as follows.

LINONIA.	BROTHERS IN UNITY.	CALLIOPE.
	<i>Seniors.</i>	
Charles C. Salter,	William W. Crapo,	Wm. Preston Johnston,
Homer B. Sprague,	Edward Houghton,	Vincent Marnaduke.
	<i>Juniors.</i>	
Charles L. Thomas,	Edward C. Billings,	Randal L. Gibson,
Andrew J. Willard,	Alfred Grout,*	Thomas M. Jack.

* William P. Aiken was originally elected, but having declined, Mr. Grout was chosen in his place.

LINONIA.

James K. Hill,
John Tait,

BROTHERS IN UNITY.

Sophomores.

Edward C. Du Bois,
Samuel C. Gale,

CALLIOPE.

William S. Maples,
James E. Rains.

Here the matter remains *in statu quo*. No time has been assigned for the grand display to come off, nor any questions chosen for the occasion, and it is getting to be the general opinion of College that there never will be.

Whenever anything further transpires in relation to this affair, we shall stand ready to record it.

POEMS AND ORATION.

On Wednesday evening, October 29, a Poem was delivered in the Brothers Society by JOSEPH M. SMITH of the Sophomore Class—Subject—"The Birth and Mission of Music."


On the same evening also, a Poem on "Virtue the True Principle of Study," was delivered in Calliope by JAMES E. RAINS, of the same class.

In Linonia on Wednesday evening, November 12th, ANDREW J. WILLARD of the Junior Class, delivered an Oration on "Energetic Philanthropy." The three Societies were present on each occasion as usual.

Editor's Table.

On account of the unexpected length of some of the preceding articles, we are reluctantly compelled to omit two or three pieces which were intended for this number, and which had even gone into the printer's hands; while our Editor's Table, filled as it would have been in part, with various favors from contributors, including a letter from "Our Out-of-Town Subscriber"—in Montrose, Pa., must take a very different form. However we console ourselves with the idea that our readers "don't know what good or bad things are left out," and also with the promise of a friend in the Senior Class—always Swift in well doing—that when the Editors next meet, their Table shall be enriched with a basket of Connecticut apples! If such an unusual event occurs, we are sure that there will be nuts to crack upon the important occasion.

The essays intended for the Yale Literary Prize, are now in the hands of the resident graduate committee, and unless there is an unexpected delay, the result of the examination will appear in our next.

 Our subscribers are reminded that the terms of publication require the payment of "two dollars" at the publisher's store, upon the delivery of the next number, which, by the way, will appear near the close of the term.

The articles on "Fashionable Follies," and on "Taking Out Half Sundays," have been received through the Post Office.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

DECEMBER, 1851.

No. III.

Holiday Week

Is coming, fellow Students! What with our studies in Greek, Latin, Mathematics, History and Science, and all the other multiplied occupations of our College life, the days of another year have rolled rapidly away, and are nearly all numbered among those that were. There remain to us, of term time, but a few transition hours, linking the Future with the Past. We are looking forward to the quiet and enjoyment of a needed and desired vacation. And we now feel far more like revelling in anticipations of the future or in reminiscences of the past, than engaging in any deep cogitations or penning studied essays. Politics, morals, philosophy, and all sorts of learning are good in their place—"there is a time to work"—but there is a time, also, to *laugh and play*, and that time, we joy to say it, is at hand.

A year ago, during the last days of Eighteen Hundred and Fifty, there was recorded upon a leaf of our memory's tablets, then new and fresh, a series of delightful scenes. We opened to that leaf to night, and it was a happy hour we spent in our review of them. And we would like, dear reader, to sit down by your side, and go over with you that record of the merry pranks of Santa Claus'

"Jolly old soul,"

and of the *merriness* and *happiness* of Christmas and New Year's days; to tell you of the way we found of being happy during the week of holidays.

Frightened from spending vacation in the city of our student sojourn, by the dismal picture of the loneliness of life there at such a season, drawn in the No. of the Yale Lit. issued just before the close of the fall

term of '50, we posted down on Christmas day, at the invitation of our classmate D——, into the midst of those piles of brick and stone covering the south end of Manhattan Island and yclept New York. There we found friendly, brotherly, sisterly, fatherly, motherly hearts! Yes! there in the midst of the busy, bustling city, where squalid misery and splendid misery so strangely mingle together, and where the crowds pouring through the streets seem to a stranger who looks at the outside of things, to preclude the hope of finding quiet and sociably happy domestic circles. But, stranger, they are there! We found it so, to our delight, being made to feel at once at home, though home was distant nearly half a thousand miles. A volume would hardly describe at length the pleasures of that week of holidays. But the mode of enjoying Christmas evening, and the last night of the Old Year, was to us so novel, so peculiar and so delightful, that we cannot refrain from attempting to give, so far as description can do it, a picture of that joy-abounding season.

On Christmas afternoon, our physicalities having been fortified for the evening, and prepared to undergo the toils of laughter, by a plentiful Christmas dinner, varied conversation and parlor amusements occupied the company very agreeably during the earlier portion of the evening. The guests invited having all at length assembled, a small tree, covered with gifts, was suddenly brought in, and exposed to our admiring view. While the beauty of this was calling out exclamations of delight from all, and we momentarily expected the scissors to commence their work in cutting off the presents for distribution, there appeared near by the tree, an old man, with bent form, trembling limbs, silver locks, spectacles and cane. Ralph Hoyt has almost perfectly described him:

"Buckled knee and shoe, and broad rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimp cravat,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat,
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad rimmed hat."

His voice had the quiver of age in it, as he feebly addressed his children and grandchildren, frolicking, all mirth and enjoyment, around him. But suddenly interrupting him, in bounded that jolly, fat and funny old elf, Santa Claus. His array was indescribably fantastic. He seemed to have done his best; and we should think, had Mrs. Santa Claus to help him. The poet who sang of him the song—

"Twas the night before Christmas,——"

would hardly have recognized him, yet we knew it could be no other

than the old fellow himself. In a moment we heard the old man accosting him, apparently improvising as near as we can remember a rhyme like the following :

Well, if there isn't Santa Claus, jolly old fellow,
 All finified off in his blue, red and yellow ;
 Come, give us your hand, very welcome St. Nick,
 Turn around, let us look at your tidy and slick
 Habiliments; merry old Santa, do tell
 How you manage to keep yourself looking so well :
 Why ! where have you been since the last time we saw you,
 And where are the rein deer you used to make draw you ?
 Come, Nicholas Sanctus, and tell us the way
 You've spent all your time since the last Christmas day ;
 We know by your looks that you're surely not lazy,
 And we cannot divine how you ever keep easy,
 Through all the long year between Christmas and Christmas,
 Connecting the two like a temporal isthmus.
 We'd all like to ask, funnyissimus Santa,
 (You see we are speaking familiarly,) can't a
 Fine story be told of your doings around
 The world as you ride to your merry bells' sound !
 Pray ! how do you manage to keep your old face
 So unwrinkled, for *Tempus*, they say, moves apace,
 And carries all common folks with it, you know,
 And uncommon ones too, saving some who won't go !
 Now you, I imagine, so merrily twinkle
 Your eyes, and so free is your face from a wrinkle,
 Are one of the sort who "take Time by the forelock,"
 And, leading him out, *turn the key in the door-lock*.
 Joy-bringing St. Nicholas, *little old Youth*,
 We are right glad to see you—but Santa, in truth,
 Since you're with us, we'd like to be taking our pick
 Of all the nice things you have brought us ; be quick !
 Step up and cut off and distribute around
 The pretty things which in profusion are found
 Suspended by you from the boughs of that tree,
 Composing a spectacle brilliant to see !
 Come, Santa Claus, though we're reluctant to hurry
 You up, yet we *are* in somewhat of a flurry,
 To know what the presents you've gathered to please us
 Can be—do distribute them then, and thus ease us.

Santa took it all in most merry mood, and capered about, jabbering and joking, for he was a witty rascal, till the old man straightened out as stiff back as well as he could, and hobbling along on his staff led St. Nick by the hand toward the tree, and requested him once more, to

fulfill his mission. This he did to the infinite amusement and satisfaction of all present; giving nice things, and pretty things, and funny things to "young men and maidens, old men and children" abundantly. Delightful it was to see the man of business bidding the carking cares of life begone, and in place of their ugly faces, and those of men toil-dried and withered and wrinkled before their time, looking upon the cheerful faces of happy friends, and freed for a time from all that could make life's wheels drag heavily. To see the Rev. minister and D. D. with the spiritual welfare of multitudes for their care, moving gladly around, as if boyhood had come again, amid the laugh and joke and brisk repartee, themselves laughing and clapping their hands as gleefully as the youngest there. *This was a Christmas jubilee!*

To this succeeded a series of the happiest gatherings, during holiday week, whereat the soberest laughed and the merriest were wild with glee, yet withal, methodical in their wildness.

And at last when the cup of our enjoyments seemed brimming full, another was suddenly added which crowned the "*beakers brim*" with overflowing pleasure.

For two or three days before 1850 took its leave, two of our number might have been seen now earnestly conversing, now laughing out as at some exceedingly happy thought, now clapping their hands and capering about most gleefully. Sometimes, it was rumored, the small hours of morning would surprise them at their confabs. Yet to all, save one or two whose aid they seemed to need and with whom they were plainly in conspiracy, the why and wherefore of all this was wrapped in mystery.

On the last day of the old year, invitations were received by the participants in the week's festivities and others, to assemble, and "*watch the old year out and the new one in.*" Here was a new idea—what did it mean? what was to happen?

The evening came and with it the happy group, unwearied and unsatiated by their past enjoyments. Varied entertainments, extempore and full of life, jokes, reminiscences, burlesque oratory, readings, &c., led the way and made all oblivious of the flight of time.

Meanwhile the hours were one after another tolled from the mantel clock, 9, 10, 11, till a single stroke announced the beginning of the last half hour of the year. The mysterious interlocutors in the midnight dialogues we have mentioned, had disappeared, and were seen no more, at least *in propriis personis*, till the scenes I shall describe had changed from passing facts to memories.

Ten minutes yet remained of that memorable half century, now de-

parted, when the folding doors, which had some time before been quietly closed, were rolled aside, and all unexpectedly appeared, sitting cosily side by side, an aged couple, whom we learned were John Anderson and his loving spouse. Old age was again before us; though we thought we could now and then detect beneath the blossoms of the almond tree the lineaments of John as he might have been when he was a smooth faced youth. Perhaps he might at such moments have been living over again some scenes of boyish pleasure, and hence, for the time appeared to be a boy again. However, the dear old couple feebly talked together for a brief season of their sorrows and joys in years gone by, and soon in the tremulous accents of age, her hand upon his arm, and doating through her spectacled eyes upon his aged form, we heard the guidwife singing,

"John Anderson my Jo John,"

and as she proceeded, most affecting was that pious prayer—

"Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my Jo!"

Then John lovingly faltered in reply,

And ye waur ance, my guidwife,
Sae loed and sae caressed,
The posy, buddin' i' the vale
That blossomed on my breast.
You're bonny hues hae faded,
But I'll nae tak' it ill,
I've loed ye lang and whiles ye live
Ye'll be my dearie still.

Then the two sang how they

"—— clamb the hill thegither,"

but now

"—— maun totter down
And sleep thegither at the foot."

Their last quivering tones had but just died away, when groans, as of some suffering one, were heard, and turning we beheld the emaciated, bent and tottering form of the OLD YEAR toiling along on his last earthly pilgrimage. We *felt* that it was to his grave. Inexorable Time had given him his hour glass, as if to warn him of his end, and the sands were swiftly numbering his last departing moments. He labored wearily along till, nearing John Anderson, he drew the old man's attention, who improvised again,

Wha' maun ye be my totterin' friend!
Ye're auld and sae am I,

Our lives seem drawin' to their end,
 I think we soon maun die.
 May be you're the departin' year,
 Ah! yes! I ken ye now,
 Ye maun nae langer linger here,
 Those sands are runnin' low.

Alack! my guid auld frien', methinks
 I canna say farewell,
 My ain auld heart in sorrow shrinks
 Frae hearin' the sad knell
 That soon shall o'er all bosoms roll
 A grief sae deep and sair,
 For when the midnight bell shall toll
 We ne'er may see thee mair.

And wha's to come and tak' your place!
 I fear me, he may be
 Some triflin', young, ungodly case
 We shall nae want to see!
 But frien' your time has come at last!

Just then the cock crew, and the clock began to tell the midnight hour,
 while the old man continued,

I heard the crowin' cock,
 One, two, three, four, the bell strikes fast,
 Farewell, 'tis twelve o'clock;

and with the last word the Old Year had vanished from our view. And
 opposite to the place of his exit, while the old man said—

"Who cometh to the door!
 There's a new foot on the floor, my dear,
 And a new face at the door, my dear,
 A new face at the door,"

in came dancing in highest glee the Happy New Year! singing—

I'll be hipdered no more!
 Ope the door,
 Clear the floor!
 For I come with the merriest cheer,
 And give me a chance
 To prance
 And to dance,
 For I am the Happy New Year!

Here entered a maiden prettily attired as spring, while the New Year
 gaily sang—

Then I'll merrily sing,
 For I bring
 Sweet spring
 To sprinkle her life-giving showers ;
 Sweet April again
 Shall rain,
 And then
 Come May with her tribute of flowers.

Another followed in white and beautifully wreathed with flowers that looked most sweetly fragrant ; this was Summer, and the New Year sang, greeting her :

And Summer anon
 Coming on
 Shall don
 Bright garlands of prettiest posies,
 And her raiment of white
 Shall be bright
 With the light
 That is born in the bosom of roses.

Then came Autumn, clad in habiliments of sadder hue, and bearing sheaves of ripe grasses and grains, whom the New Year welcomed, singing :

Queenly Autumn shall fill
 Each dell
 And hill
 With the richest and fullest fruition,
 And shall freely outpour
 All her store
 Before
 She shall fully accomplish her mission.

Lastly, Winter came heavily clad with furs, and the New Year gave her a hearty welcome, with :

Then shall Winter appear
 To cheer
 The year
 With a tribute of memories sweet,
 Though she freezingly goes,
 Nips the nose,
 Pinches toes,
 Ye her coming shall joyfully greet !

Then the New Year and his attendant Seasons, quickly forming in a lively procession, joined in a final chorus, to the tune *Crambambuli*,

We come, we come, with merry greeting,
 We circling Seasons wish you joy,
 We come to haste your glad hearts' beating,
 Be pleasure yours without alloy;
 If ready then at duty's call,
 A Happy New Year greets you all,
 To all, to all we wish

A Happy New Year!

Thus passed and ended our Christmas holidays. Thus delightfully our New Year. And as each season has appeared, it has brought memory of those scenes with it, and pleasant memories indeed it been to us.

And now, Reader, receive our holiday greeting—we wish you happiness—as gems set in the golden joys of the coming vacation—a truly Christmas and Happy New Year.

Yale.

*"Ὅχι οἱ τόποι τοῦ Ἑνός ἐνός, ἀλλ' οἱ Ἑνός
 τοῦ τόπου ἐκείνου."*

Ours Alma Mater! Yale, time honored name!
 Of long descent, and fair and honest fame;
 Well mayest thou glory in thy pedigree,
 And well thy children boast themselves in thee,
 Whose past extends through distant hoary years,
 Whose glorious future dims the sight of aëra,—
 Whose offspring wide are scattered o'er the world
 Where truth is free, or freedom's banner furled,—
 Whose honored dead repose in every clime,
 Illustrious once, but canonized by time,—
 Pure fount of learning, fair forever stand,
 The pride and bulwark of our native land.
 When Goths and Vandals burn each classic hall,
 Fair Freedom's structure too must shortly fall.
 Once more we bid thee twice and trebly hail!
 Long mayest thou flourish, Alma Mater Yale!

In goodly row see yonder buildings stand
 'Mid arching elms, by sportive breezes fanned;
 Approach with me this cool and calm retreat,
 Where founts Parnassian sparkle at our feet,
 And Nidas' current rolls its golden tide

With untold treasures scattered at its side,
Where he who wills may gather priceless store,
Yet leave its wealth exhaustless as before.

Here points to Heaven the unpretending spire
To guide above each wandering low desire,
While morn and eve ascends the voice of prayer
To Him who holds his earthly dwelling there.

With book in hand, the monitor awhile
His curious gaze directs along the aisle.
Kind hearted guardian, without much to please,
And gracious oft to pleading absentees;
Great post of honor, goal of high desires,
The Senior dig-nity to thee aspires;
Who gains thee comes to durance vile at last,
A hempen rope about his—door made fast.

Beethoven's fame demands a passing word,
Whose praise through all our College world is heard.
Each base attempt that fame to vilify
Henceforth in silence and contempt shall die;
The organ's swell shall drown each grumbler's voice,
And bid Beethoven's tuneful sons rejoice.
Thou mighty master, freed from mortal cares,
Whose honored name our College bantling bears,
From seats above, now look propitious down,
And let thy namesake share in thy renown.
Long may its songs in grateful chorus blend,
And ladies long on Sabbath eve attend.

A moment glance along the aisles below,
While from the desk the words of wisdom flow;
Affection warms the preacher's earnest plea,
That with his Maker man at peace would be;
With reverent look the message some receive,
But few, alas! remember or believe:
And when the stream of argument grows deep,
They skim its surface, or more likely sleep.

With bell surmounted, and with turret crowned,
The old Lyceum frowns on all around.
At morn and noon, and eve's impressive hour,
For lessons, meals,—resounds its noisy tower.
Scarce sixty minutes through the livelong day
Without its din, in silence pass away.
Xantippe e'en with all *her* wealth of tongue
Ne'er such unceasing tiresome changes rung.
Here Sophs assemble in a noisy crowd,
At times I ween, 'imperative and loud.'

Restraint relaxed, and for the moment free,
All thoughts of fizzles, flunks, and boring, flee.

The Athenæum next in all its glory,
With telescope and eke observatory,
Our notice waits, nor should it vainly wait,—
To Yale's diplomas, Bunyan's Wicket Gate,
Through whose wide portal each succeeding class
Of generous Freshmen must in order pass.
There rushes oft an eager, earnest throng
With Livy's fibe, or Horace's genial song;
Ulysses' wanderings here they oft repeat,
And scan his story with unwilling feet.
At Euclid's drawings with admiring gaze,
They wonder much, and stand in mute amaze.

Enough of this; old Time is on the wing,
As preachers say and poets sometimes sing.
Days, weeks and months unnoticed disappear,
And soon we greet a new and wished for year;
Four such short periods vanish in their flight
Like wildering dreams upon the trail of night;
And boyish scenes, ambition, toil and play
Are borne, enfolded in their arms, away.

Thou noble structure, Palace of the Nine,
In Learning's courts the purest, choicest shrine,—
Great Treasure House, where all that's rich and grand
In thought or time, is ever at command,
Where great ideas sparkling from the mind
Are held in adamantine chains confined,
To burn and glow, forever pure and bright,
And scatter darkness with their radiant light,—
In thee are centered high and warm desires,
And hopes enkindled at thine altar-fires,
Which light the dreamer with their quenchless ray
Through shades of night to everlasting day.

Now may the Muse who makes my song her care,
Of prudence grant her bard an extra share:
With caution's hand I fain would touch the string
Whose strains Yale's great fraternities shall sing.
Lionia! most gentle goddess, hail!
To own thy merits let me never fail.
Age yields respect, and years are on thy head,
Time's waving wings on thee have honors shed;
Each year new jewels binds upon thy crown,
And decks thy laurels with a fresh renown.

Thou *Band of Brothers*! glorious, firm and strong,
 Hand grasped in hand, unbroken flourish long!
 Vain were the task to swell thy boundless fame
 Or add new honor to thine honored name.
 "*In Unitate Fratres*" stand for aye!
 And age shall bring no wasting slow decay.
 Be banished strife; though not the self-same hall
 Contains the whole, are we not 'Brothers' all!

And thou, our Sister, youngest of the three,
 My song some tribute fain would render thee.
 Child of the South, thou needest closer care,
 Well nigh frost-bitten by our Northern air.
 May kinder suns henceforth upon thee shine,
 With rays life-giving and with smile benign,
 And thou, a generous rival, hold thy place,
 Nor lag behind the foremost in the race.

Be hushed the song; for time alike would fail,
 To sing the praises or the worth of Yale.
 Around her path be health and wealth and peace,
 Her honors ripen and her years increase.
 When thronging centuries cluster round her way,
 May no dishonor stain her later day,
 But glory crown with laurel-wreath her brow,
 Forever young, forever fair as now.

L.

The Things which Life is Like.

2! Human Life!—that bitter-sweet reality which all men know
 one can comprehend,—so long the hackneyed composition-theme
 of a school boy writer, the suggestive subject on which every poet
 displayed his powers, the important topic of all sermonizers, the
 hought of physicians and the constant study of metaphysicians,—
 as assumed in men's ideas almost as many appearances as the
 "face divine" possesses in reality. Its aspects ever vary, for it is,
 Proteus, endlessly changing its shape, or like a Chameleon dis-
 playing itself in coats of many colors.
 Sometimes it even seems as if men looked at Life through spectacles of
 tinted glass or varying magnifying powers. One man has ob-

tained the genuine "glorification glasses," and to him our Life on earth seems ineffably magnificent, while a neighbor underrates its value because his lorgnette has been perverted and reversed, and therefore lessens every object. Another thinks that Life is dark and disagreeable, and all because his glass is of a smoky hue; to another all around seems 'blue,' or naught appears save through a sea-green medium. The glasses of another awkwardly distort, from their imperfect manufacture; all that is seen by their assistance, and others are so formed as only to allow a very narrow field of view, so that only portions of Life can be examined by their aid. We are also sure that there must be glasses of a double refracting power, some men are so used to "seeing double." One thing is fortunate,—these so-called "Helps to See" may at any time be changed.

It is however very curious to observe how the various ideas of Life have been expressed at different times by different kinds of men. Some lymphatic being says that Life is nothing but a winter's day, a journey to the tomb, an empty dream, a vision, or a fleeting show; to another Life is a mystery, a puzzle, a riddle to be guessed or a problem to be solved; and again we hear it likened to a prison bond which must here be worn and will hereafter be removed, a gem which must here be carefully preserved and polished, and hereafter prized. The plausibility of our belief in a future life has been shown by comparing the days of man to the life of the worm, the chrysalis, the butterfly; and our present existence has been likened at other times to 'a flight over a yawning gulf,' a 'day's labor before the rest of heaven,' 'a preface' to a book which is to be written in another world; 'a cup' of sorrow or of joy which we are mingling now, to be drunk hereafter.

Solomon likened Life to 'the silver cord' and the 'golden bowl;' Paul often compared it to a warfare, and the Great Teacher told us that the days of man were as grass, 'as a flower of the field, so he perisheth;' Bunyan pictured Life as a long and wearied Pilgrimage up the Hill of Difficulty and through the Plains of Ease; Dr. Johnson formously compared it to an Eastern Caravansary; and we believe it is 'Poor Richard' who has a verse denoting Life as like 'an Inn,'—

'Who goes the soonest has the least to pay;'

the poet Pope says Life is 'a taper wasting the instant it takes fire;' the painter Cole glowingly pictured upon his canvas the protracted 'Voyage' of Life; Tupper declares that

"Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers,
Lightsome at commencement, but darkening to its end in a distant massy portal,"

and adds a score of lines expanding his idea ; Longfellow alludes to 'the battle-field of Life,' and says,

" Our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave ;"

Bryant speaks of each man's Life as a 'chase for his favorite phantom ;, even the common paper-wafer stamped with a checker-board asseverates in black and white, that "such is Life !" —Goethe, we think, declared his aim to make his Life like the course of a star, and adopted for his motto "Haste not, rest not ;" one of Burke's famous orations began with calling the attention of his audience to 'what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue ;' Byron says, 'Between two worlds Life hovers like a star ;' Young, in his Night Thoughts, tells us, 'Life's little stage is a small eminence—inch high the grave above ;' and Sir Isaac Newton spoke of his Life, when near its close, as having been a ramble upon the strand of the ocean of eternity, where he had gathered a few bright shells and pebbles and that was all !

Shakespeare alone has a long list of similes denoting Life. It is with him a walk, a shadow, a thread, a shuttle, a web of mingled yarn ; it is an after dinner sleep, a night, a dream, a twice told tale ; it is music and it is pain ; it is a bond which must be canceled ; it is a clock, a breath, a jewel, a stream, a journey, a paradise ; a fool of deaths, a traveler, a prisoner, a racer.

We have thus thrown together the similes of Life, without attempting to arrange or classify, or to point out the difference in the active and the passive views which men have taken of its nature ; but we shall find upon examination, that men's daily occupations have an influence on the views they take, the pictures they make of the nature of Life.

So plain a man as a shoemaker will say that the present Life is like the feet,—the base on which the more important concerns of another Life depend ; that compared with these, it is low, humble, unassuming ; assuring us moreover, that on the conduct of 'the sole and understanding,' the prosperity of 'our higher state' of being rests.

A husbandman would liken Life to some choice plant which he was cherishing, or say that it was a tree in the great nursery of Providence, and bid us remember that 'as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.'

A physician likens Life to one vast hospital, and a schoolmaster would say that it is a school for 'children of a larger and a smaller growth.'

A mechanic may liken Life to a large workshop where every thing is now being finished for examination at the World's Fair, 'the Great Exhibition' which is to one day open.

A traveler thinks Life is a sail, or ride upon the railway, or a walk upon a winding path leading over rugged and over easy roads.

A printer might tell us, as one who is not a printer has told us, that Life is a book, formed from innumerable little letters, words, sentences, and punctuation points, bidding us heed the commas, lest, unimportant in themselves, by being out of place they may pervert the meaning. The famous epitaph which Franklin once composed for his own tombstone employs the same comparison, closing with the hope that the Great Author will revise the work, and bring it forth in a new and more elegant edition.

And to what shall we students liken Life? May it not with propriety be compared to a Library, whose well stocked shelves contain all possible varieties of works, carefully separated according to their subjects and arranged in different alcoves. Men seem to go through Life as they would through such a Library. Now and then there enters one who gives a little while to each department, wandering from alcove to alcove, till he has completely gone the rounds of the circle of the Sciences. Sometimes too there enter those who saunter in two or three recesses till they have found such works as suit their power or meet their wants, and then, satisfied at once, they take their seats. Most of the visitors however, quietly go to whatever alcove stands the nearest, and there they sit, not caring to move and not knowing that there is ought beyond, until the Grim Janitor bids them to leave, for the doors must now be closed. One man thus gives himself to trade and commerce, Journals and Ledgers being the only works on the shelves which he has chosen; another is deeply studying in the alcove of the Natural Sciences; while a third is surrounded by Statute Books and Law Reports, the standard works of Medicine, or the writings of 'the Fathers.'

One alcove of this Library possesses an especial interest, for it is a sort of compend of the whole, being filled with "summaries," dictionaries, and huge "encyclopædias." It is in fact a place which gives a sort of panoramic or a birds-eye view of all the Library, where one may take a glance at the whole range of human science, and then decide where he will go and study deeper. Here then we who lead a College life are placed, indeed so much engrossed in lexicons and compends as often to be named in sport 'the walking cyclopædias.' But in this Library, which human Life resembles, poetry has no especial place. There is no Poet's corner. There is indeed a much frequented spot where works of fiction and of pure imagination may be found, but that true poetry which lies in thought and not in words is diffused throughout the Library, and is

often found where least expected. Some shelves indeed are crowded full and quite weighed down with the huge folios of Poetry, while those devoted to some other science have only now and then a winning little pocket volume, yet there is not one alcove, no matter to what subject given, but what contains at least a small poetic portion. Even in the dustiest, darkest corners some poetry is found. The College students' alcove possesses more than any other, for it contains works drawn from *all* the varied sciences, the heavier and the lighter, while the very walls within which he studies, like some far famed baronial hall, are hung with quaint and interesting relics, suggesting crowds of pleasant thoughts to those who linger in their precincts.

Or if we students choose, we may consider human Life as but an enlarged, expanded revision of our College life, and then it behooves us to warn ourselves to be prepared for high honors at its termination, and for a good appearance at the Great Commencement which will be its close.

D. C. G.

The Pleasures and Duties of College Life.

HAVING been suddenly visited with the idea of appearing as an author in the distinguished and valuable Literary Magazine of our honored Institution, we have been induced to attempt performing the delightful task of acquiring a little popularity in this, to us, a novel method. For although it has been our good fortune to assume the dignity of the Orator, and more recently the troubles, cares and perplexities of the Editor, a very important office by the way, yet until the present instance no opportunity has been presented to us to become at once a literary 'lion.'

The important reason of our commencing this essay is, chiefly, the fact that students too often look askance and unfavorably at the duties they are required to perform; regarding themselves as under a restraint, bound down and in subjection to lords and masters—to despots even. This is extremely unfortunate for themselves as well as unpleasant for their instructors, and our design at this time is to do what we can to introduce a reform in the feelings we entertain towards our 'Alma Mater.'

We have entitled our essay, "The Pleasures and Duties of College Life," but fear that time will fail, if we attempt to point out any thing

in regard to the *duties*, except when connected with the pleasures we experience while sojourning here. Of course we must commence with the "eggs" and proceed in order with the various topics which may be deemed worthy of note, until we approximate as near to the "apples" as possible, although these as yet seem to hang in the distance of the "*dim shadowy future*."

To begin then with Freshmen days : what a delightful relief it is to be, at once and for all, freed from the irksome duties of school, attendance upon ushers, pedagogues, &c., (especially when the rod and ruler are 'a higher law' from which there is no appeal,) and to be permitted to ride to town on the top of the stage-coach for the purpose of being examined to enter College ! What language can fully express the feelings of the youthful aspirant for college honors, as he, for the first time in his life, treads the walks beneath these 'classic shades !' Not Presidents, Kings and Queens, none, even the greatest of human kind, enjoy sensations so immeasurably exquisite as his. To be a Freshman is the acme of the schoolboy's ambition ; and the importance he manifests increases *directly* as the smallness of his intellectual power, and *inversely* as the amount of his knowledge. His desire to be admitted 'protrudes' during the whole of his examination, and if, to his sorrow, he is then excused from connecting himself with the Institution, he still finds consolation in the thought 'that some folks can't appreciate talent.' But should he chance to be successful, even though his admission be somewhat conditional, the common level and common air cease to be appropriate for him. He now prepares to enter upon college duties with zeal and vigor, confident in his own mind, that a proper degree of application will confer upon him the first honors of his Class.

Delighted with his instructors, and inclined to be very friendly toward them, admiring the works he is called upon to peruse ; pleased with the situation of his allotted room ; enjoying the *best* literary society connected with College ; initiated into the grand and peculiar mysteries of that little world in itself, a Secret Society ; he forms but few acquaintances, and for a while continues in an upright course. Without a murmur he submits to all the rules and regulations contained in the so-called "Freshman's Bible," the College Laws, and finds great pleasure in being never absent, and always 'prepared.' He is seldom *ill*, and when he is so his indisposition is evidently *simon pure*. But his ambition gradually wears off as he hears the members of the upper classes telling how easily they take things, recounting the various adventures in which they have been engaged, their hair breadth escapes, and their never failing

good-luck when they are 'smart.' Thus the pleasures of College life, which are *not strictly enjoined* upon him, are placed as a snare in his path, and with youth's heedlessness and inexperience in the wiles and arts of the tempting Sophomore, he falls an easy prey to temptation; desiring at least to taste the forbidden fruit, in order that, like mother Eve, 'he may learn the ways of the world.' At the first transgression his conscience deeply stings him for his folly, and with a resolution worthy of a hero, he at once attempts to repent and be a man again.

'*Facilis descensus Avernus*' is taken as exclusively applicable to Seniors; but with far more propriety, in our humble opinion, may it be made to refer to the Freshman of the third term, especially if his probation has ended and he is fully a "*member* of the Institution." His rusticity has worn off sufficiently to allow him to approach within ten or fifteen feet of a College officer before he removes or touches his hat.

After passing through the various trials and the pleasant studies and examinations of the first year; having been permitted to strive for prizes, a scholarship or some other honor; having been perhaps elected by approving Classmates, to the honorable post of 'Vice Secretary' in his literary Society; he casts his skin, and, like the snake, arrays himself in more brilliant colors.

In the second year, the studies are more agreeable to those of a mathematical turn of mind, and the tragedies of ancient days perhaps call up to his recollection the *scenes* he has witnessed with his own eyes. The nicer distinctions of the most approved specimens of Grecian literature are pointed out to him, and he, as it were, luxuriates as an actor in the joys and sorrows of by-gone days. He is moreover allowed the inestimable privilege of delivering 'essays' before his division, and (provided he takes the popular side, and collects his arguments from standard works in the Libraries) of being applauded, for the beauty and perspicuity of his style, as well as for his profound thought, deep investigation and thorough knowledge of the subject. Perhaps the officer differs from him in opinion: if so, it is all the same to the student, for he knows, or says he does, that the officer never knew, don't know and never will know any thing about the subject, and this is his consolation. Thus he passes on, permitted again to strive for the prizes and honors which are sources of pleasure to those who receive them, and of envy to the unsuccessful.

We must not omit the important privileges lately added to vary the measures of our College life, though only *two* "and far between," (you now what we mean, Reader, and remember what has been said of angels' visits.) Not as in the division room, where we sit as close as

possible when not acquainted with the lessons, the student has now the extreme satisfaction of knowing it is all 'fair play;' that confidence is now to be reposed entirely in his own attainments, and that he must promulgate for his own especial benefit alone whatever knowledge he possesses of the subject before him, without receiving any from or imparting it to his neighbors. The conveniences for this arrangement are admirably prepared, and at the commencement of the task, each one finds himself on 'his own hook,' "to live or die, survive or perish," as the case may be. The studies of the first year are generally pretty familiar to our hero, and with a happy heart and smiling countenance he *hands in* his work, approved by his conscience for having uprightly, manfully and cheerfully performed his task! But the *sickness* of the Sophomore year and a habit which then came upon him of recollecting the old adage in regard to sleep, "seven hours for a man, eight for a woman, and nine for a fool," now so sadly impede his progress that he is almost ready to exclaim in the words of the poet,

"Biennials *ore* a bore."

Should he be fortunate enough to pass through the fiery ordeal, by the help of the wonderful dreamer and cool calculating guesser, he may thank his stars he has not been sacrificed for his inattention and neglect of study.

This year is sometimes noted more particularly for the correspondence carried on by particular friends at College with those at a distance, and frequently the state of the Sophomore's health is so precarious that a change of air is deemed worth a fair trial in his particular case. 'Change of pasture' is said 'to make fat calves,' and change of air has been known to arouse stupid students to a better appreciation of their duties.

Among other things not enjoined, but, on the contrary, expressly forbidden, which however give variety to the Sophomore, is the custom of performing the mock ceremonial, entitled the 'Burial of Euclid.' To one who never participated in such a ceremony, it might perhaps seem decidedly agreeable to don the many-colored coat of Joseph, the mask of a Polyphemus, and other similar accoutrements, too numerous to mention, and, brandishing the club of a Hercules, while vowing vengeance on spies and death to traitors, to expose one's self to the inclemency of the weather during the worst seasons of mud, and to the chances of detection and punishment, and all this for the purpose of breaking the laws of College, and bidding defiance to the officers of the Institution; while those who have participated may tell you, what glorious sport it is, and how, as Time in his onward course brings back the ever memorable night of

their fright, fun and folly they gather round the same old spot and celebrate the anniversary of this important event of their College course. Glorious sport it may be, but the sufferings which are occasioned by this one dereliction from duty often continue through a life-time. It sometimes happens that one who is the most innocent must be sacrificed to expiate the guilt of the real sinners.

A striking peculiarity must not be unnoticed, which is, the supreme self-importance of the Sophomore, like that of the Miss just entered upon her teens. He feels his oats, to use his expression about some favorite "*fast*" horse, and desires to sow the wild oats while he is young. The great trouble he often occasions himself is "*that he is sometimes obliged to harrow them in.*"

The third year is as little marked in its character, except in one or two particulars, as any in the course. A change of mental diet is here found necessary, and supplies are dealt out in proportion to the vacuum to be filled. At present the Class which occupy the least important position in College History are in a great measure obliged to travel the rough road by their own conveyances, and cannot trust so much as heretofore to the chance of *getting a ride*. And now warnings and admonitions having failed to produce the desired result, it has been thought proper to act as did the farmer in the fable, and try what virtue there is in something more substantial. The kindness and the pleasantness of this treatment, are appreciated, or at least should be, and certainly would be by an intelligent class. The exceptions particularly referred to, are, first, the announcing a graduated scale of appointments from colloquy up to Greek Oration, and then, the creditable performance of the several acts of the interesting drama at Junior Exhibition. These furnish pleasant and agreeable topics for conversation, and more especially acquaint the class with the degree of estimation, as scholars, in which the instructors hold each individual, at this stage of the course. There is a great diversity of opinion in regard to the real benefit of these distinctions, and the subject has often been debated with much earnestness "whether the present system of conferring College honors is, on the whole, beneficial." Arguments are adduced both for and against it, they being, as it were, six of one and half a dozen of the other. Sometimes it happens that the Junior Class, with their known generosity and magnanimity, think it proper to have a rival exhibition on the evening previous to that in the College Chapel. This takes place at some Hall in the city, and when it has been properly managed, has received the patronage of the beauty, talent, and worth of the city. The exercises are intended to afford pleasure and variety, and

an opportunity for all superfluous gas to be vacated, thereby preventing the explosion which might ensue after the proclamation of appointments. We imagine that those who are not 'posted up,' err in their opinions regarding the appointment lists. Those who take Valedictories are not always the men of the most genius, but they receive their reward for constant application to nothing but studies, and that degree of incessant exertion sometimes, perhaps ill-naturedly, called "*digging*." This exhibition is one of those duties which are neither enjoined nor forbidden, and, in fact, some of 'the powers that be' have attended them and expressed themselves gratified with the various exercises, since they give a fair sample of the native oratory of the Class. At the close of the performance, a 'Wooden Spoon' is presented to some fortunate individual, and the prize is generally esteemed by him who receives it as a far greater one than the Valedictory.

The particular advantages which the third year possesses over its predecessors, is the privilege it affords of beginning to attend upon instructive lectures and witnessing the many curious and entertaining experiments relating to several departments of science.

The fourth year, however, seems to present to the initiated the "*otium cum dignitate*" of student-life, and were it not for one or two vexations of perhaps minor importance, such as ante-breakfast recitations, &c., it would be by far the most agreeable year. Not but that all experience great pleasure in attending at all times to these interesting pursuits; but the cold frosty mornings are regarded by some as detrimental to their health, though this is an erroneous view of the case, inasmuch as such mornings would not have been caused by a wise and beneficent Providence, and filled with duties by wise instructors, were they really injurious.

All, however, agree that it is a kind and proper arrangement, that those who have passed three years here, doing honor to themselves and the institution, should have an opportunity of enjoying the society of the ladies; and consequently one hour of the middle of each day has been appropriated for this especial purpose. One other topic deserves our notice before we conclude. The monitorial system is particularly beneficial in its results, since it allows to the members of a class, all the privilege of knowing to a fraction the infinitesimal of a tardy mark, how many times their classmates have or have not attended upon the exercises, without the trouble of keeping their own accounts, a matter a little perplexing to a student, although the science of *book-keeping* is practised to a considerable extent, as unfortunate owners can testify.

In conclusion, we may remark in regard to the different classes, that the course pursued, and the course to be pursued, is as follows :

First : Freshmen in their own estimation know everything, both respecting college and the world in general. Their instructors, on the contrary, form a just appreciation of their true situation, and at the outset endeavor to teach them that they know nothing.

Secondly : Sophomóres are allowed *by themselves* to be the wisest and most intelligent of all the body of students, and are permitted by the light of experience to discover their own real ignorance.

Thirdly : By the time they have fully entered upon the Junior year, the folly and ignorance of their former course have become apparent to themselves, and they learn at this time that they have just commenced their probation in college matters, and arrive at the conclusion that a man in order to pass through college to good advantage must necessarily continue eight years, and take two sheepskins, if he desires to carry off the prize of the "golden fleece."

Lastly : The Senior looking back upon his previous efforts to acquire the reputation of a man of genius, and finding that he is unable to gain the desired end, finally concludes to adapt himself to circumstances, and let the world wag in its own way. It is an easy matter to graduate, unless the "angel's visit," just before presentation day, puts a break on the rotary motion of his wheel ; but we fear that two-thirds of every class would find it difficult as graduates to pass examination for admission into the Freshman Class.

We trust that no one, who takes the trouble to read this essay, will consider it a history of our own personal experience, for although it may apply in some respects, in others it is by no means correct. The "apples," however, are as far from reach as when we began, and seem destined to remain in the dim, distant obscure, for a considerable length of time. If we have omitted any of the minor matters from which the student derives pleasure, we have only to allege want of time as our excuse. And as a last topic to be dwelt upon we have to say, that as we see our day and generation drawing to a close, so far as College life is concerned, we have the pleasure of recording for our classmates and their posterity, the many agreeable recollections of their worth, kindness, affability and courtesy. This is one of those gratifications which are expected to endure to the end of time, and we trust many others of a similar nature may be treasured up in the storehouse of memory.

M. C. R.

A Poser for Linguists.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

SOME months ago, as I was walking by "the Temple," when it contained a more fashionable shrine of Bacchus than now, I met a rather well dressed man staggering up from the *adyta*, who said to me, with a slight *brogue*,

"Are you a scholar of the College, yonder?"

I replied that I was, when he immediately asked me,

"*Quæ hora est?*"

I saw that I had chanced on a *character*, rather a drunken one, it was true, but enough of one to excite my curiosity to know more of him; so I mustered the little colloquial Latin I was master of, and we carried on quite an interesting conversation. He said that he had graduated at Maynooth, the famous Catholic University at Dublin, and his volubility in quoting and talking both Latin and Greek, convinced me that his story was true. He complained of ill treatment at the bar, below, because he had no more money for them, and to learn more of him, I asked him to let me pay for him. He thanked me very politely; said that he really was dying for another potation of gin, and so we went together to the bar. Here he drank my health with a gentlemanly and scholarly flourish of words and gestures, and as the good liquor took effect, he became decidedly communicative. His story was that he was a younger son, and had studied for the church, but that he had never taken orders,—if that is the correct expression—but had been a tutor in schools in Dublin and in this country; that he had fallen into the snares of Bacchus and Venus and had lost property and character; that he had done regretting his conduct, as he felt the impossibility of ever reforming. I endeavored to influence him to make another attempt, but he said,

"Let me go my way: it'll be a short path for me to the grave. Yet I was a man once, and a gentleman's son and a scholar, the pride of my college. No one could beat me in the Latin; here is one of my own sentences,—see if you can render it—it is difficult, I know, but you will let me boast that it is rhetorically and religiously beautiful; I've but little to boast of, Sir."

Vita, crucem, ut vivas, hominum, si noscere tendis, quis, quid, cur, cuius amore, passus sit.

Unable to render it, he gave me a translation which was, as he said,

I indeed. (To give the curious an opportunity to try their skill in ring hard Latin, we withhold the translation, by permission of the Editor, till our next number.—Eds.)

duties called me away, and I left him, exacting a promise that he would come to my room. He never came.

He offered this sentence to tutors and prize scholars, and others, but only one instance found a translator, and he was not quite right. This is a true story, entirely true, and though simple, may have the same effect on others that it has to me.

R.

Recipe for a Chemical Lecture.

WRITTEN IN THE LABORATORY WHILE UNDER THE ILL-HUMOROUS
INFLUENCE OF SULPHURETTED HYDROGEN.

TAKE about two dozen girls,
Some with smooth hair, *one* with curls;
Take the Senior Class of College,
Some making love, some getting knowledge;
Sixteen interesting Meds.,
With dirty hands and towzeled heads;
A Scholar of the House; three "Labs,"
With legs and feet curled up like crabs;
A table with a monstrous sink in it,
Bell-glasses and a lot of drink in it;
One expert and wise Professor,
And an everlasting mess o'
Bottles, flasks and champagne glasses;
And Weld, the jovial Yale Agassiz;
Mix these up as I direct you,
And you will have a Chemic Lecture.

Bubble, bubble!
Single, double!
Toil and trouble!
Tighten this!
Slacken that!
Whiten this!
Blacken that!

Let this corrode!
Let that explode!

Mingle the single ones!
 Trouble the double ones!
 "Robert! come here!"
 "Robert! go there!"

Let this be upheld,
 Let that be withheld,
 "Take this, Mr. Weld!"
 "Take that, Mr. Weld!"
 Bubble! bubble!
 —bubbling—bubbling—
 Toil and trouble!
 —toiling—troubling.

Mix like this and I expect you
 'L get a comic chemic lecture!

N. W. T. R.

YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY.

The Greater Distinctions in Statesmanship.

BY A. D. WHITE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

EVERY age must find men to mould into useful forms its whims, and to clench sturdily its temporal heresies. These are, by common consent, pontiffs among the mental hierarchs of their times, and representatives of the aggregate worldliness of their nations. Propped by stout shafts of native wit, invested in the robes of acquired learning, served by their own tensely-nerved energies, they play at will the sinews of the body politic, of which, theoretically, they are but single constituents. These are they, who delve among the imbedded weaknesses of their times, to bring forth new motive principles,—who stir the passions of men, that these principles be developed in action, who shiver the incrustations of national folly, that this action be unrestrained. Perfect statesmanship is, at any period, cast in a prophetic mould,—a type of that which, as yet, is not; future perfectness outlined by present need gives it swathing; it is of the present only by sufferance; too often, it is cradled reluctantly, yet it is the most veritable of autochthons, a true bantling of the earth's present.

There was a statesmanship of old, which, pampered by emperors and urged on by courtiers, too often made the trampling on inferior states and the covert undermining of superior sovereignties, its main endeavor.

There was a mediæval statesmanship, which could be influenced, at any time, by the bickerings of old houses ; and which, beneath the kindest facery, but by means despicable between man and man, was wont to plot perplexities for its neighbors. Haughty patronage to the sciences, and crusts flung to men of letters, wheedle from us a benediction on the former ; skillfully-planned jousts, and bestowal of honor on deserving commoners do a like service for the latter. Each has been neatly aproned with a fabric of occasional victories, or discoveries, or works of genius. Either might, in its nobler aspects, be identified with the architecture of its age. The Greek and Roman, cold, symmetrical, glossy ; every line straight or curved geometrically ; every combination in outline, squared, or triangulate. Seeming exceptions, like the Acanthus, were trained into a supercilious regularity. Of grotesqueness there was nothing. In the mediæval statesmanship, as in its architecture, there was as great haughtiness, as in the ancient ; but it was a haughtiness, between lord and bound helper ; not as of old, between master and man ; a haughtiness, which, after toil, could become mirthfulness, and which exacted little, that any scrupled to pay. Through the manifold austerities of the time, there came gleams of kindness, and even of joviality. The old smoothness was roughened ; old gothic crocketry, and oaken high-backs, might frown upon the populace ; demons' eyes peering through the carved leafing, and seeming tongues of flame, lambent in the enchasements of a capital, or flickering about a window, may have discomposed those brought before the mediæval tribunal ; but there were also laughing eyes, and pleasing pictures. Curiously modelled jests, and most mirthful bundles of carved witticisms, appear even among the crosses and monograms of their cathedrals.

Ancient statesmanship, more particularly that of the Roman Empire, seems bent on aiding those, who, by mere luck, had clambered into power ; the mediæval, to have defended those in authority, as the anointed of the Deity. In one, all seems harmonious rule—in the other, a kind of illegitimate inspiration ; the former, usurps an obility by its isolation—the latter, a sympathy by its close jointure to the swarm below ; the manifestations of one, were as like, and as regular, as the pillars of its temples—the others shot into forms as unlike and disconnected, as its notched and scattered pinnacles. One system seems best expounded by the classic historians—the other has found no better vehicle than Froissart's Chronicles, tangled in the movement, simple in the plot, often approximating to the barbarian, yet none the less fascinating or instructive. The former ruled as its own tutelar divinity, fresh from the brain of infinite fore-

cast—the latter, as one of the Scandinavian goddesses, strong and buxom, something less than the deified, yet by shrewdness and skill in intrigue, able to vex mightily the strongest of the old deities. Between their less satisfactory workings, Coleridge's pithy distinction holds, that formerly, "Men were worse than Principles, but that afterward, Principles were worse than Men."

These systems have passed away. Old thought, with its old proportions of kindness, surliness and bigotry, has been newly crucibled, to meet the wants of an age, far differently composed. The statesmanship of to-day, is that, which, after the outlawry of mediæval school doctrine, in its conjunction with the vagaries of the olden philosophy, first began to creep into the world's notice, during the last years of Henry the Eighth of England; that which the fires of Smithfield could not blister; that which was bearing all before it, when Laud, opposing, spoke of passive obedience with vague beauty, and Filmer, with sophistical force; that which James the Second tried to modify, and lost his crown; that which, more than any other, is clutched fast from beneath, by the popular will.

alas It can hardly be denied, that the ascendant policy of the present, tends toward Republicanism. Genius in Political affairs, rarely among us seeks its apotheosis, by adherence to old ~~families~~. Our idea of a favored son of the present, gives us no image of talent, playing the part of Atlas, beneath a bulk of rejected systems. Autocracy may sneer at all warrant for its acts, save the Dei Gratiâ, but its servants know well that scores of popular edicts, must be roped about *one*, which shall strengthen its despotism; know it, and practice on their knowledge. Why else are concessions, or fêtes, or progresses? Old clamps of superstition, which formerly fixed the poorer blocks of the social fabric, to its polished corner-stones, are well rusted, and men seek for better; all the nicely shuttled vestments of loyal proverbs, and cunningly twisted logic, grow threadbare; warp and woof are decayed, and men scan closely the proportions of the wearer.

Among the most prominent characteristics of modern statesmanship, is plainly a *greater directness* in its *operations*. Certain principles have become so generally recognized, that a weaker nation can come directly at any just object, though it be to the detriment of its more powerful neighbors. Hence, national alliances do not hold their former importance; they hardly compass more than an ancient treaty, while they are far more burdensome to our master minds. The moves which so well suited old sluggishness, are out of vogue, and nations now push their interests more freely; single agencies are preferred, and men laugh over their old trivi-

alities. The leaders of the middle ages were in the beginnings of statesmanship, and were scrawling their boyish pothooks; our time sees its prime servants, advanced to the straight, keenly-pointed strokes in state management. There remains in diplomacy, much of the old politeness; but new truths are broached with a bluntness, of which our ancestors knew nothing. Where the course of hostile procedure was in the middle ages covered with smiles, and in times more ancient foreshadowed by cruelties, the modern system, often with ludicrous earnestness, lays down reasons, or loudly denies blame.

Another trait of the modern statesman is *boldness in coming at the means of power*. A leading spirit in *mediæval* times had a monastic love for old treatises, and their conservative effluvium. There was about his natural good sense, an enamel of strange learning; of deductions from those sly hypotheses, which men then loved to propose as puzzles; of liturgic stiffness, which made him awkward, in many of his boldest endeavors. A crevice, through which came ancient light, was widened with great caution, and greater formality. The modern leader hastens at once toward the light, which shall aid him; old barriers are pried asunder, or broken down; old causeways unheeded, and thought takes the most direct path to its object.

These scramblings may not seem so dignified, as the steady tramp in former years; but their achievements are more satisfactory, because more abrupt. A titter may run round the earth, at such seeming oddities in polity, but wonder at the results, soon compensates the ridiculed. No doubt Bacon, with all his wish to break his nation from its anchorage in past abuses, would have been more fully assured of the possible insanity of states, had he foreseen the prim decencies of his age, ripped and scorched by the impetuosity of ours; but he would, also, have gained new ideas of mental capacity, and given new canons for mental force. Great men of these latter days, most clearly show this boldness, when they plunge among the dynasties of error. Then comes the world's surfeit of jocularly. Popular feeling may read its riot act against forcible encroachments on established principles, but it could hardly bear the loss of its hearty laugh at the sight of young energy upsetting old pomposity.

Modern statesmanship is also *less diffuse in its appliances*. It is becoming an axiom, the world over, that the statesman has to do wholly with temporal affairs. The last and strongest arguments against this noble advance, were annihilated, when Macaulay answered Mr. Gladstone. This doctrine of equality among thinkers, now scorns all aid from casuistry. Willing to be tried by those laws only, which are supreme over

prejudiced deductions, truth has struggled long and manfully, until it irks the masters of nations, to outclamor the cries of men only anxious for their long lost heritage. Here is the great advance,—Church and State may cohere for a time longer, but the regenerate earth shall see no more Torquemadas, no more bloody Marys, no more Grahames of Claverhouse.

The Grecian, in his training for high position in the State, was fond of a garb of toleration. It was convenient, and not dearly bought; it was becoming, and under especial sanction of the leaders of fashion. But this cloak was too stiff, with its noble embroideries of old truism. The very weight of its gilded threads of precept, tired the wearer, in the plain work of the State; it was therefore laid aside for gala days, which might be caused by success in fettering a troublesome truth. The Altar to the Unknown, showed the seeming—Paul on Mars' Hill, found the true.

The Roman gave this poor picture little betterment. He would have been kind, but to gain success, court must be paid to its supposed author. As modern barbarians after ill luck, scourge their rough hewn deities, by way of punishment, so the Roman flattered his gods as a preventive. This flattery often bore hard upon those supposed to be enemies of religion. There was much kindness in the Roman composition, but far more of a lofty selfishness, which turned all wounds from his national pride, though it cost his individual prosperity. This selfishness was another great cause of injury to the propagandists of new truths.

The Mediæval Statesmanship in its contact with Religious systems, was wily and prompt. All the little inequalities in the prevailing belief, were soon forgotten under the skillful filing of Masters in Theology; the greater and sharper projections were cared for by the councils. Statesmen then, were as cool in their dealings with refractory intelligences, as their predecessors had been ardent. Leaders in Schism were monstrosities, ungainly and infectious. The schoolmen crushed their appeals to reason, beneath their shields of metaphysical knowledge; the lords spiritual cut them from their earthly relations, and the secular arm graciously arrayed them in the *San benito*. All these powers were lent by their holders to the statesman, but it was well if these sufficed him. He often called the satirist to prove the more subtle structure of his victim, to make ludicrous warfare upon his motives,—to bring forth from the crannies of his heart its neatly stowed meannesses; to pull the nerves, which should set askew the whole face of his professions. Under such influences, disaffected nations soon became as meek as the countenances of their oppressors.

It is ever expected from the Chief Servant of State, as perfect in his craft, that all the intricacies of diplomacy shall be traversed by his model enginery; that every part in his mental conformation shall be ponderous, to give the idea of authority, yet that each possess a flexibility; which shall make easy its adaptation to every anomaly in polity,—a litheness, which shall enable him to trace out every burrow of his unfair foes. The subjective throes of his own mind must not only turn aside, but even drive back, the objective forces of circumstances. He must have the greatest powers of discrimination in the studies which give him the principles of his art, and between the different phases of character, in the herd of his theoretical lords,—a discrimination which, from systems most uncouth, gleans something for the sustenance of his high purposes, and gives a new value in the gleanings; which, in its forays upon hoarded research, pilfers mental strength, and loses no dignity in the pilfering. If there be any approach to metempsychosis, between the statesmen of different ages, it can only be between those of the Roman and the Modern republics. In many of his acts, the statesman of to-day must take his stand far above his people. There must be braided into him, so much of his art, that he seems the incarnate nation,—ten thousand constitutional egotisms bound in one strong '*I am the State.*' He is to be an High Priest of the mingled good of radical and conservative theories—no mad royster in the former, no gloomy light in the latter. It is rarely worth his while, to tilt with huge errors, which have plainly not lived their hour, nor to whimper over the every day frothing of plebeian uneasiness. When adversity grates against his works, he, more than any other, must be his own man. The prettiest theses avail nothing then;—such times are fatal to precisians—blind followers of rules. From the statesman's own soul, must be thrust brawny arms to aid him; from his own mind must he have his keen second-sight. Formulas the most special then become generalities, and leave him for support, his own clear thoughts and stoutly knit purposes.

big

Memorabilia Yalensia.

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT STILES.

At a presentation dinner during President Stiles' administration, as a gentleman passed to that worthy a glass of punch, it accidentally slipped from their hands and fell to the floor. The President raising his right hand and assuming an attitude of the utmost dignity, repeated with all possible gravity the Latin quotation, "*Sic tran-sit gloria mundi.*"

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

A graduate of some fifty years standing gives the following anecdote of President Dwight. A division of the class of 1802 were reading compositions before the President, in which was one of those persons whom Shakspeare denominates men of "infinite jest." This man on this day produced a poem in which he eulogized those of his classmates whom he liked, and satirized those he disliked. Among the latter was one by the name of William Maxwell, a person of great self-conceit, very bombastic in his manner, and moreover troubled with an impediment in his speech. The poet had from the commencement of his poem been growing more and more severe, to the evident discomfort of the President, who thought that a production of so personal a nature was hardly fitted for the division room. At last, the writer alluding to some debate in which Maxwell had been engaged, spoke of him in these lines :

"Then rose Will Maxwell, stammered, stuttered,
And thought hell trembled every word he uttered."

"Stop! stop!" said the President, "I fear you will do more harm than good by proceeding." The poet sat down of course, but the students, not willing to be deprived of so rich a treat, requested the division to remain after the President had gone out, for the purpose of hearing the poem through. A few hours afterward the poet received a message from the President desiring an interview with him at his room. The poet, supposing that a reprimand was in store for him, wore a sorrowful countenance, as he went up to comply with this request. He was surprised however, to find the President unusually bland and polite. After the usual salutations the President remarked that *he should like to borrow that poem of his.*

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

PUBLIC DEBATE.

As to this we can only repeat what was said of it in our last issue, that it "*remains in statu quo,*" and for aught we can see, is likely to.

ORATION.

On Wednesday evening, an Oration was delivered in the Brothers' Society, by HENRY E. ROBINSON, of the Junior class. Subject—POETRY AND PAINTING COMPARED, AS MEANS OF EXPRESSION.

ELECTIONS.

On Wednesday evening, December 17th, the following gentlemen were chosen of the three societies for the coming term.

INIONIA.	BROTHERS IN UNITY.	CALLIOPE.
	<i>Presidents.</i>	
C. Gilman,	Albert Bigelow,	Wm. L. Rowland.
	<i>Vice Presidents.</i>	
S. C. Salter,	Charles E. Vanderburg,	Franklin Grube.
	<i>Secretaries.</i>	
W. Bishop,	Salathiel H. Tobey,	George A. Johnson.
	<i>Vice Secretaries.</i>	
J. C. Flagg,	Albert H. Tracy,	David C. Proctor.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

Mr. Webster having declined the invitation to deliver the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the duty devolves upon Mr. Seward, who was chosen to accept. Mr. Seward has accepted. Mr. Pierpont will deliver the poem.

KOSSUTH'S CAUSE IN YALE.

The Haven morning paper has the following:

"NEW YORK, Dec. 16th.

A deputation of Students, from Yale College, called on Kossuth this morning, and presented him with an address; to which he made a short reply. Other deputations were in attendance—but owing to his feeble state of health, Kossuth declined to receive them."

On this, two public meetings were held in the College Chapel, in which students and members of the scientific departments participated. A short address, the first was published in the N. H. Courier of Dec. 12th, and read from the second meeting as the report of the first. It either did not try, or failed to give a true view of the *unbounded* enthusiasm displayed, cheers being so abundant that speakers were actually almost *prevented* by them from proceeding. However, as they did, and the meeting appointed a committee to draft an address to be presented to the Hungarian hero. At the second meeting held Wednesday evening, Dec. 10th, the committee reported an address, which called forth a very lively discussion, enlivened at short intervals by tremendous, deafening applause, as of the *pros* and sometimes of the *cons*. We have pretty full reports of these meetings, but cannot, for want of room, if for no other reason, insert them. The address was finally accepted, and the deputation charged with its presentation went, and was heard and returned, and we do earnestly hope and trust that this demonstration at Yale, *together with* what is doing elsewhere, will free Hungary.

New Publications.

"REVERIES OF A BACHELOR. By IK MARVEL."

WE cannot omit to give a few words of welcome to those delightful "*Reveries*" of Ik Marvel, in their new and doubly attractive holiday form. This "book of the heart" has found its way to the hearts of young men and maidens, old men and—children can't appreciate them fully, though they *can* weep over the death of little Paul. We melted before this magic book. If we had never known it before, this book would have told us we had a heart.

"DREAM-LIFE: A TALE FOR THE SEASONS. By IK MARVEL."

The world is blessed with another book from the delicately beautiful pen of the author of "*The Reveries of a Bachelor*." We have read but few of its pages—we are keeping them for vacation leisure-hours—but can judge easily that they are glowing with the same beauties of thought and imagery that charmed us in the *Reveries*.

We have a pleasurable pride, too, in calling attention to these books, for its author is a son of our common Alma Mater, and in the chapters "*Oloister Life*," and "*College Romance*," he paints pleasantly recognizable scenes of his and our College ways and manners.

The whole book, doubtless, is as interesting as the chapters "*Rain in the Garret*," the two above mentioned, and "*A Broken Home*,"—and with our whole heart we say, buy it, every one who has ever been a boy, or hopes to be a man—especially all in love and College.

For sale at Pease's.

WOMAN IN HER VARIOUS RELATIONS. By MRS. L. G. ABELL. New York: Wm. Holledge, 140 Fulton St.

This work, very neatly enveloped and directed "To the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine," comes to test our gallantry, doubtless. How can we fail to notice favorably, so *dear* a subject. Although we wish Mrs. Abell had taken a little time from the care of her *babies*, her "*boxes of threads, twist, tapes, bobbins, welting-cord, needles, &c., &c.*" and other household matters, to correct such expressions as "*a person may be kind . . . without accustoming themselves*," "*want of punctuality in some member or their carelessness*," &c., &c. before *stereotyping* the book, still, inaccuracies of style can well be pardoned when such valuable directions abound, as to "*discard punning*," (attention! razor makers of Yale!) "*a man of talent rarely condescends to be an habitual punster, a gentleman, never*,"—to avoid "*making noises in eating and drinking*," "*helping yourself first at meals*," "*scratching or touching your head*," "*looking at your handkerchief after blowing your nose*,"—directions to keep the hands, face, mouth, teeth, and nails clean, etc. Students who have not already secured copies to present to their mothers and their "*bright particulars*," can do so by calling at Pease's.

Editor's Table.

COME! that's right, friends! draw up close to our table, not a round one, but square, with the corners rounded off to favor your approach. We've nothing very inviting, perhaps, to offer you, but here are books, papers, (to wit, communications,) sundry medicines, for we are sick, but alas! *no apples!* Those apples, where are they! Like those of that friend who discourses to us in our columns of the pleasures and duties of College life, the editorial "apples," *ignis fatuus* like, swiftly elude our grasp. "We five," have gathered once and again, and yet again, and each time our brows in particular have gathered—blackness, at the dire necessity of giving of our *private* pennies, to satisfy our editorial appetites. How think you are we to bear up against such a dreadful missive as this, which has lighted on our table, after coming all the way from Pennsylvania, not from *Mont-Rose*, we should think, but from some bitterer *Mont*, than that! The "affair has itself" as follows:—One of us five, writing in haste to E. Pluribus, happened to forget, not looking at our subscription book, that E. P. had already subscribed and paid for the current volume of our magazine, and politely asked "if he wouldn't subscribe." Here you have a key to the following terrific epistle.

GRIM VALLEY, 11th month, 11th day.

To you,

The guilty Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine.

Sirahs,

I am enraged—You have instigated my wrath, and I am determined to pour it out, even to the last phial. Prepare yourselves then for your *introit* into "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear.

PHIAL No. 1. Republics are proverbially ungrateful. Your ingratitude is of a deeper dye, and will be familiar as a household word through all coming time. With viperine baseness, you hurl your envenomed shafts at the heart of a benefactor, and receive unmerited favors, as ungratefully as you would a kick. I repeat it, republics are ungrateful, and you, who profess to control the "*Republic of Letters*," and hold the monopoly of its advantages, have fairly earned the name of ingrates, while your literary character is completely eclipsed.

PHIAL No. 2. For the reputation of Alma Mater, I regret to say it, but it is too true, that the character of the Ed's of the Yale Lit. Mag. is degenerating. I have been abused, and for what? You know too well the story of my wrongs. A friend, I have been treated with—what? Kindness? No—Justice? No—Common decency? No—but base, heartless, apathetic neglect. I had rather be abused as to my character, burned out as to my eyes, and cut off as to my head, than to receive the cold cut of ingratitude as to my disinterested kindness.

PHIAL No. 3. And now, Mesars. Ed's, are you so hebetated in feeling, so arid of thought, so abandoned to every trace of human sympathy, as to persist in a course of treachery, dishonesty and inhumanity? *Posteri negabitis!*

PHIAL No. 4. Is this your fixed *modus operandi*? I pause for a reply. Have you

no hearts! or are they cast into the shade by the splendor of your intellects! The latter is impossible, the former you cannot deny. Do you feast like gourmands on the substance of innocent subscribers, and leave them to console themselves with sweet thoughts of your immaculate honesty!

PHILAL No. 5. To each of you might I well say, in the language of Seneca,

"Quo, tipsy Senior, obvium morti ingeris!

Quo, pergis amens!"—*Hercules Furens*.

So base has been your conduct, so inconsistent with the sanctity of your venerable magazine, that I blush to mention the name of "Yale" in the same breath with the editorial corps. I am an injured man. Too long have I suffered, and now in the majestic language of Cicero, when rebuking a reprobate not unlike yourselves, I can triumphantly exclaim, "Quousque tandem abuteris editores patientia mea! quandiu etiam cunctatio ista vestra me eludet?" Frumentum confiteretis! Ob-tuse as you are by nature, I can already see the crimson deepening on your cheeks, as you apprehend my meaning, and you curse the day that gave you birth. Still are you unrelenting! And as in fond memory you linger over the time when the twin-dollars first chinked in your starveling purse, do you "grin a ghastly smile" and write above the unhappy victim's name "*collared*," because perchance you are out of his clutches!

"Man's inhumanity to man," finds not a more severe comment than this your conduct towards a humble, inoffensive, modest man. I parted with the coin in sadness, your ten-eyed monster seized it with delight. From the beginning to the end, your course has been the same—stern, cruel, unscrupulous. In attempting to inveigle and defraud an unsuspecting *alumnus*, your impious course is arrested. Indignant justice frowns, and swears eternal vengeance. Still are you unrelenting! And as though you could revel in adding the *Ossa* of injury to the *Pelion* of insult, one of your degenerate fraternity, in reply to my epistle inquiring for the last issue of your paper to which I AM a subscriber, remarked, with a coolness that would chill an *Esquimaux*, as follows: "Your Yale Lit. I am sorry to confess, I forgot. I will attend to it to day. Would you like to subscribe this gear?" ! ! ! ! !

I should like to inquire on what system your *financial* affairs are managed! Two dollars a year for the magazine, and two dollars as *FEES* for sending it! Only explain your platform, and I am satisfied, but *such* malfeasance is unpardonable. You *may* have good reasons for withholding your *issue* from your subscribers, but they should be informed of the fact. You *may* be ashamed to own its paternity, or perhaps you like to *practice* upon an *alumnus*. If the *former* is true, you may reimburse those funds without any particular delay; if the latter, you will find yourselves provided with rooms *free of rent*! Still, I will be satisfied with the receipt of the regular numbers, though I am convinced of your utter want of principle, as a body.

I flatter myself that like Job I can "wait all the days of my appointed time until my CHANGE comes," but I am not to be trifled with. You are guilty of a grievous crime, and naught but the most ample amends, will shield you from public and private ignominy. Act, then, like men, and send me your magazine, else I will cast my influence into the opposing scale, and crush you forever. With regard to any

further subscription "*this year*," from me, I would simply state that it will be forwarded "*ad græcias calendas*." You were once my friends. You are now my debtors, and I am,

Yours,

E. PLURIBUS UNUM.

Ed's Y. L. M., N. H., Ct., Nov. 11, 1851.

P. S. If you publish this letter, I will prosecute you to the extent of the law. If you do not, you will be liable to an "*action*" for obtaining money under false pretences.

E. P. U."

We have seen three good '*uns*, in the papers lately: first, under the market reports, which we always read with great interest, we found this tribute to the obstinacy of swine-nature,—"*Pork is firm*,"—a good instance, we think, of "the ruling passion strong in death." Another was an original argument, which we recommend to Juniors who have chosen for disputation the Capital Punishment question, "that the debt of nature ought never to be paid if it cannot be collected without an execution." The third, we notice because it is connected with education, a subject of such interest to us all:—it is this Wellerism, "you've a *pupil* under the *lash*, as the man said when looking into the pedagogue's eye." . . . That was a capital story Prof. Goodrich told us Seniors in a Lecture t'other day, about Horne Tooke. We must tell it here. Tooke being on trial for treason, Lord Erskine had charge of his defence. Tooke being determined to plead in his own defence, Erskine tried to dissuade him, and said, "*You'll be hanged if you do*;" to which Horne Tooke retorted, "I'll be hanged if I *don't*!" . . . Reader, did you ever see the "*Lift for the Lazy*," published by G. P. Putnam, New York, in 1849! We have, and we advise you to. We think it pretty well worth "*thumbing*." If every reader of it is necessarily lazy, then *we* are, that's all; but we are *not* lazy, *ergo*, it sometimes "*lifts*" other than the lazy. The odd name of it does not convey any idea of the contents of the book; they are the "jottings down" of a devourer of books, who, as he says on his title-page, has "been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps." There are philological curiosities, origins of quaint customs, and short histories of remarkable men and things, and so much interesting information is mingled in with such rare bits of humor, that the book is valuable as well as entertaining. Here follow a few quotations from it, taken at random or as being short ones.

"*Sincere*—*sine cerâ*—applied to honey freed or cleansed from the wax."

"*Rocks*—slang term for money—from rupees, the East India word, and so *rupies*, a rock, plural, *rupes*."

"*Helter-skelter*, fancifully derived from the Latin, *hilariter celeriter*."

"Q.—We get the name of this letter from the French *queue*, its shape being that of an O with a tail."

"*Topsy-turvy*, a corruption of *top side t'other way*."

"*Examination*, from Latin *examen*, the beam of the balance."

"*Wig*, from French *peruque*, then perwick, periwig, and finally *wig*, without a single letter of the original word."

"*Scamp*, from *ex campo*, a deserter."

"*Hoax*, contracted and corrupted from *hocus*, the first member of the expression *hocus pocus*, which is jugglers' Latin for *hoc est corpus*, the beginning of the Romish form in the ceremony of Transubstantiation."

These are a few of the things which fill the pages of this excellent book. Get it and find yourself well paid in looking over its half thousand of such and better. . . . What a blessing it is to be able to write, even when we cannot talk! A severe attack of influenza has made us so near speechless, that our best sayings are "like counterfeit bills, uttered but not aloud (allowed)." But we can still talk to your eye, if not to your ear. . . . Pondering examinations, especially *Biennials*, we have just thought that the Biennial Chamber is the true *division* room, for there unlucky wights are most effectually divided, i. e., separated from one another. What say you, Reader, to our remark?

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We deeply regret being compelled to say to the author of "*The Memory of the Dead*," as old "*Knick*," did to a misguided young correspondent, "Seriously,

You're *not* a poet,
And you'd better *know* it;

and this advice we give in all friendliness." At any rate you need considerable practice to become one. 'Coffin' and 'mocking,' 'parting' and 'heart-strings' don't rhyme 'at all, at all,' 'desire' has but two syllables, any way you can fix it. Now such faults as these, together with various unpoetical thoughts and sundry untasteful and inartistic expressions, force us to say, a little or rather much of the "*labor time*," friend, before you come again. The subject is hallowed, and should have only the most skillful expression. . . . The article on "*Taking out a Half Sunday*," we cannot insert; its morals, or rather immoralities, are too bad; and we do hope O.M. has not told us in this the story of his *own wrong*, for we must be permitted to say that the hero-Senior, whoever he is, is an inexcusable scamp. . . . "*Fashionable Follies*" might have been written by a boarding school Miss, though such a writer would have had too much delicacy to say "when the East Indies disgorged its bowels of tropical luxuries on them," i. e., on Greece and Rome. We agree with the writer's principles, in the main, but we do think they could have been far more forcibly and accurately expressed. . . . Those "*Hudibrastic verses*" entitled, "*The Senior Rask*," were "*not dignified enough for the Magazine*," and so far from "*amusing some of the Editors*," they didn't elicit a *smile* even from *one* of them. It was quite too much trouble to find their "*apex*." . . . Of two poems, containing nearly four hundred and fifty lines each, one, "*The Islet Grave*," we cannot insert in this number because we haven't room, the other, the "*Temple of Poetry*," because we haven't the desire to. One like it might be manufactured on this wise: let a man take a dose of *Pope* once a day for a week or so; then a list of poets without arrangement, chronological or otherwise, Theocritus, Virgil, Spenser, Lu-somebody, (we might say Lucifer, but believe he is not a poet,) Horace, Boileau, Dryden, Butler, Johnson, Young, Pope, Churchill, Thomson, Cowper, Anacreon, Sappho, Pindar, Sophocles, Euripides, Corneille, Racine, Shakspeare, Homer, Milton; half of whose works he never read and likely never saw; some critiques, such as the world abounds with, on poets and poetry in general; a set of high-sounding epithets; the idea very indistinct and therefore very sublime and magnificent of a most unimaginable temple; and to season the whole, the firm belief that he is himself a poet; and you have a man prepared to write a jingle of four hundred and thirty-four lines,

; to his own numbering, in sound suspiciously resembling Pope, in sense
 ing nothing under heaven, beginning,

"In Fancy's airy realm, I care not where;"

different, on the whole, rather wanting in *unity* of place!

"Whether in earth or sea or liquid air."

sea liquid too! and what *air* isn't liquid?

"Or on the surface of the silver moon

Stands a bright dome to every poet known,

For thither oft on pinions light he soars."

its pinions! Made of goose quills, doubtless! Poor Pegasus will have to
 be in the stable,—poets after this will fly for themselves!

"Circles the coast, and all the fields explores."

coast! what fields! why of *the temple*, of course!

"And yet the onward wight, who asks the way."

the wight;" we should need some good authority for calling this poetry!

"Scarce fails to find his eager feet astray;

For they whom Sportive Fancy loves, alone

Have found her mansion, and her empire known."

uncy has given our temple-builder the mitten. But we cannot pursue again,
 we have done, the labyrinth of this wonderful temple. Reading the piece is
 without printing it. The same writer tries his hand at prose; and gives us
 pages on the affirmative of the very novel, interesting, and exciting question,
 "is religion of Mohammed," &c. We have forced ourselves through it, and
 you the trouble of doing so, Reader, we have kept it from the printer's
 . . Here is a *jeu d'esprit* on the model of "*Audacia*," an effervescence as
 small as a drop of ammonia, but which we may as well know of a chemical lecture on the same subject. It is from the same
 which penned the "Recipe for a Chemical Lecture," in this No. We wel-
 come the writer and all kindred spirits always to our pages.

AMMONIA.

(A PARODY ON A PARODY.)

Ammonia, this is the title

Of that good smell we love the best;

It is the means of cure most vital,

When wretched headaches us molest.

In tiresome church or rattling car,

I'll snuff thy fumes, Ammonia.

Ammo—mo—mo—monia,

Ammonia!

Go I unto a Chemic Lecture,
 Where sulphuretted hydrogen,
 Or other gases vile infect your
 Nose and throat and abdomen,
 While other people coughing are,
 I calmly snuff Ammonia, &c.

Whene'er my loved one feels peculiar,
 Grows dizzy and leans back her head,
 Into my arms I take my Julia,
 And hold unto her nostrils red,
 A bottle of Ammonia,
 Reviving, strong, Ammonia, &c.

If at a party I am dancing,
 My partner perfumed strong with "Rose,"
 Her charms essence-ially entrancing
 My senses all, except my nose,
 I stagger to a corner far,
 And, fainting, snuff Ammonia, &c.

And so through life I'll carry in my pocket
 A bottle of Ammonia;
 It there shall rest beside my Julia's locket,
 And both shall cheer me "when afar."
 If faint, I'll cry—Ammonia!
 Revived, I'll sing—Ammonia!
 Ammo—mo—mo—nia!
 Ammonia!

We welcome to our pages the authors of "Yale" and of the "Pleasures and Duties of College Life." In their pieces we see the right spirit manifested, and we raise little Oliver's cry of "More," for such good and appropriate things as the lines written in the laboratory, the "Poser for Linguists," and "Ammonia." . . . We regret that its length and our want of room excludes the essay on "Painting and Poetry." It has much merit and may appear in a future number.

We learn with regret that some of our readers have been somewhat dissatisfied with the contents of preceding numbers; on the ground particularly that the pieces inserted have been used on other occasions, and heard by portions of the students. Now we think that the Lit. should be prized quite as much for containing pieces which have been listened to with interest, of which the authors are known, and which will serve in after years as remembrancers of them, as for anything else. To us, the magazine is not so much an object of merely present interest, something to tickle the fancy for the passing moment, and then be thrown aside, as something to be recurred to in the future, when we are living over again these days and scenes. And as the editors cannot be expected to supply new matter enough themselves to fill the Magazine, they must select from the materials furnished them, what in their judgment is the best. If, then, pieces written for public occasions, orations, &c. &c., seem to be the most carefully prepared, and on the whole the best compositions, and

the best indices of the ability of the students, we can have no choice but to publish them. Don't complain then, till you send us for our pages things really more deserving than those we publish, and we reject them. Another complaint has been one equally groundless; viz: that the editors "cut up" pieces which *are sent* to them anonymously and *not* those given them personally by the authors. We do no such thing; we cut up pieces which deserve it, however they reach us. We have nothing to do, *as editors*, with anything but the actual comparative merit of the pieces, and their *adaptedness* to the *purposes* of the magazine. This we wish distinctly understood. This, and not favoritism or any like thing must be and is, the principle on which we discharge our editorial duties.

EXCHANGES and non-exchanges. "The Pacific" greets us from San Francisco. It is a weekly paper—motto; "*First pure, then peaceable—without partiality, and without hypocrisy.*" "Rev. J. W. Douglass, Proprietor." May its influence be widely felt for good in that far distant region! The "Law Reporter" being rather out of our line, we can only say we take it for granted it is all right: at any rate it's right on hand. We were indebted some time since to the N. Y. Daily Times, and the Yale Banner for reliable information as to the number and names of students at Yale. A publication entitled "Catalogue of the Officers and students of Yale College," has *quite lately* appeared. On comparing this with the former we find it in the main correct. We believe this is published at intervals, by the college, and by the way would suggest that we editors deserve as "perquisites" copies of Phi Beta Kappa Orations and Poems, and all other college publications; and in this connection respectfully and modestly suggest to the faculty, whether it wouldn't be for their advantage in increasing the sale of catalogues, if they should secure a puff from us by just *sending us a pretty plump quota gratis!* And now, OLD KNICK! we come to your case: you're said to be usually "around," but some how you don't visit our table as you used to. Why is this? The old governor on our cover and yourself we should think very well fitted to exchange visits once a month, especially since you've got one of our old corps to stay your aged steps. Suppose we try it and see!

Our editorial compliments *on behalf* of our favored colleague are respectfully extended to certain young ladies—"fine girls"—of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. The receipt of a catalogue is acknowledged, and thanks returned for its descriptive *illuminations*. The request of the young ladies shall be granted. The allusion to "Cicero" is not comprehended,—please explain. Our "communications" shall be addressed as directed, but is it not a little exacting to require "the name, age, and general characteristics" of the writer?

We have been unexpectedly delayed in getting out this Number; it should have appeared a day sooner,—but "circumstances *alters* cases," as the old lady said, and "*so mote it be.*" We ask your pardon, Readers, and by way of conciliation, wish you all a joyful vacation, a MERRY CHRISTMAS, and a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Award of the Yale Literary Premium.

THE present Board of Editors having appointed Rev. CHESTER S. LYMAN, of the Class of 1837, one of the Editors of the first volume of this Magazine, and HENRY B. HARRISON, Esq., of the Class of 1846, one of the Editors of the eleventh volume, a Committee to act in connection with one of their own number, in awarding the Prize offered in June last ;—subsequently received the following

REPORT.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE :—

The committee appointed to award the Premium placed at the disposal of the editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, would simply say, that having examined the ten compositions submitted to them, they have no hesitation in regarding as most worthy of the prize, the piece signed ZWINGLE, and entitled

“THE GREATER DISTINCTIONS IN STATESMANSHIP.”

At the same time they deem it but just to say, that, in their opinion, a large portion of the remaining articles possess unusual merit.

It may also not be improper to remark, that in making their decision, the committee were governed only by a regard to Literary excellence, without reference to the subject ; although, knowing the wish of the conductors of the Magazine to encourage the selection of topics of a less grave or ambitious cast, the committee would have been pleased to decide in favor of a composition on a subject more appropriate to the general scope of the magazine, had a due regard to the other qualities of good writing left them at liberty to do so.

CHESTER S. LYMAN,
HENRY B. HARRISON,
DANIEL C. GILMAN.

New Haven, December 20, 1851.

The envelope inscribed “ZWINGLE,” was then broken at a meeting of the Editors, and

ANDREW D. WHITE, OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.

a member of the Junior Class, was found to be the successful competitor, and to him the Premium is accordingly awarded.

VOL. XVII.

No. IV.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



*"Illumine meo gremio nunc, domini laudibus Yalem
Cavalent Scolas, unanimes Patres."*

FEBRUARY, 1852.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

WEEKLY.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

FEBRUARY, 1852.

No. IV.

The Antiquary.

THE thoughts which are suggested to the mind, as we hear the epithet "Old Antiquarian," are somewhat peculiar and interesting. Fancy immediately pictures to us an aged man, bent by years, though still possessed of that strength which accompanies busy old age, his countenance stern and severe like one whose days have been passed in toilsome study and with an eye shrewd and piercing. Garments of dingy brown, made in a style long past, a wig well powdered and arranged with scrupulous precision upon his head, and a slouched hat are the ideas we form of his dress. There is a mysticism thrown around his life, a retirement in his manner, and an ignorance of his pursuits which cause the world to think lightly of him, and to condemn his labors. The Antiquary has been considered a person who, though having an existence in this present time, has his life and conversation in some distant period of the Past; as one who despises the Present since it is an innovator and destroys the olden customs he values so highly. We have been wont to imagine him as one seeking useless curiosities, which he prizes according to their age, as searching for words which are stricken in years, and which long since fulfilled their office, and are now without a meaning. We have imagined him as one who belonged to a past age, and whose business was to collect all that could be saved from the ruins of that age; as a man necessarily without foresight or prudence, since his thoughts run backward rather than forward. And how came we by such ideas? We have seen the Antiquary's outward life, have marked his diligence, and wondered at his employment, and from these we have formed our opinion of him.

We have been so amused at the description of Jonathan Oldbuck's *sanctum sanctorum*, and the humorous enumeration of the trumpery it contained, we have not stopped to inquire whether any advantages have resulted from such an unintelligible medley, but have supposed as a matter of course, that the collection was as useless as the confusion was complete, and satisfied with the conclusion, without further thought, we have considered that the whole purpose of the Antiquary might be summed up by saying, in the words of Burns,

" He had a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airt caps and jingling jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmout guid;
An parritch-pata, and auld saut buckets,
Before the flood."

But are we right in this conclusion? Is the office of the Antiquary the mere gathering together of odd scraps which have outlasted the desolations of time, and in searching out ancient rites and customs? No. The Antiquary has a higher office than this. His labors are neither unnatural nor useless, for they appeal to the native instincts of man, and result in his increased elevation, wisdom and power. And though his peculiarities are striking, and his manner of life odd, yet we must commend his motive and zeal, and thank him for the valuable results of his untiring labors.

I have said that the Antiquary acted in obedience to natural impulse. There is in the mind of man a principle of inquisitiveness, as well as of activity, and it quite as often exerts itself in retracing the past, as in fathoming the future. But this is not all. There is an involuntary attachment for things which long since had an existence and have passed away. We view with awe the monument which pierces the sky, and though we know little of the hands that formed it, we reverence it for its remote antiquity and its mystery. We regard with superstitious veneration the ages of our forefathers, and we respect and honor the precepts they inculcate with an obedience akin to that which the youth offers to the gray hairs of age. We seldom view but with pleasure—a melancholy pleasure it may be—the venerable memorials of former times. And it is the encouragement which has been induced by this attachment to antiquity, that has cheered the Antiquarian in his pursuits, and spurred him on to unwearied diligence.

The Antiquary administers to our enjoyment. He delights and pleases us. Looking back through the distance of centuries, our vision obscured by a dimness which history alone can dispel, we gaze with pleas-

urable emotions upon the splendor and magnificence of feudal chivalry,—we listen to the incidents of manly knighthood, and the generous hospitality and gorgeous munificence of former days with a romantic pleasure, and though we do not wish those days back again, with the darkness and serfdom which accompanied them, yet the bright scenes of their splendor and festivity cannot fail to charm us. The imagination is excited to its utmost extent by the fearful solemnities of gothic superstition, and the magic and incantations we behold in the legends of the North, as they are revealed to us not by history, but by the search of the Antiquary. We study the history of ancient days, and derive not only profit and useful information, but also pleasure. From what we know of the past, we can judge that greater knowledge would give increased satisfaction. If we derive pleasure from knowing the history of Agamemnon; why not in knowing that of the mighty kings who reigned before him? Are we satisfied in gazing upon the ruins of Herculaneum? No; we would ask whose bones are there entombed, and whose titles have sounded in those palaces. We would know more accurately of the proud Incas who once held sway in Peru, and of the great and mighty Montezumas, who ruled in Mexico ages before the days of Cortes. But how can we gain these things? How enjoy the pleasure such knowledge would afford? History is silent, tradition long since ceased its office. They must remain unknown forever, unless the Antiquary in his restless search penetrates the thick veil of ages, and brings to light the buried memorials of the Past.

Antiquarian research is useful. Great and important are the advantages which have resulted to history and science, by the critical examinations of ancient remains. New ideas—new to us, though, perhaps, well known to our predecessors, have been obtained; doubtful points have been illustrated or confirmed; truth released from the jealousy of the times or the partiality of historians, has been made apparent. And is there nothing in the past worthy our attention and study? The men of great minds who by their intellectual greatness illumined the dark ages of ancient superstition and ignorance, not only demand our gratitude for the past, but we are compelled to look to them, in the present, as the great masters of science and art, to whom we must go as our best and most perfect models. Those ancient historians, philosophers, orators and poets have instructed us for centuries, and we can ill do without them even now. The man who would deride their usefulness or depreciate the benefits they have conferred upon the race, is either ignorant of their virtues or over-boastful of his own. I am not willing to grant that no good can result from a study of ancient manners, nor can I assert that we have not already gained from the ancients information and

customs most valuable to us, for we know full well that in architecture, law, logic, poetry and eloquence, we are but their imitators, and our present excellence should convince us that we have chosen subjects capable of successful imitation.

Antiquarian labors are necessary. History is cold, severe and fastidious. It omits all the minor and trifling actions of life, which work the real character both of individuals and nations, and which have a great, though secret influence upon events. The Antiquarian remedies the defects of history, seizes upon subjects neglected by or unknown to the historian, and gives them their proper position and importance. Tradition is faithful only for a time, but without history finally makes a record, we lose not only the coloring and expression, but also the facts themselves which traditionary story strives in vain to perpetuate. It devolves upon the Antiquary to collect these remnants and give them to the historian and philosopher.

I have said that antiquarian research affords both pleasure and benefit. These results, which are a necessary consequence of a study of the past, may be infinitely increased. By making our investigations local the pleasure is immeasurably heightened. Gazing upon the monuments left by our fathers, though we may not fully appreciate the feelings of those who reared them, we cherish an instinctive pride. Even the rude materials wrought from the flinty stone by the Indian for convenience or defense, invest the soil where they are found with an additional interest. The relics of our homes and families have peculiar charms. It may be a sword used by an ancestor in a revolutionary struggle; it may be a silver shoe buckle, which has been handed down for generations from father to son. However small or trivial in themselves they are beyond price, if their possessors have but the common instincts of our nature. Cultivating this love for the relics of the past, we are also cultivating a greater spirit of loyalty, a greater love for the spot with which they are connected, and a greater affection for our homes. The Catholics have wisely and shrewdly calculated upon this feeling, and the influence of their hundreds of sacred relics, so intimately associated with the memory of Christ and the Apostles, whether genuine or pretended, is immense upon the popular mind.

Let us look about us and notice the extent of this feeling. We may go through our College Library and as we look at the shelves upon shelves of accumulated lore, we wonder at the industry and product of the human mind, but as we stand before the remnant of those old, original volumes which constituted the foundation of our college, a feeling of reverence and veneration takes possession of us; they are different from

the other volumes which surround them, yes, and they should be more valued by the college than the thousands of books which have been collected there, for the costlier volumes of a later day can be restored, but those which were dedicated by pious men to the establishment of our college could never be replaced. That homely chair which has outlived not so much the destruction of time, as the vandalism of man, has an interest that costly furniture can never possess. And as we look upon it and think of its history, do we not consider it something more than so much wood? There is something in these college relics, few as they are, which carries our minds back to the scenes of the past, which heightens our pleasure in our present walks, and which kindles in our hearts a warmth and enthusiastic attachment toward our Alma Mater, which will cling to us through life.

And as we look around and consider the changes of a hundred and fifty years, the changes in customs, peculiarities and discipline, the changes of men and things in our college world, may we not ask where are the relics which should trace their history, which should point out to the eye the differences in manners and customs, and substantiate or refute the many traditionary accounts, so vague and unintelligible, which come to us? Shame, we would say, upon the Vandal spirit which has left unnoticed, or yet worse, assisted in the destruction of mementoes which would now be invaluable. Some of the older nations of the globe can trace their history and the character of different periods by the collections of coins which they have gathered, but at a place like this, where relics of olden college days would be so highly appreciated, where can be found a receptacle even for a collection of any kind?

The same disregard for the past is manifest in the world around us. By the exercise of a proper antiquarian spirit, by that appreciation of the past which is due to it, how interesting might almost every spot in our land become. How many of our villages can show the original document of parchment signed by the white men and the rude cross which served for the "mark" of the red man? How many have yet in faithful preservation the records of their early existence? Few we think, and as we behold the spirit of neglect which the present manifests to the past we may well wish those antiquarians who have so amused us with their oddities a hundred fold more numerous than they are. We are a people of intelligence and learning, and yet the first book ever printed in our country—John Elliott's Bible in the Indian tongue—only exists in name, while the language is now unknown. Would not a copy of that old Bible be a priceless possession? useless though it be in a practical sense, and though gazing upon it we might not be able to de-

cipher a single character, would it not tell a thrilling tale of the fervor and missionary earnestness of that "Indian Apostle?"

We would say then in conclusion, that every Antiquarian end should be nourished and cultivated, for the cause is a worthy one. though we cannot but deprecate the immediate past for its neglig tracing out and handing down the customs of the more remote p the present promises valuable service. Instead of antiquaries w Antiquarian Societies, composed of the intelligence and liberality land and patronized by governments themselves.

And as we see these associations taking possession of the field occupied by the individual antiquary, we would offer an acknowledgment of our appreciation of his services, and our thanks for the pains and benefits he has afforded. He had his peculiarities and defects: if it were necessary to offer an apology, we might plead the circumstances which surrounded him and the obstacles against which he contended. If his learning was partial and his sentiments bigoted, it was a consequence inseparable from so ardent an attachment to any single subject. If he was jealous of his own opinions, let us consider that his way was forced through a wilderness without landmarks or guides, and the results of his search as hidden as the sources of the Nile. Yet he accomplished much, and the study of antiquities has now become a handmaid to history, Poetry and Science.

W. V.

A Voice of Praise from All.

I.

A voice of praise from all! the balmy spring,
Which gently whispereth of hope and love,
Seems on its softly sighing gale to bring
A pure, mute offering for the throne above.
Its buds and blossoms to the zephyr bending,
Bird-voices thrilling through the wood paths dim,
Have one rich anthem to high heaven ascending,
In fervent adorations unto Him!

II.

A voice of praise from all! the summer's glow,
Its verdant bowers o'er-shading hill and glen,
Its flow'rets, from the daisy meekly low,
To the proud rose which glads the home of men,

The bleating flocks and lowing herds retreating
 From mid-day heat to some cool, tranquil stream
 Winding through mossy rocks, are all repeating
 A hymn in honor of the great Supreme !

III.

A voice of praise from all ! when autumn's hour
 Of brief, bright glory holds its magic sway,
 The fading leaf, the rainbow tinted flower,
 Bow to their God, ere passing to decay.
 The maple, while sad nature doth enrobe her
 In gold and crimson, as a gorgeous pall,
 Shows forth His goodness ! oh, beloved October,
 'Tis thy *te deum* seems the best of all !

IV.

A voice of praise from all ! the winter cold
 With icy heart enclosed in snowy shroud,
 Of wisdom, might and power, as oft hath told,
 As spring with all her milder charms endowed !
 The bleak, wild tempest in stern fury rushing
 Through the dead forest branches white with rime,
 Speaks ! as the silvery fount does, glittering, gushing,
 O'er the fresh turf of some sun-smiling clime.

V.

Oh ! if a voice of prayer and praise is ever
 Rising from this fair world unto the skies,
 If seasons with their offerings still endeavor
 To find acceptance in Jehovah's eyes,
 Why should not man, with soul and hopes undying,
 Turn from the selfish path he long hath trod,
 And bid his thoughts, from earth-born wishes flying,
 "Look up from Nature unto Nature's God !"

~~~~~  
 Poser for Linguists.

3 Latin sentence in the December number, which for the puzzle-  
 of sub-seniors was left untranslated, is rendered as follows :

YOU WISH TO KNOW WHO SUFFERED, (IT WAS) THE LIFE ; WHAT, THE  
 1 ; WHY, THAT YOU MAY LIVE ; FOR LOVE OF WHOM, OF MEN.

### Forest Leaves.

"I can pass days

Stretched in the shade of those old cedar-trees,  
Watching the sunshine like a blessing fall,—  
The breeze like music wandering o'er the boughs,  
Each tree a natural harp,—each different leaf,  
A different robe, blend in one vast thanksgiving."

HALF my boyish days were passed in the forests of New England, and why should I not love them? There is a period within my memory when I feared the gloomy recesses of the wood, and looked with simple wonder at the great oaken arms they stretched above me.

But then my courage grew with my years, and I knew no pleasure like the wild freedom of the woods—no scenes more cheerful and attractive than their most secluded and shady spots; and until I was called by the stern demands of my future welfare to forsake the old and hallowed haunts of boyhood and immure myself in Academic walls, I felt no abatement in my taste for sylvan scenery. Time, it is true, has now dissipated some of the poetry of early fancy, and has dried up some of those fountains of feeling—that flood of deep, irrepressible, unwritten and unspoken emotion—yet I still love no scenery in Nature better, and derive from none so many thoughts which speak in varied and typical language of the past, of the present, and of the future.

I often wander through the woods in the Spring; for I love to hear the warbling of the birds, and see the buds swelling into life, and feel the warm winds wooing back the summer, while the gurgling brooks lend their gentle voices to swell the mellow harmony of Nature; and I feel that the old, trite comparison of youth and Spring is not so vulgar and unmeaning as use has made it; for Spring brings back to mind the days and thoughts and feelings of boyhood, and peoples memory with seeming dreams—which are not dreams, but strange realities—a recollection of the past, when Spring came, and I used to range the woods clothed in their new verdure, and feel a fervid flood of gladness and deep joy and love of Nature, which did not resolve itself into forms of thought, but came and went like a tide of living emotion.

Spring has not the burning heat of Summer, nor the cold winds of Winter. Youth is not wearied with the cares and toils of middle life, chilled by the failing energies and sorrow of declining years, or bleak with the lonely desolation of age. The forest buds burst into fresh and beautiful verdure, nor is there anything to remind us that the future

must be desolate again, save the dry leaves beneath our feet, and they are hidden by the gay foliage of Spring. The hopes and aspirations of youth expand before us into a reality, and nothing points our thoughts to toil and sorrow and the tomb, save here and there some aged man—a fragment from the wreck of time which we pass unheeded and forget. It is well for human happiness that we so little heed the future, and are not soon forgetful of the past. Days of my youth!—green forest leaves growing on the trees of time, waving beautifully in the golden light of Spring, fade not in my memory! Ah, Memory! thou art a fruitful source of pleasure! How often wafted by thy winds the receding tide of youth returns to lave our weariness! And thou Spring! great type of youth, with all thy pleasant scenes though ever elsewhere beautiful, thou hast no charms like those thou hangest on the staunch old monarchs of the wood.

I love the Summer forests. Gratefully they spread their wide expanse of shade, and the tall trees open a welcome refuge from the sun. I feel a secret pleasure as I sit beneath them, and recall the scenes of Spring. I love the full-grown forest leaves, dancing in the Summer wind. I am wont to watch their shadows, and see how fantastically they sport with the warm sunshine. There is in this an emblem of the light and shade, the joys and sorrows of life. I love to have dreams steal upon my slumbers, and to hear the indistinct low rustle of the leaves unceasingly flow in upon my ears. It is a noble sight to see the forest, in the summer's landscape, glistening in the morning and evening sun, and seeming like a vast pile of verdure towering against the sky, and vocal with the songs of many birds. It is a pleasure to range the woods, and drink in a part of Nature's beauty, and feel something of her greatness and splendor. I love the summer forests as emblems, and I love them for themselves. They are the types of manhood, and they also seem to throw their shade around, and shield us from the sun, as friends are wont to clothe themselves in sympathy, and coming hang around a gentle soothing influence, which half subdues our sorrow. The leaves too are beautiful to me; and the gray mossy trunks of the great wood-leviathans, clad with the clustering vines that climb their stalworth sides, and embrace them with such confidence, are emblems all may read.

But Autumn clothes the forests in their most beautiful drapery. If we were not accustomed to such scenery, how magnificent would seem the painted foliage of our forests! How the rich colors blend harmoniously together! How skillfully Nature paints the landscape, dipping her pencil in the frosts of winter, and imparting to each leaf her magic hues! But this hectic flush upon the face of Nature is but the presage of her

desolation. The leaves are decked in gorgeous colors for their tomb. There is something in this mockery of beauty, in the falling foliage, in the sharp rustle of the leaves, in the pale sunbeams and cool air of Autumn, to tinge our thoughts with sadness. The blighted verdure has a similitude to the waning life of man, and there is something to call up the remembrance of his earlier days, to remind him of the bursting buds of Spring and the vigor of Summer, and to point him forward to the tomb. The withered leaves of Autumn—dumb, yet eloquent relics of the past—tost by rude winds decaying and forgotten, are emblems of the end of man! I love the beauty of the Autumn with all its sadness. I love the withered leaves, and their noisy rattle, as they crumble to my tread, is musical to me. I am glad to see them fade and fall, until the beauty of the forest is strewn upon the earth and dead; for a sad voice seems to warn me, "Earth is not thy home."

Where is beauty when stern Winter reigns, and rides triumphant on the milky pinions of his storms! There is a wild beauty in desolation, and I love the forests still, though stripped of all their verdure. I have wandered often in the gloom of wintery twilight through the storm-tossed woods, and have heard the tempest roar above me, and seen the trees, like giants in the gathering shades, throw up their brawny arms towards heaven, as if to supplicate the spirit of the storm. Then they have bowed before its power, and I have heard the crash of oaken limbs, as the tempest tore them from their ancient seats; while clouds of withered leaves went by, like the demons of the tempest hurrying past. Then I have held converse with the storm; and Nature in her wildest mood hath spoken. And often dark and gloomy shadows have seemed to fall around me, and to point me to the storms of age; and a slow and sullen fear has come upon me. But a coming Spring has cheered my thoughts, and through the gloomy shades of life have beamed the hopes of an eternal future.

That was a beautiful conception of the ancients, which peopled every forest and each tree with fairies. What a charm the woods must have had to those who believed that little, invisible deities were sporting all around and above them, and were watching from their leafy thrones their every action, and listening to their every word! How gaily they spent their lives—those fairies—fitting among the boughs, and reeling their nightly dances together upon some broad leaf, and then hiding away by day! I love to dream of their wild freaks, and the freedom and happiness of fairy life. I wish I could convince myself of their being, for I should love to feel that earth had such guileless, happy creatures. But what matter if fays have perished from the thoughts of men! The

woods have fairies even now. For when I see Master Squirrel peep down so cunningly behind the leaves through some fork in the limbs, looking so shrewd and knowing, and dodging back so quickly when discovered, to chatter to himself and me, in some safe retreat of his, I am willing enough to receive the little rogue into my list of fairies. And when I see the gentle birds, so kind and attentive to their mates and young, and warbling so cheerfully in the morning and evening air, speaking a clear, melodious tongue which I cannot interpret, but which Nature hears and understands, building their nests like so many tiny thrones among the leaves, and floating about on their painted pinions, seeming so happy and so beautiful—I imagine that after all I have the secret of the ancient fairy-world, and that the self-same fairies dwell with us as lived of yore. They certainly are as harmless and as happy, and float along as gracefully and as beautifully as the fairies used to do. Oh! a glorious little people were those fairies of old; and a charming people are those who live with us, and make the forest echo with their joyous notes! The birds are my fays, and I ask none better. I ask no richer music than their songs—no gayer wood-mates than they have been.

I love the music of the woods, for it always sounds concordant with my feelings. The whispering of the trees in Summer are pleasant sounds; for their soft harmonious members calm my weary thoughts, and throw a spell of rest around; and the rustling noise of Autumn that has a note of sadness in its sound is pleasant, for it seems to speak with mournful voices of the Summer's joy and gladness, while a dread of winter vibrates on the air. But their voice in Winter half fills my mind with fear, for the howling of the storm among the naked trees is a solemn sound, and the deep sighing of the pines falls like a sad requiem at the grave of Nature. Such are the notes the forests lend to swell the unceasing anthem of the elements.

I have said the woods brought back the memory of the past. They were my early haunts, and the scene of many a boyish exploit. Each bank and nook and rock and tree has tales to tell of other days. I walk out in the Spring sunshine. I sit down upon the great, mossy rock, where I have sat a thousand times before. The same familiar trees rear their massive trunks around me, the same pebbles are at my feet, the same shrubs and evergreens are there. The generation of children who have followed me, have left mounds and enclosures and stores of broken glass under the sheltering rock, which look like those I left behind when I was called away from these old scenes. The descendants of the birds who used to sing in harmony with my pure childish thoughts, unconscious yet sublime anthems to Nature, are wooing their mates above me.

I read through the moss the rude initials which I chiseled long ago. The little fort that cost us days of playful toil to rear upon the summit of the rock, has fallen into ruin, and its mimic battlements lie scattered all around. The great oak which overhangs the rock, is covered well with scars, for my initials are not alone. Oh! how tenderly memory lingers round the playmates of our childhood! How we recall little incidents in the early history of each, and trace in the character which they have earned a resemblance to that of their childhood. Some have carved their names near the earth, but two are cut above the rest. I have not forgotten the day these were inscribed, when in boyish rivalry we challenged one another to place our names as high as each might dare; nor how, when only one remained, I climbed until the topmost limbs of that huge, old tree bent beneath my weight, and left mine there; nor how chagrined I felt when a daring fellow, the last, had climbed above me. Since then we have met, and in Academic honors his name is still above my own. How memory lingers also by some little graves, and drops a tear of kindness there! That old oak has a list of autographs, which are invaluable memorials of the past. What a record is written there! How it summons up legions of buried recollections! How it recalls scenes and exploits, friendships and thoughts which were forgotten. I read those initials. At length my eye rests upon two traced together. One is my own, the other sacred to my heart. I had not forgotten her, but I did not remember that her name was there. How the little monuments we sometimes thoughtlessly leave behind us serve to call back the past! For I can now remember the day when I engraved the simple record. There was not a bird in the whole forest with a song more gladsome than the voice of sister Ella. How I hear its clear notes reverberate among the oaks, till the whole wood—rocks, trees and all seem to join in her merry laugh. There was not a being in the whole world more joyously gay and free and happy than Ella. I will not say her golden hair and expressive face, her bright eyes and form of light were beautiful. I will not say she was pure and gentle. But if it were not so, earth has no beauty, no purity, no gentleness. They say the beautiful and good are first to die. I believe it is true, for disease came upon sister Ella. All Winter long she faded, and when Spring came, they told me she must die. But when the flowers bloomed, and the soft Spring air came, it checked the ebbing tide, and Nature seemed to rally. Once we walked the old familiar path, and sat us down to rest on this gray stone. The woods were vocal with the wild bird's song, but her voice was not, as of old, above it, but soft and subdued—it sounded not like a funeral note, but as the music of that great choir to which she hastened. Then she spoke,

and bade me carve our names together on the oak. "It might be childish fancy," she said, "but it was pleasant standing on the verge of time to hope that those whom we must leave behind would not soon forget us." And she said that earth was fading from her view, that she soon must bid these scenes farewell forever, that she must leave her orphan brother here alone, and she would that parting she might leave behind her in these old haunts of ours some token, that perchance coming thither when time had obscured her memory, (for she knew that I should not *forget* her,) I might renew a sweet communion with the past, and often think of her. I did her bidding silently and sadly. Then the poor, frail girl and her sad brother sat together there, and thought and spoke of the past—its joys and sorrows—its scenes and hopes—their love and their loneliness—but of the future they were silent, for they durst not speak but by their sobs. To that old retreat we came no more. That night they hurried me from my couch; and Ella's last efforts were to throw her arms around my neck, and whisper "Farewell, my Brother!" A little church-yard bordering on that wood, received her dust. Thenceforth the wood and the rock and the old oak were forsaken; but for many a day, at evening a boyish figure stole through the village church-yard, and sat with bowed head beneath an old willow, which mingled its long and sweeping tresses with the tall grass and shrubs that grew above a new-made grave.

I know not why, but I did forget that I had left upon that oak such a memorial; and when at last time had softened down my grief for Ella, and I saw it still remaining there, all the dark tide of bitterness flowed back upon me, and I sat down and wept till the fountains of my tears were dried. A path that leads to the church-yard winds through this forest and often going thither I pause beneath the oak to look at that memorial, for the thoughts that steal upon me there are not like those that little mound and marble slab inspire. I always drop a tear and I think that place most sacred to her memory, and if her spirit ever smiles on earth and me, that it lingers long and gladly there. Farewell, sweet sister Ella!

I love to see the woodman busy in his work of ruin, and the sturdy trees falling before his strokes; not that I wish to see such desolation, but I am pleased to know that what is so beautiful also has so many uses. For we know that the staunch ships that beat the waves in pride, and travel far away upon the waters, are ribbed with oak; and that noble structures, and the dwellings where we live come from the forests. And I am fond too, of sitting in some old, oaken, easy chair before the blazing hearth, that laughs your stores of anthracite to scorn, and is so gener-

ous of its heat, and throws out such a dream-compelling influence; and I recollect with pride that half the cheer and comfort of the fireside come from the forest. I love the woods of New England, and next to them the old, primeval, western forests, through which generations of the Indians roamed before our time, and which have seen the white man's villages spring up around, and still are undespoiled.

The old ancestral trees which my fathers saw in youth, in manhood, and in age, and which have looked down upon those whom I have loved and lost, seem too hallowed for the axe to touch. When I look on these and feel that however long I may live, they will remain and wave above my grave, there is no sadness in the thought that I must sleep beneath their shade by Ella's side.

A. G.

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### The National Observatory.

OF the many objects of interest in our Metropolis, few leave a more permanent impression than the National Observatory. Not only does the devotee of Science delight to find such an evidence of enlarged views in the Public Functionaries, as is indicated by its erection, but even the visitor unacquainted with the mysteries of the starry heavens, is interested in its beautiful instruments, and appreciates its usefulness.

Its origin was humble, as is frequently the case with institutions that are afterwards of vast importance; the first Observatory being a small frame building, fourteen by thirteen feet, erected upon Capitol Hill, under the direction of Lieut. Gillis, an Astronomer of much promise, and who now has charge of the Astronomical expedition to Chili. Its object was to benefit the United States Exploring Expedition, then about starting upon its perilous voyage under Capt. Wilkes, by affording corresponding culminations of the moon, thereby enabling them to find the difference of longitude. A Transit Instrument and a Siderial clock formed the nucleus of a collection, that now occupies no mean place among the Observatories of the world. Other instruments were added by degrees, and it soon became evident that a permanent Observatory was demanded by the country and the times, and a suggestion to this effect was accordingly made to the Secretary of the Navy.

The Government, with praiseworthy liberality, immediately ordered the erection of a substantial and suitable structure.

The present Observatory, beautifully situated upon an eminence about half a mile west from the President's House, resulted from that order.

The building stands upon the left bank of the Potomac and is surrounded by an area of seventeen acres, which is in a rapid state of improvement, and will form a lovely spot at no distant day. The view from the dome of the building is one of rare beauty; the Potomac, issuing from the rocky hills above Georgetown, here spreads out into a stream nearly a mile in width, and with many a white sail resting upon its bosom, may be followed by the eye as the blue waters roll by parts the city, and murmur beneath the battlements of Fort Washington fourteen miles below. The hills of Maryland and Virginia arise on either side, some crowned with handsome residences, and others still occupied by forests. To the northwest may be seen the famed "Heights" of Georgetown, and the Catholic college, while to the east the city of "Magnificent distances" spreads its "united villages." The President's House and the various Departments are to the left, and farther off the Capitol rears its beautiful symmetrical form, between which and the Observatory are the Smithsonian Institute and the Washington Monument, situated upon the "Mall"—a vacant space hereafter to be ornamented with trees for a drive and promenade. This situation both affords a fine field for Astronomical observations, and delights the eye of the visitor by the softened beauty of the scenery.

The building is of brick, and consists of a main structure with wings on the east and west as well as an offset to the south. Attached is the residence of the Superintendent, Lieut. Maury, a beautiful and convenient edifice, the whole being painted a cream color and presenting a handsome appearance.

The first floor of the main edifice is occupied by the various officers connected with the institution, one of whom is constantly prepared to show visitors through the apartments. We first enter the west wing in which is the west Transit, a beautiful seven feet, achromatic instrument of exquisite finish. A stranger can scarcely appreciate the delicate workmanship requisite in Astronomical apparatus, and the patience and labor demanded in using them. The observer lies upon his back on a convenient couch placed beneath the Transit, and with his eye applied to the eye-piece is enabled to mark the passage of the star across the delicate wires. There are in this wing also one or two Astronomical clocks, and the important Magnetic clock of Prof. Locke. The latter is destined to effect a very considerable improvement in the labors of an Observatory, and is deserving of separate mention. In the south addition is the Prime Vertical Transit, and in the east wing are the Meridian and Mural Circles, both beautiful and costly instruments. The Telescope is situated in the dome and is an instrument of large size, having a focal distance of

fourteen feet, and an aperture of nine inches ; it is equatorially mounted, thereby keeping pace with the motions of the body under observation, and so delicately is the whole arranged, that the entire instrument, weighing near a ton, can be moved by the pressure of one finger. The dome revolves, and thus every portion of the heavens is brought under inspection, the observer being seated in an elevated chair of ingenious construction.

The view of the starry firmament afforded by this tube, is truly grand. The planets are brought so near as to reveal their tiny satellites, while the moon astonishes us with its rugged surface. But the most sublime spectacle is beheld when its wonderful glasses are directed to the faint nebula or clusters of stars ; these mere specks in the blue ether are expanded into countless suns, seeming to cover a space as large as our heavens, and each beaming as brightly as the Evening Star. The mind wanders on through vast systems of worlds to those still more remote, and even here finds no termination ; until at last weary with its flight, and lost in the immensity of creation it returns gladly to our little earth.

The Observatory, through the perseverance and ability of Lieutenant Maury, has at this early period accomplished results that enable it to compare favorably with institutions of a similar character in other parts of the Globe. On the announcement of the discovery of the planet Neptune or Le Verrier in 1846, it was conjectured that it might have been previously noted by astronomers ; observers at Washington accordingly traced its path back in the heavens until they found that the identical planet had been observed by Lalande, and considered by him a fixed star ; this happy thought and its successful accomplishment gave them the benefit of observations fifty years old, and enabled them to compute its orbit and periodical time with considerable exactness.

Another result was the discovery that Biele's comet consisted of two parts, which was observed in Washington in 1846.

Lieut. Maury is a man of much and varied learning, and of unceasing industry. When he entered upon the duties of his office, the building was scarcely completed, and everything was in the greatest confusion ; his instruments were out of order, and required his personal examination ; his assistants were to be instructed in their various departments ; observations were to be made in rooms which the mason and painter had but recently vacated ; laborious and intricate calculations were to be gone through with while the carpenters' hammer was ringing in the adjoining apartment ; chronometers were to be rated, and the various instruments for observation at sea prepared, while the vessel was weighing anchor ; and in the midst of all stars were to be catalogued, and a year-

ly report to be prepared. Yet the indomitable perseverance of the superintendent accomplished all; he exerted himself while others were enjoying midnight slumbers; he labored here, and encouraged there, planned, calculated and wrote, and as he remarks, "was often obliged to send the nominative off to the printer before he had taken the verb from the inkstand."

To his labors, chiefly, we owe the present flourishing condition of the Institution.

One of the most useful of Lieut. Maury's labors at the Observatory, is the preparation of his "wind and current charts." He had long known of the existence of various currents in the Ocean and had formed the opinion that these might be made serviceable to the mariner. He first turned his attention to the great "Ocean river," or Gulf stream; the results of his investigation were made known in an interesting paper read before the American Association at its meeting in Washington a few years since, in which he accounted for the current upon the principle that had been previously offered to explain the phenomena of the Trade Winds; a theory that has since been generally adopted.

A vast number of "Logs" were collected from vessels in the government and merchant service, all the observations in which, upon currents and winds were recorded, especially noting those instances in which the voyage had been shorter than usual. Upon comparing these he discovered that in parts of the Ocean there were currents and winds nearly constant in their direction; that these might be united, forming a connected series, and that by availing himself of their aid, the mariner might be spared many weary days of Ocean life.

The charts have been completed at infinite labor, more than one thousand vessels having been engaged at times in connection with the Observatory; the largest corps of observers ever under the direction of one man. They have been furnished to ships about starting on long voyages, on condition that the records should be forwarded to the Department. From a careful examination of these, confirmed by repeated trials, it has been satisfactorily ascertained that by pursuing the course marked out upon these charts, a vessel in the course of a long voyage may save several weeks of valuable time.

Their vast usefulness is apparent, for not only is the saving of time an important consideration, but the perils of sea-life are partially removed, by avoiding those latitudes in which experience has shown the prevalence of head winds and squalls.

The whaling interest has been especially promoted, since particular care

was taken to ascertain the course and localities of the sea-monsters, since they are known to be somewhat directed by the "ocean streams."

Such is a brief sketch of an Institution that has sprung into usefulness within a few short years. That it may long continue to reveal the beauty and immensity of the heavens, and by rendering us better acquainted with the "wide waste of Ocean," lessen the danger and toil of the mariner, must surely be the wish of each. For although its services may appear partial, as chiefly benefitting commerce and the cause of science, still every one must be raised so far above that narrowness of mind that looks not beyond self, as to feel a conscious pride in the enlightenment that can patronize, and the ability that can successfully conduct, an American National Observatory.

H. C. H.

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### A Smile.

Amid the reckless race of life,  
Where all are pressing to the goal,  
And crowding in the eager strife  
Alike impatient of control,  
How sweet to turn aside awhile  
From scenes where toil is striving yet,  
And in one gentle, kindly smile,  
Life's cares and turmoils all forget.

What reck we of the storms without,  
Though gathering clouds obscure the sky,  
And barks are wildly tossed about,  
The rocks at hand, no beacon nigh?  
That gentle smile still lights our way,  
A hand within our own is prest,  
The tempests one soft word obey,  
And surging billows sink to rest.

Not long such pleasant hours may last,  
And darker days for us may come,  
The sky with threat'ning clouds o'ercast,  
And angry billows capped with foam.  
Then while the heavens above are clear,  
And smooth is time's resistless tide,  
In trusting love that knows no fear  
Adown the current let us glide.

And when the trumpet summons calls  
 To battle on life's tented field,  
 Where glory crowns his name who falls,  
 And shame eternal theirs who yield,  
 That smile approving nerves the arm  
 To strike for right a deadlier blow,  
 And ever like a shield from harm  
 Its magic spell can round us throw.

A loving smile,—how small its cost!  
 Its worth how great beyond compare!  
 It soothes the weary, tempest-tost,  
 And lightens half the load of care.  
 They who have wandered far astray  
 From guileless paths they trod in youth,  
 And in temptation's devious way,  
 Forsaken virtue, love and truth,  
 Oft in reflection's calmer hour,  
 When memories wake that long have slept,  
 Have owned its talismanic power,  
 And, o'er remembered pleasures, wept.

A loving smile ; long may it shed  
 Its light upon our course below,  
 As on our weary path we tread,  
 Through mingled scenes of joy and woe.  
 And when we reach the journey's end  
 And sink on earth's congenial breast,  
 May Faith with radiant smile ascend  
 And bear us to the promised rest.

J. K. L.

## A Graduate's Reminiscence.

"Now, gentlemen, what say you?"  
 "Right, Tom, go ahead."

"Gentlemen, unanimity is the soul of action. Let us be assured that unanimity pervades our counsels. All of you, therefore," and here Baker raised his meerschaum, sucked intensely at its amber mouth-piece a moment, and then discharged a mighty cloud of smoke from the pier of his potato-trap—"who are unreservedly in favor of robbing the lion's henroost, will signify the same by elevating the dexter dexter. Up went six hands, four boots, and three pealing hurrahs!

"To-morrow evening then—

'Steal, foh! a fico for the phrase,  
Convey, the wise it call!'"

The above was the fag end of a dialogue held in a certain room of W—— College at some period in February, 184—. Of the speakers, a short description will suffice. Tom E—— was a lank, hatchet-faced Varmounter, all "steel spring and chicken-hawk," with a Byronic shirt-collar, a hook nose, and a pair of dark eyes replete with unwritten volumes of drollery. Charley P——, a five feet-three concentration of the most intense deviltry, better known among his allies as "Bosting," and sometimes as "Sherry Cobbler,"—which latter soubriquet conveyed a pleasant allusion to his unrivaled skill in the composition of that seductive potable. Last and least of the trio, beloved reader, comes your humble servant.

At the period of which I write an alarming dearth of poultry prevailed throughout W——. Thanksgiving had made its usual inroads upon the feathered tribe, and still more extensive was the depletion resulting from the forays of sundry collegians whose perceptions of fun in the abstract were much clearer than those of *meum* and *tuum* in the concrete. Every farm-house within two miles of the college had suffered more or less from these *fowl* proceedings, and some were completely desolated. Many a worthy dame, after carefully feeding and counting her clucking dependants, had arisen from slumbers unbroken by the morning salutations of chanticleer to find her poultry-yard silent and untenanted. Loud but impotent her ululations—fierce but unavailing her abuse of "them nasty, thievin' students." Often she carried her griefs to the reverend Praeses, and then followed cross-examinations of suspected Sophs, and prying into every hidden corner—none of which ever resulted in anything more tangible than the discovery of a stray pile of feathers, claws, &c., in some location which could tell no tales. At last the townsmen gave up in despair, and contented themselves with exercising as close a watch as possible over their property. Their vigilance had resulted in the detection of a few incautious scamps whose prompt expulsion had somewhat lessened the ardor and appetites of their allies. And here commences the action of our modest drama. Long with silent yearnings had we noticed Deacon H's poultry-yard—long had the sight of his plump turkeys strengthened the promptings of our innate depravity—and already had we marked the unconscious gobblers for destruction.

Ten o'clock on the above-mentioned "to-morrow evening," found us in Tom's room busily preparing to carry out our felonious designs. By no possibility could that chamber have been taken for any thing but the

apartment of a Sophomore—and a “fast” one. On the floor lay the rowdiest of all possible “rowdies” cheek by jowl with a knotted shillala. The table was covered with a chaos of broken pipes, unreceipted bills, empty bottles from one of which rose a short candle, dis severed lemons, and dirty novels. In one corner where they had been ignominiously kicked, lay Homer, Euclid, and the never-sufficiently-to-be-by-unhappy-Sophs-execrated Cambridge Mathematics, awaiting the sure Nemesis of a fizzle *in esse*, and a flunk *in posse*. I was forcing myself into a pair of seedy bell-mouths some sizes too small. Tom stood before the glass, fitting on a red wig and whiskers to match. “Bosting” lay on the bed with his heels dangling over one of the posts, and a cigar between his teeth, busily cobbling a rent in the bag destined to receive our plunder. All of which passed amid a continuous fire of jokes, songs, and joyous prognostications.

At a few minutes past eleven we set out, and half an hour's sharp walking brought us to the scene of action. The Deacon kept a huge dog who was allowed free range and in whose ferocity his owner reposed unlimited confidence. But for this we were prepared. “Sherry” was personally acquainted with the Deacon's “gals,” and frequent flirtation with their divinityships had enabled him to establish great familiarity with Cerberus. A few low whistles brought him out, and as opportunity favored, a tight muzzle was suddenly clapped on his jaws, and after a tremendous scuffle, well secured. Cerberus was then thrust into a sack, half buried in the snow, and left to moralize at his leisure upon human infidelity. This done we walked on for a short distance, lest some sleeper should have been awakened by the row. Returning we found all silent, and cautiously picked our way to the barn. Every door was padlocked, but a small saw soon effected an opening about two feet square, on the side farthest from the house. Through this Tom and I forced ourselves, leaving Bosting on guard. The barn was *excrutiatingly obnubilate*, as Willis Gaylord Clarke would have said, but a few judicious flashes of a dark lantern soon made us thoroughly acquainted with the interior. On each side of us were the stables. Over these hay was packed nearly to the roof. Two heavy beams about twenty feet apart crossed the barn longitudinally above our heads. Across these lay a dozen or so of loose poles whereon our unconscious victims were quietly reposing. Altogether our undertaking seemed none the easiest; it was indeed “pursuit of *poultry* under difficulties,” as Tom whispered with an intense oath.

We scrambled upon the hay, and found ourselves nearly on a level with the cross-poles. Those occupied by the fowls were detached a few feet from the rest. After some deliberation we pitched upon one which

was tenanted by half a dozen turkeys. A short contest for precedence then followed. Being the lighter weight of the two, I finally obtained the honor, and with some misgivings mounted the beam. The fowls gave symptoms of perturbation, but still remained silent. Bidding Tom cast his light upon the subject for a moment, I reconnoitred attentively. The objects of my attack were huddled together in the centre of the pole a few feet from where I stood. Cautiously bestriding the same, I hitched myself slowly along by a kind of indescribable insinuation. My frail support shook portentiously—the turkeys began to move—and now and then I felt uneasy, visions of sprains, dislocations, and subsequent detection, glancing through my brain as I looked at the gulf below. Urging way along however, I at last came within reach of my victims. Clinging tightly to the pole with both legs, I made a sudden dash at my nearest neighbors, catching one by the neck and another by the leg. Heavens and earth—what a hubbub followed! Such a screaming, screeching, and flapping as resounded about me, was enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers! Silence was out of the question now, and nothing remained for it but dispatch. My prisoners were struggling desperately to escape. After a fierce battle, I succeeded in wringing their necks at the imminent peril of my own—pitching them to the floor—scrambling to the beam and sliding down the hay in less than a moment. Tom had already flung the fowls from the breach and followed them. I tumbled out myself, and away we went—every one for himself, and the deuce take the hindmost! It was high time—for lights were glancing from an upper chamber of the house; a night-capped head protruded from the window, and a stentorian voice was bawling in concert with the screaming poultry, “Thieves! thieves! git up, George, git up quick!”

After having gained a start of some three hundred yards, I looked round. Our pursuers were just under weigh—they were two in number—and more I could not tell in the gloom. Far in advance of me strode “Var-mount,” his long shanks in full play, and receding every instant. But poor little Sherry, being fat, squab, and a trifle asthmatic, was manifestly at a heavy discount. Scorning to complain, he was struggling resolutely on, but panting and wheezing like a consumptive locomotive, and already eight or ten rods in the rear. I took in these details without pausing in my own headlong scamper. Just as something very like *tremor cordis* came over me, Tom, who had suddenly retraced his steps, encountered me.

“I say, Ned, this will never do. Look at Bosting—we can’t conveniently carry him, and if we don’t, he will be nabbed in ten minutes. Best to stop and fight it out where we are!”

"Can't we do better than that, Tom?"

"If they will fight," retorted Tom, with a coolness which never left him, "it's the best thing they could do for us. We are three to two—they'll be pretty well blown when they come up, and," clenching his shoulder-of-mutton fist, "we're sure to lick them. Only keep cool—let me have first innings, and I'll not disgrace old Ladouc's science, depend upon it. But who's there?"

He paused and looked down a cross-road at our left hand. Following his glance, I saw a sleigh with a single traveler coming slowly towards us.

"Hurrah! I have it. Hold on to your turkey—follow me, and we are safe!"

And away he went. I perceived his intention clearly enough, but it was no time to stand on ceremony. As the traveler saw our approach he reined up. But ere he suspected our design, Tom sprang into the sleigh and grappled with him. Completely astonished and half terrified, he was easily overpowered and pitched into the snow, just as Bosting and myself came up. We scrambled in—Tom seized whip and reins—out flew the long lash—the horse sprang as if snake-bitten, and we darted round the corner, passing the enemy within ten yards. They assayed a rush—but it was too late, and we shot past them untouched. Only a mile and a half lay between us and the College, and I felt that barring an unlucky "spill," we were safe.

On we flew, fast as whip, voice, and frightened horse could carry us. Every instant some well remembered landmark rushed by us at the rate of twenty miles an hour. All doubt, all fear vanished in the mad excitement of our whirlwind speed. As we thundered on a bridge, the horse made a sudden skip, but Tom's quick hand caught him up just in time to save a break. The runners gritted over the bare planks—we turned a sharp corner and the main street of the silent village lay fair in view. But here the road was broken and bad for about a hundred yards, with a steep descent of some ten feet on both sides. In the darkness not one of us could clearly distinguish the narrow track from the uniform expanse of snow around it. Under these circumstances, we could only trust in Providence and our horse. As the former was not over likely to regard us with special favor, and the latter was thoroughly frightened, our chances were of the slenderest. On we passed in safety, however, till, topping a slight acivity, we descended towards the gully at its foot, a ticklish spot at the best of times. As we neared it, one of the reins parted, and Tom shouted "Jump! boys, jump for your lives!" We sprang up—but at that instant the sleigh sank with a crash into the gap,

turned over, and out we all flew like sky-rockets. Holding on with a death grasp to my turkey—one moment I described an aerial parabola, and the next was ploughing, nose foremost, through a heavy drift. Emerging from the same, with my neck, hair, and bosom filled with fast melting snow, I looked round and saw my comrades alike buried, but unhurt and fast struggling to their feet. Luckily the College was now near at hand. We made the best of our way thither, and after burying our plunder in a convenient drift, scattered to our separate dormitories. There we rested in an oblivion, reckless of the morning bell, and discreetly undisturbed by the venerable Professor of Dust and Ashes.

At noon we assembled around our club-table, and multifarious were the "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," wherewithal we puzzled the uninitiated—brazen the impudence, and sublime the ingenuity with which we presented our formal "exercises of invention" to the Tutor—and beatific our nocturnal repast on the ill gotten fowls. Of the latter exertitation it boots not to particularize—suffice it to say, that about the second of the "sma' hours," Tom's glass fell out of his hand, and himself off his chair simultaneously. His disappearance induced me to turn towards Bosting, whom I perceived leaning very much forward in his chair, with his hat very much over his eyes, his hands very far in his pockets, his chin very deeply plunged into a pyramid of turkey-bones and his *tout ensemble* very far "over the bay," I considered our meeting practically adjourned. So after having considerably dragged Tom out of the broken glass, and pillowed the stertorous Bosting upon his upturned diaphragm, I imbibed a final "smile" to my own health, left my allies "alone in their glory," and gained my cot, with, as a passing glance at the mirror told me, an eye somewhat moist, a cheek slightly rosy, and just a thought of unsteadiness in my gait.

In conclusion, it is but fair to remark, that both the Deacon and the owner of the broken sleigh were soon amply, though anonymously remunerated in full for all damages. And so ended my first assay in petit larceny.

"50."

## Luther's Saddest Experience.

LUTHER—he was persecuted,  
Excommunicated, hooted,  
“Disappointed-egged” and booted.

Yelled at by minutest boys,  
Woke up by metallic noise,  
Scratched and torn by fiendish cats,  
Highwayed by nocturnal rats.

Oft upon his locks so hoary,  
Water fell from upper story,  
Oft a turnip or potatoe  
Struck upon his back or pate, oh!  
And wherever he betook him,  
A papal bull was sure to hook him.

Tracts he wrote by day and night,—  
People tore them in his sight;  
Sermons preached by night and day,—  
But as ancient records say,  
Slumber stole upon the senses  
Of his cushioned audiences.

Plagues like these a saint would vex,  
And “a cherubim” perplex;  
But old Luther bore them all;  
For there was one that did dishearten  
More by far the ancient Martin,  
There was one much worse than any  
I have mentioned, though so many,  
Many, great and small.

It was this—oh horror! horror!  
I the devil's pen must borrow  
To convey a mere idea  
Of this punishment severe;  
Joseph Gillot's “Extra Fine,”  
The pen I'm using, will decline  
To inscribe the fearful line.  
So I seize my porcupine,  
And extract his strongest quill,  
For I am resolved to write it,  
And with firmness will indite it,  
I'm determined, yes, I will.

*Of a "diet of worms,"*  
He was forced to partake !  
*Of a "diet of worms,"*  
For the Protestants' sake !  
Munching, crawling caterpillars,  
Beetles mixed with moths and millers,  
Instead of butter on his bread,  
A sauce of butter-flies was spread ;  
Was not this a horrid feast  
For a Christian and a Priest !

And if you do not credit me,  
Consult D' Aubigne's history,  
You'll find what I have told to you  
Most fearfully and sternly true.

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### Autographs.

I HAVE an excessive hatred of a certain kind of stuff written in Autograph books. It puts a modest man like myself quite to the blush. To have a classmate tell you in so many words that you are a "man of talent," a "a fine fellow," and "that there is no one of all the class whose friendship is so much to be desired"—all this, I say, is exceedingly embarrassing to a man of innate modesty. Now mind I do not object to being told this, but the thing is to have it told in a delicate sort of a way. If a classmate thinks favorably of my talents or my disposition, or both, and wishes to let me know it, there are a thousand ways of accomplishing his object without using plain language. In general I do not object to plain language, either in rebuking vice or extolling virtue. I like the good old Saxon in both these cases. I do not like to have an idea so enveloped with high sounding words that it is almost impossible to find it. This is, as Shakspeare has it, two kernels of wheat to one bushel of chaff, or more exactly, 'a very small piece of butter spread over a very large slice of bread.'

But in the matter of paying a compliment to a friend who in your estimation really deserves it, there is, it will be readily admitted, a certain delicacy of method to be observed.

Another point, many things said in Autograph books are downright falsehoods. For instance, I see in the book of a person noted for his selfishness and disobliging disposition something like the following: "Your kind and gentlemanly deportment, your obliging disposition, have won

many friends. Continue to manifest the same characteristics through life and you will make friends of many, enemies of none." This language in such a case is nothing more nor less than lying. The only excuse is that the writer is not intimately acquainted with the individual of whom this is affirmed. Then he is not warranted in using such language. But he may be an intimate acquaintance, and such language is often used in such cases. Then the writer is obnoxious to the charge either of gross flattery or of ignorance of human nature.

Another kind of writing is often used in these books equally reprehensible. I mean the practice of quoting sentiments designed to wound the feelings of the individual. It would seem that the sentiments expressed towards one another in these pages, and by which we wish to be remembered, should be sentiments of kindness and of love. Nothing which would tend to wound the feelings, either by alluding to disagreeable traits of character or by referring to past differences, should have place here. To render my meaning obvious let me suppose a case or two. A classmate is intending to enter the ministry. You know that he will make a rather dull preacher. You quote from Thompson :

"But when serene the pulpit you ascend,  
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,  
And round you the consenting audience sleeps.  
So when an ass with sluggish front appears,  
The horses start and prick their quivering ears ;  
But soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,  
The fields all thunder and they bound away."

Again, a classmate brings to your room his book. He is a person whom you every way dislike—he is narrow minded perhaps—his tastes, it may be, run in a different direction from yours—possibly he is an old political enemy—at any rate you cordially hate him. You ask him to take a seat—he declines—he is busy and cannot stop. You are glad of it and wish he had been so busy as not to have found time to bring round his autograph book. He closes the door behind him. What shall I write for that fellow ? you say to yourself. He is a mean, contemptible scoundrel. He insulted me once and had it not been for the disgrace of the thing I would have given him a caning. A thought of Shakespeare runs through your head. You take up his book and write, "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."

This latter is an extreme case, it is true, but one that may happen. The former, however, is by no means uncommon. In the one revenge is predominant, in the other the love of fun. An opportunity for perpetrating a joke too good to be lost is offered. And I apprehend that this

is the motive in general, rather than any ill will towards the individual. But it should be remembered that wit is a keen edged tool, and requires to be handled with care. Says Cowper :

" The man renowned for repartee  
Will seldom scruple to make free  
With friendship's finest feeling ;  
Will plunge a dagger in your breast,  
And say he wounded you in jest,  
By way of balm for healing."

But one peculiarity more I will notice in quotations for autograph books. This is a want of point. I take up a book of a friend and read sentiment after sentiment from poets and other writers, having no sort of application either to the owner of the book or to the one quoting them. Sometimes it may be that relations of such a nature exist between two individuals that an outsider cannot appreciate a sentiment quoted. Very well. To this I do not object. Autographs and their accompanying sentiments are not for the benefit or gratification of mankind in general, but for the exclusive pleasure of the possessor ; and if in our four years' intercourse we have formed such associations that a word or a line may serve in after life to remind us of them, let us use it then. But aside from this no one can fail to see that in many quotations there is a want of appropriateness. This to my mind argues a lack of interest on the part of the writer, or perhaps carelessness, or it may be a want of good taste and judgment. It looks, too, as though a fellow was "hard up." Now in such a case let a person "acknowledge the corn," and quote from Sir William Hamilton where he dilates extensively upon the "subjunctive instinct of the connotative apperceptions;" or if he be of a poetical turn of mind, let him quote the beautiful lines in Archbishop Whately, commencing "Barbara celarent," &c. Better let plain language than a bungling excuse show that you do not know what to write. But there is no need of this. Every one, as most do, by a little pains taking can write something appropriate. Let us in this take an example of one of our distinguished professors, who on being asked his autograph by a Senior whose dulcinea's surname was Day, took his book and over his signature jotted down the words of Horace, "Carpe diem."

But I have extended my remarks to a much greater length than I intended. My apology shall be that the subject is one of interest to me. I anticipate great pleasure from my Autograph book. It is a vase of rare flowers culled from the best cultivated gardens. It is a strong chain whose numerous links will be the only visible bond of union when the sad farewell shall have forever parted existing ties.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### SCHOLARS OF THE HOUSE.

A "scholarship" is a permanent fund established at a University for the maintenance of a student, who is called the 'scholar.' These scholarships are of various kinds, some being merely charitable in their object, while others are designed as honorary distinctions—to exhibit and reward proficiency in study.

The term "Scholar of the House," at this College was originally applied, by the action of Dean Berkeley, to those who were elected upon his foundation; and of course, all who have been 'scholars' upon the various other foundations, are in like manner designated. The *domestic* part of the appellation has no particular significance here, so far as we can discover. Whether this 'House' was ever built, and so, what was its history and fate, are questions involved in mystery. Some have imagined that it was never anything more than a 'castle in the air;' but those who have stood upon its substantial 'foundations,' assure us of the falsity of this envious insinuation. Others, admitting that it once had an existence, with equal malice account for its present dilapidated condition from the fact that the good old Bishop prescribed that none but 'Bachelors' could be admitted as tenants. From the vague fancies which sometimes escape from the 'scholars' themselves, one might be led to imagine it to be some beautiful part of the temple of Science, where the eyes of the vulgar and the steps of the profane may not intrude, and that the 'keys' in common use about the college are unable to unlock its mystic portals. However it may be, we leave the matter for the antiquarian to explore; and should his research fail, we do not despair but that some enterprising romancer, by brushing it up and putting on a few 'gables,' would be able to give it a 'local habitation.'

As Bishop Berkeley received his education at the University of Dublin, it may be fair to conjecture that he borrowed the term thence; and, on consulting, we find the terms 'Scholar' and 'Scholar of the House' used coextensively and indiscriminately, from the earliest period in the history of that institution. We are not aware at the latter term is used in the English Universities. The word 'house' denotes the University, a hall or college. It may be interesting in this connection to state that there now exists in the Dublin University, a premium established by Bishop Berkeley, in 1752.

We propose to give a brief account of the various Scholarships in Yale College, with the terms and conditions of each, and a list of the scholars, beginning in the present number with the Berkeleian.

### THE BERKELEIAN SCHOLARSHIP.

THE BERKELEIAN SCHOLARSHIP in Yale College was founded A. D. 1733, by Rev. George Berkeley, D. D., Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland. This eminent man, distinguished as a philosopher and divine, no less than as a philanthropist, had long cherished the idea of planting a College in this Western World, for the education and training of the native heathen youth. In furtherance of this benevolent design, in the year 1725, he issued "*A proposal for the better supplying of churches in*

*our Foreign Plantations, and for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a College to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.*" In this proposal he more fully develops the plan indicated in the above title, and closes with an appeal to the public for contributions, to be applied to the founding of scholarships in his contemplated College.

This document is of especial interest in this connection, as being the first movement towards the founding of our Berkeleian scholarship, and as manifesting the intention of Bishop Berkeley in its establishment. The following extract from it may help to explain by what computation the amount of the scholarship was determined, a sum which, in these more civilized times, has been considered a short allowance. "Ten pounds a year would, if I mistake not, be sufficient to defray the expenses of a young American in the College of Bermuda, as to diet, lodging, clothes, books and education; and, if so, the interest of two hundred pounds may be a perpetual fund for maintaining one missionary at the College forever, and in this succession, many, it is to be hoped may become powerful instruments for converting to Christianity and civil life, whole nations who now 'sit in darkness and the shadow of death,' and whose cruel, brutal manners are a disgrace to human nature."

His grateful beneficiaries could not select for him a more fitting epitaph than the concluding sentence of the "Proposal," viz., "A benefaction of this kind seems to enlarge the very being of a man, extending it to distant places and future times; inasmuch as unseen countries and after ages may feel the effects of his bounty, while he himself reaps the reward in the blessed society of all those who, having turned many to righteousness, shine as the stars forever and ever." It is not strange that thus impressed with the grandeur of his undertaking, he should have become inspired with poetic and prophetic fire, finding utterance in those familiar verses which follow the conclusion of this "Proposal," and which lose none of their interest by a recital of the circumstances under which they were composed.

"There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empire and of arts,  
The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

"Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,  
By future poets shall be sung.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The first four acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

It were a pleasing and grateful task, did our limits permit, to dwell more at length upon the history of this enterprise, as well as to exhibit more fully the many traits of greatness, goodness and wisdom, which so eminently characterized this illustrious man, and which led even Pope, the satirist, to ascribe

"To Berkeley every virtue under heaven."

It may be sufficient here to state that, soon after the above publication, he came to America with the view of carrying his plans into execution. He bought a country-seat at Newport, R. I., and resided there for several years; but becoming convinced of the impracticability of his original scheme, and yet unwilling that the labor and expense which he had bestowed upon this object should be without their fruits, he sent to Yale College a deed of his farm at Newport, to be held for the encouragement of classical literature.

By the conditions of the deed, the rents accruing from said farm are to be appropriated towards the maintenance of three students, who shall be called "SCHOLARS OF THE HOUSE," during the years between their first and second degrees; said scholars are being obliged to reside at least three-fourths of each of said years in the College. The candidates are to be publicly examined on the sixth day of May, or if that should be Sunday, on the next day thereafter, two hours in the morning in Greek, and in the afternoon two hours in Latin, all persons having free access to hear the examination, and those who appear the best scholars shall be elected. In case of division of sentiment in the electors, the election is to be determined by lot. All surpluses of money which remain by any vacancies of scholarships, are to be laid out in Greek and Latin books, to be disposed of to such of the undergraduate students as shall appear most deserving by their compositions in the Latin tongue, on a moral subject, or theme proposed to them.

The books upon which the candidates for the scholarship are required to be examined, are the Greek Testament, Homer's Iliad, Xenophon's Cyropaedia, Cicero's Tusculan Questions, Tacitus and Horace. The amount paid to each "scholar" at present, is about forty-seven dollars a year.

The subjoined list of those who have been "Scholars of the House," under the "Dean's Bounty," may serve to show how far the result of this beneficence has fulfilled the design of the pious founder; and it is a fact of no slight significance, taken in connection with the original purpose of Bishop Berkeley, that of this list nearly one hundred are marked as ministers of the gospel, foremost among whom is President WHEELOCK, who founded an Indian school, the germ of Dartmouth College; while hundreds more of the same calling, not here enumerated, have been recipients of this bounty, in the shape of the smaller premiums, among whom may be named DAVID BRAINERD, the "Apostle to the Indians."

This list is believed to be complete from 1733 to 1795. The old college record having been mislaid, we have relied upon an accurate transcript of it from 1733 to 1777. President Stiles's diary affords a complete list during his presidency, to 1795. During the period of President Dwight's administration, from 1795 to 1817, the list is imperfect. We depend here upon the statement of the "scholars" themselves, or upon the recollections of others acquainted with facts, verified by contemporaneous written evidence. Very extensive inquiry has been made in regard to the "scholars" of this period, both of the instructors and members of the respective classes; and it is believed that the list is nearly complete. Where there was no examination, we have so stated. In the years marked interrogatively (?) it might safely be affirmed, perhaps, that there were no examinations, as that is the result of our inquiries; but we leave the matter open, to elicit further information.

The list from 1818 to 1851 is made up from the college records.

## LIST OF THE BERKELEIAN SCHOLARS.

1733. Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, D. D.  
Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, D.D., *Pres.*  
*Dart. Coll.*
1734. Benjamin Nicoll.  
William Wolcott, *Tutor Yale Coll.*
1735. Rev. Aaron Burr, *Pres. Coll. New Jersey.*  
Rev. James Lockwood, *Tutor Yale Coll.*  
Elisha Williams.  
Samuel Williams.
1736. Rev. Nathan Birdseye.  
Rev. Silas Leonard.
1737. Rev. Mark Leavenworth.  
Rev. Gideon Mills.
1738. Hon. Phinehas Lyman, *Tut. Y. C.*  
Rev. Chauncey Whittelsey, *Tut. Y. Coll.*
1739. Solomon Welles.  
William Williams.
1740. Rev. Jacob Johnson.  
Hon. John Worthington, LL. D.,  
*Tutor Yale Coll.*
1741. Rev. Richard Mansfield, D. D.  
Rev. Noah Welles, D. D., *Tut. Yale Coll.*
1742. Jared Ingersoll.
1743. Rev. Thomas Arthur.
1744. Hon. Wm. Sam'l Johnson, LL. D.,  
*Judge Sup. Ct. of Conn., Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong., Pres. Col. Coll.*
1745. Rev. Warham Williams, *Tut. Yale Coll.*  
Rev. Jonathan Colton.
1746. Rev. Pelatiah Webster.
1747. Rev. Aaron Hutchinson.
1748. Rev. Naphtali Daggett, D. D., *Pres. Yale Coll.*  
Rev. William Johnson.
1749. Hon. James A. Hillhouse, *Tutor Yale Coll.*
1750. Elibu Tudor, M. D.
1751. Rev. Judah Champion.
1752. Henry Babcock.  
Gurdon Saltonstall.
1753. Rev. Seth Pomeroy, *Tut. Y. C.*  
Jacob Usher.
1754. Rev. John Devotion.  
Rev. Justus Forward.
1755. Rev. Luke Babcock.  
Moses Bliss.  
Rev. Nehemiah Strong, *Tutor and Prof. Yale Coll.*
1756. Robert Breck.  
Hon. Simeon Strong, LL. D., *Judge Sup. Ct. Mass.*
1757. Hon. Edmund Fanning, LL. D.,  
*Gov. Pr. Edm. Is.*  
Hon. Titus Hosmer, *Rep. U. S. Cong.*  
Rev. Noah Williston.
1758. Rev. Benjamin Boardman, *Tut. Y. C.*  
Hon. Silas Deane, *Rep. U. S. Cong., Minister to France.*  
Rev. Roger Vieta.
1759. Rev. Enoch Huntington.  
Alexander King.  
Jesse Leavenworth.  
Rev. Matthew Merriam.
1760. Rev. Levi Hart, D. D.  
Woodbridge Little.  
Rev. Ebenezer Russell White, *Tutor Yale Coll.*
1761. Hadlock Marcy.
1762. Rev. Theodore Hinsdale.  
William Jones.
1763. Rev. Ebenezer Baldwin, *Tut. Y. C.*  
Amos Botsford, *Tutor Yale Coll.*  
Hon. Stephen Mix Mitchell, LL. D., *Tut. Y. C., Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong., Oh. Judge Sup. Ct. of Conn.*
1764. Rev. Samuel Camp.  
Rev. Diodate Johnson, *Tut. Y. C.*  
Chauncey Whittelsey.
1765. Roswell Grant.  
Rev. Joseph Howe, *Tut. Y. C.*
1766. Hon. Jonathan Ingersoll, LL. D.,  
*Judge Sup. Ct. and Lt. Gov. of Conn.*
1767. Rev. Joseph Lyman, D. D.  
Hon. John Treadwell, LL. D., *Gov. of Conn.*  
Hon. John Trumbull, LL. D., *Tut. Y. C., Judge Sup. Court Conn.*  
Rev. Samuel Wales, D. D., *Tutor and Prof. Yale Coll.*
1768. Rev. Amzi Lewis.  
Josiah Norton.  
Rev. Elijah Parsons.  
Buckingham St. John, *Tut. Y. C.*
1769. Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D.,  
*Tutor, Prof. and Pres. of Y. C.*  
Rev. John Keep.  
Rev. William Seward.
1770. Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D. D.,  
*Tutor Yale Coll.*  
Hon. John Davenport, *Tutor Yale Coll., Rep. U. S. Cong.*  
Rev. Solomon Williams, *Tut. Y. C.*
1771. John Hart.  
Sylvester Muirson.  
Joseph Woodbridge.

72. Hon. Abraham Baldwin, *Tut. Y. C., Pres. Univ. Geo., Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong.*  
Thomas Canfield.  
Rev. Joseph Strong, D. D.
73. Roger Alden.  
Rev. William Robinson, *Tut. Yale Coll.*  
Rev. Ezra Sampson.
74. Amos Benedict.  
Jared Bostwick.  
Rev. Reuben Holcomb.
75. Hon. Samuel Whittlesey Dana, *Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong.*  
Rev. Solomon Reed.  
Benjamin Welles.
76. Hon. Chauncey Goodrich, *Tutor Yale Coll., Rep. and Senator U. S. Cong., Lt. Gov. of Conn.*  
Daniel Lyman.  
William Andrew Russell.
77. Dudley Baldwin.  
Hon. James Davenport, *Rep. U. S. Cong.*  
William Hillhouse.
78. Abraham Bishop.  
Ebenezer Daggett.  
Rev. Frederick William Hotchkiss.
79. Hon. Jeremiah Gates Brainard, *Judge Sup. Ct. of Conn.*  
Hon. Elizur Goodrich, LL. D., *Tutor and Prof. of Yale Coll., Rep. U. S. Cong.*  
Rev. Zebulon Ely, *Tutor Yale Coll.*
80. Oliver Lewis.  
Rev. John Robinson.
81. Rev. Henry Channing, *Tut. Y. C.*  
Enoch Perkins, *Tutor Yale Coll.*
- 82.\* (None.)
- 83.† Rev. Samuel Austin, D. D., *Pres. Univ. Vt.*  
Rev. Jonathan Fuller.  
Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., *Tutor Yale Coll.*  
Charles White.
84. Ralph Isaacs.
1785. Enoch Huntington.  
Hon. Samuel Huntington, *Judge Sup. Ct., and Gov. Ohio.*
1786. Rev. John Elliott, D. D.  
Hon. Thomas Ruggles Gold, *Rep. U. S. Cong.*  
Hon. Stanley Griswold, *Senator U. S. Cong.*  
Rev. Reuben Hitchcock.  
Rev. William Stone.
1787. Roswell Judson.
1788. Zachariah Tomlinson.  
Hon. John Woodworth, LL. D., *Judge Sup. Ct. of New York.*
1789. Rev. Dan Bradley.  
Rev. William Brown.  
Jona. Walter Edwards, *Tut. Y. Col.*
1790. Thomas Mumford.
1791. Barzillai Slosson.  
Hon. Josiah Stebbins, *Tut. Y. Col.*
1792. Rev. Timothy Mather Cooley, D. D.  
Rev. Isaac Jones.  
Nathaniel King.
1793. Rev. Jeremiah Atwater, D. D., *Tut. Y. C., Pres. Mid. & Dick. Coll.*
1794. Stephen Mix Mitchell.
1795. Ebenezer Grant Marsh, *Tut. & Hebr. Inst. Y. C.*
1796. ?
1797. Rev. Ira Hart.  
Rev. James Murdock, D. D., *Prof. Univ. Vt. & And. Theol. Sem.* ?
1798. ?
1799. Benjamin Woolsey Dwight.
1800. Samuel Gray Huntington.  
Abiram Stoddard.  
Chauncey Whittelsey.
1801. (None.)
1802. Hon. Jesup Nash Couch, *Judge Sup. Ct. Ohio.*  
Hon. Jonathan Huntington Lyman.  
Rev. William Lightbourn Strong.
1803. Rev. Aaron Dutton.  
Rev. Sereno Edwards Dwight, D. D., *Tut. Y. C., Pres. Ham. Col.*  
Rev. Noah Porter, D. D.

"May 6, 1783. The day of beginning of vacation, and also of Dean's examination, but no candidates offered. The only instance of omission since the foundation in 1733."—PRES. STILES'S MS. ry.

It is obvious that if the term of residence had been complied with, in every instance, there could have been but a single scholar for each class; but in consequence of frequent failures in this respect, accumulated fund was still available. Hence in many years we find several scholars, who were awarded the emolument, in case of residence, sometimes in the order of merit, sometimes by lot, so far as the funds were sufficient. See PRESIDENT STILES'S MS. Diary. "May 6, 1783. Dean's examination. Four senior sophisters offered themselves and were publicly examined. They were so nearly equal that I directed them to decide by lots. The lots fell in the following order, Austin, Holmes, Fuller, White."

|                                                                       |                                                    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| 1804 Rev. John Marsh.                                                 | 1825. Josiah Barnes, M. D.                         |
| 1805. Ziba Foot.                                                      | Hon. Thomas Slidell, <i>Judge Sup. Ct. of La.</i>  |
| 1806. Alfred Hennen.                                                  | 1826. Rev. John Phelps Cowles.                     |
| Hon. Henry Strong, LL.D., <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>                           | 1827. Sidney Law Johnson, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>        |
| Rev. Hezekiah Gold Ufford.                                            | 1828. (None.)                                      |
| 1807. †                                                               | 1829. George Champlin Tenney.                      |
| 1808. †                                                               | 1830. Hon. Edmund Smith Rbett.                     |
| 1809. †                                                               | Henry Rogers Winthrop.                             |
| 1810. †                                                               | 1831. (None.)                                      |
| 1811. †                                                               | 1832. (None.)                                      |
| 1812. (None.)                                                         | 1833. (None.)                                      |
| 1813. Rev. William Theodore Dwight,                                   | 1834. Hon. Henry William Ellsworth.                |
| D. D., <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>                                              | Henry Coit Kingsley.                               |
| 1814. †                                                               | 1835. Charles Alonzo Gager, <i>Tut. Yale Coll.</i> |
| 1815. (None.)                                                         | 1836. (None.)                                      |
| 1816. George Hill.                                                    | 1837. Rev. William Russell.                        |
| Charles Olcott.                                                       | 1838. (None.)                                      |
| 1817. Hon. Joel Jones, LL. D., <i>Pres. Gir. Coll.</i>                | 1839. Charles Astor Bristed.                       |
| David Nevins Lord.                                                    | Augustus Rodney MacDonough.                        |
| 1818. Hon. Francis Hiram Cone, <i>Judge Sup. Ct. Geo.</i>             | 1840. (None.)                                      |
| Horatio Hubbell.                                                      | 1841. (None.)                                      |
| Hon. Thomas Clap Perkins.                                             | 1842. William Davison Hennen.                      |
| 1819. Jonathan Humphrey Bissell.                                      | 1843. Rev. Cyrus Huntington.                       |
| Hon. Asahel Huntington.                                               | Lucius Franklin Robinson.                          |
| 1820. Horace Foote.                                                   | Franklin Taylor.                                   |
| Alexander Catlin Twining, <i>Tut. Y. C., Prof. Mid. Coll.</i>         | 1844. William Few Smith.                           |
| John Payson Williston.                                                | 1845. William Gustine Conner.                      |
| 1821. Henry White, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>                                  | Robert Rankin.                                     |
| 1822. Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., <i>Tut. Y. C., Pres. Ill. Coll.</i> | 1846. (None.)                                      |
| Rev. Henry Herrick.                                                   | 1847. Henry Hamilton Hadley, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>     |
| 1823. Rev. Norman Pinney, <i>Prof. Trin. Coll.</i>                    | Francis Lewis Hodges, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>            |
| 1824. William Moseley Holland, <i>Tut. Y. C., Prof. Trin. Coll.</i>   | 1848. Henry Martyn Colton.                         |
| Hon. Ashbel Smith, M. D.                                              | 1849. Benjamin Talbot.                             |
|                                                                       | 1850. Clinton Camp.                                |
|                                                                       | 1851. William Woolsey Winthrop.                    |

## PRESENTATION DAY.

At a meeting of the Senior Class held Saturday, January 10th, J. F. Bingham, presiding, an election was made for Class Orator and Poet, to deliver the Farewell Address and Poem at the coming Presentation.

HOMER B. SPRAGUE, of East Douglas, Mass., was chosen ORATOR, and WILLIAM W. CRAPO, of New Bedford, Mass., was chosen POET.

A Committee of arrangements, consisting of A. Bigelow, D. C. Gilman, W. A. Reynolds, G. B. Safford and C. D. Seropyan, was appointed. The Committee have already entered upon their duties, and we are assured that nothing will be wanting which can add to the pleasure or interest of the day.

## JUNIOR APPOINTMENTS.

Class of 1853.

## ORATIONS.

|                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                              |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| THOMAS F. DAVIES,<br>JAMES M. WHITON,<br>EDWARD C. BILLINGS,<br>ISAAC H. HOGAN,                                  | <i>Greek,<br/>Latin,<br/>Philosophical,<br/>“</i>                                                                                                | New Haven.<br>Boston, Mass.<br>Hatfield, Mass.<br>Middleport, N. Y.                                                          |
| C. BROOKS,<br>S. M. CAPRON,                                                                                      | Townsend, Mass.<br>Uxbridge, Mass.<br>C. G. McCULLY,                                                                                             | W. H. GLEASON,<br>C. T. LEWIS,<br>Oswego, N. Y.                                                                              |
|                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                  | Sag Harbor, N. Y.<br>West Chester, Pa.                                                                                       |
| <hr/>                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                              |
| W. P. AIKEN,<br>T. BACON,<br>R. F. BAER,<br>H. S. BENNETT,<br>O. E. COBB,<br>J. M. GILLESPIE,<br>J. R. GOODRICH, | Fair Haven, Mass.<br>New Haven.<br>Lancaster, Pa.<br>Penn Yan, N. Y.<br>Tarrytown, N. Y.<br>Adams Co. Miss.<br>Wethersfield.<br>C. H. WHITTELEY, | S. W. KNEVALS,<br>J. MCCORMICK,<br>J. OLDS,<br>B. K. PHELPS,<br>H. C. ROBINSON,<br>J. S. SMITH,<br>K. TWINING,<br>New Haven. |
|                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                  | New Haven.<br>Harrisburg, Pa.<br>Circleville, Ohio.<br>Groton, Mass.<br>Hartford.<br>Racine, Wisconsin.<br>New Haven.        |

## DISSERTATIONS.

|                    |                     |                 |                  |
|--------------------|---------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| J. ANDERSON,       | Buckingham, Pa.     | A. F. HEARD,    | Ipswich, Mass.   |
| H. H. BABCOCK,     | New Haven.          | C. HEDGES,      | Westfield, Mass. |
| J. H. BARRETT,     | Portland, Me.       | G. A. JOHNSON,  | Salisbury, Md.   |
| W. F. V. BARTLETT, | Portland, Me.       | G. PALFREY,     | New Orleans, La. |
| H. BINGHAM,        | Honolulu, Sand. Is. | G. W. SMALLLEY, | Worcester, Mass. |
| H. BURE,           | Burrville.          | S. H. TOBEY,    | Monson, Mass.    |
| W. T. GILBERT,     | New Haven.          | A. J. WILLARD,  | New Haven.       |

## DISPUTES.

|               |                     |                 |                      |
|---------------|---------------------|-----------------|----------------------|
| H. I. BLISS,  | Hartford.           | T. D. HALL,     | Oakfield, N. Y.      |
| E. L. CLARK,  | East Hampton, Mass. | T. J. HOLMES,   | Cleveland, Ohio.     |
| J. COIT,      | New London.         | J. W. HOUGH,    | Groton, N. Y.        |
| G. R. DWELLY, | Hanover, Mass.      | T. M. JACK,     | Brazoria Co., Texas. |
| J. S. FRENCH, | Bridgeport.         | L. G. TARBOX,   | Fredonia, N. Y.      |
|               | A. D. WHITE,        | Syracuse, N. Y. |                      |

## COLLOQUIES.

|                 |                    |                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|-----------------|--------------------|
| W. F. ARMS,     | Norwich.           | S. B. SPOONER,  | Springfield, Mass. |
| H. R. BOND,     | Norwich.           | H. P. STEARNS,  | Shrewsbury, Mass.  |
|                 | A. B. WOODWARD,    | Watertown.      |                    |
| C. W. BUNN,     | Pennington, N. J.  | W. L. HINMAN,   | New Haven.         |
| L. A. CATLIN,   | Brooklyn, N. Y.    | J. L. PENNIMAN, | Philadelphia, Pa.  |
| J. E. GREENE,   | Westborough, Mass. | W. R. WEBB,     | Georgetown, Ky.    |
| J. CATLIN,      | Hartford.          | G. W. KLINE,    | Lebanon, Pa.       |
| AUGUSTINE HART, | Burlington.        | S. L. POST,     | Norwich.           |
|                 | J. A. WELCH,       | Brooklyn.       |                    |

## THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

## POEM.

On Wednesday Evening, Feb. 4th., a Poem was delivered in the Linonian Society, by ALBERT E. KENT, of the Junior Class.

## CALLIOPE.

The Calliopean Society have adopted a neat and handsome breast-pin to be worn as a badge. It is made of solid gold, in the form of a modified Greek Cross, with elaborately chased ends. In the centre are three scrolls on which are inscribed "Calliope"—"Yale"—"1819." By the withdrawal of most of the Calliopeans from secret Societies, as well as from the increasing interest for its welfare, the adoption of a badge is rendered very appropriate.

## PHI BETA KAPPA.

We beg the pardon of our readers for having kept them so little informed with regard to the important proceedings of this truly venerable Society.

The fact is that its whole affairs are conducted with such *strict secrecy* on the part of the members, that do our best, we find it extremely difficult to ascertain what they do and how they do it. In fact we should hardly know that the Society existed, if it was not for the peculiarly marked deportment of those who wear the golden key which unravels all the mysteries. An ambitious Junior, however, has informed us that the inveterate ringing of the Lyceum bell to the tune of the College Quick Step, sadly interrupting the studies of the Sophomore class on several Monday evenings lately, has been to summon the members of this fraternal body. He furthermore asserts that in passing "the Society's Elegant Hall" (Query, President's Recitation Room? *Proof-Reader*.) he has heard most alarming indications of quarreling within, reminding him strongly of elections in an Irish ward, and that when seeking sleep after getting his lesson "quite up to the Phi Beta Kappa mark," his slumbers have been sadly disturbed and his morning recitations seriously affected by the alarming cheering of this Society, first for themselves, second for their newly elected friends and third for the Union of the States, the whole ending with the chorus of "Fi hi hi."

After writing thus much we happened to remember that we once heard it said that the Rec. Sec. of the Society was one of the editors. We have accordingly questioned him concerning its proceedings in order that we might report them.

He was very silent upon the subject, requested a week for reflection and consultation, and at the end of that time, gave us permission to say that

At a meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society held at the close of last term the following Graduate Officers were chosen :

*President*, HON. HENRY WHITE.

*Vice President*, H. B. HARRISON, Esq.

*Corresponding Secretary*, REV. EDWARD STRONG.

*Treasurer*, J. G. E. LARNED, Esq.

g.

## LITHOGRAPHS OF THE CLASS OF 1852.

We are surprised at ourselves for having neglected to mention before this what service our worthy seniors are doing to promote the Fine Arts.

At a cost of about an eagle and a quarter each, or say at a thousand dollars for

the class, their portraits are all to be lithographed—each ‘phiz’ by itself, and being printed—not published,—are to be distributed for mutual admiration purposes.

This is no chimerical plan. It is actually under way, and not far from half the class have already been pictured in black and white, after the style of the charcoal sketches, and greatly to the entertainment of their friends. Some malicious punner predicted at the outset that the affair would be the greatest phiz-zle of which the class had been guilty, but our Armenian friend SEROPYAN, to whose energy the project mainly owes its success, assures us that such will certainly not be the case.

We consider the plan in itself, on the whole, what the Frenchman would call the project “grand, *magnifique*, pretty good,” especially the latter. Its effects are likely to be felt both far and near. Just remember what a handsome class this is and then say, is it strange that the ‘Gallery of Illustrious Americans,’ Putnam’s new portraits of Cooper, Bryant and Irving, &c., even the engravings of our worthy faculty themselves, are expected within a year to go a begging, and that the “Book of Home Beauty” is to look homely indeed by the side of the “Book of Handsome Collegians.”

All the young ladies’ Boarding Schools in town are said to be in agony lest they cannot “secure the shadow ere the substance” vanish of those whose charming intellectual faces they have often watched in lectures; and Female Seminaries all over the land are sending in their catalogues, with gentle hints as to what they want in return—not the heart nor the hand but *the face*! Finally we hear that the Trumbull Gallery is to have an addition of another room for the sole purpose of displaying those copies of the portraits of the class which are to be given to college.

Thus much for being a handsome class. Who says he has not any class pride?

## New Publication.

REMINISCENCES OF SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN COLLEGE. By a Graduate of Yale of the Class of 1821. New Haven: Published by A. H. Maltby, 1847.

Though this is not exactly a new publication, yet it may be new to many of our readers, and hence, our attention having been drawn to it, we notice it. Certain we are that it is calculated to interest and benefit any student who will read it with due attention. The table of contents presents us a series of themes strictly collegiate, familiar and interesting to Yale students. And these are treated in a pleasing, straight forward, almost conversational style, like the words of an experienced and kind-hearted friend. The book grew to be such from what the writer at first intended only as a private account of a commencement meeting of his class. We have no space or time for a regular review of it; but we may say in general that though we cannot agree with the author in all his views, we think them on the whole quite just and valuable. Our editorial “dander riz,” not that exactly either—but our editorial head shook dissent at the following: “I question the expediency of periodicals conducted by students; they are apt to affect them, or a number of them, with the *scabies scribendi*, to the detriment of their better studies.” Now we can’t admit this. However, he does call the “Lit.” the “Methuselah of its order.” That was in ’47. What then must it be now? Methuselah with a new coat, repu-

venated, and likely to live his 969 years over again. We don't believe the "scabies" above mentioned has hurt any of the contributors to the 17th volume, any how. But we won't quarrel with our author on minor points. Every student, as a Greek would say, (*vide* "Crosby,") "doing well would read and get one" of Mr. Maltby. The Literary World concludes a spirited review of this work by saying, "We sincerely advise every *son's mother* to place a copy of this little book in the hands of every *mother's son* when he leaves home for college."

### Editor's Table.

"Necessity,  
Thou surest prompter of invention,  
Help us to Composition!"

WE have commenced our Editorial Gossip in true autograph style, with a quotation, and, unlike many quotations, this one exactly expresses our feelings. And can you wonder! After a vacation spent, as winter vacations always are, in fun and hilarity, sleigh rides and merry gatherings, in the full flow of soul and the rich feast of careless enjoyment, we return to duty, and our last and least acceptable thought is of the "Lit." But the inquisitiveness of classmates, the inquiring glances of Freshmen, and the anxious, hopeful looks of contributors, meet us at every step we take asking "when is the Yale Lit. coming out?" Reader, it is—be assured of the fact—before you and eliciting your perusal. Of the labor, anxiety and pain it has cost, of the ink and paper expended, we say nothing.

It is seldom that the Eds. of the "Lit." speak in the pages of the Magazine of its merits, or repeat the many praises and compliments bestowed upon it by contemporary periodicals and others. The almost universal custom adopted by magazines, of puffing themselves, we never have pursued, being content that our Mag should appeal to the sympathy of the reader through its articles rather than by any boasted pretensions upon its cover. But a letter received a few days since made us so goodnatured that we cannot forbear printing it. It is from a graduate of Yale, personally unknown to us, but he speaks in so friendly a tone and backs his words by a subscription *in perpetuum*, that we shall consider him not only our friend, but introduce him to coming editors as a noble patron of our pet Maga.

EDS. Y. L. M.,

BROOKLYN, Jan. 5th, 1853.

GENTS:—From some cause or other I have not received my copies of the Y. L. M. for this present collegiate year. Perhaps you expected me to discontinue my subscription—if so, you are much mistaken, as I have taken the magazine since its commencement. I expect to continue taking it as long as we both continue in existence. I value it so highly that I would not take \$100 for the sixteen volumes I now have. Will you send me as soon as possible all the numbers of this volume already issued. I pay my subscription to Messrs. Clark, Austin & Co., 205 Broadway, N. Y., and they remit it to their agent in New Haven.

If the members of the college could look a few years ahead, and feel as I do they would unanimously subscribe, and not only subscribe but *pay*. Wishing you all manner of prosperity during your editorial term,

I am yours, respectfully,

J. B. G.—

What say you to that, ye few who go about *borrowing* the Lit. from classmates, mumbling that you think its pages dull and dry, and even boasting that you do not subscribe for it, and if you do that you never pay? Are its pages dry? Compare them with those of any other College periodical—we make no exception, not one—and judge of our relative merit. Other College students—in the few Institutions where a Magazine is supported at all—are content with half the number of pages, poor type, paper, &c., and *openly solicit* old compositions and orations, and charge more money than we. But enough. . . . . There is another compliment, however, which we must mention, for it is conveyed in a manner the most pleasing possible, and one which we would suggest to others who think kindly of us. It is a contribution from one of our fair readers,—do not start, book-worm Student! we have many lady readers and one of them has placed at our disposal a poetical effusion which we print in this number—"A voice of praise from all." Did it attract your attention as you turned over the pages? If not, read it again and if you don't pronounce it good, then, why—you don't deserve to know the one who penned it. . . . . The reader will recognize in "A Graduate's Reminiscence," the hand of a well known contributor of a year or two since. His remembrance of the Magazine is pleasing to us, and his easy, sprightly style of writing will ever prove acceptable to our pages. Our good friends abroad will please notice that the scene of mirth and jollity is not at Old Yale, and that the morals of Yalensians are not to be judged by the frailties of a sister University. We are aware the belief is current among those who do not know any better, that College is a *hard* place, the very exterminator of virtue and moral principle and the nursery of mischief and rioting. We have no patience with such people or with such opinions, for the former are ignorant in this particular, and the latter false. Yet the grave observations on student life which we sometimes hear when away from College are really amusing. We remember one. Not many weeks ago at a very pleasant tea-party, the gossip turned upon College sports. One lady described in graphic style the horrors of College initiations—how frightful—how wicked; 'yea,' said she, 'they even place the initiated in coffins!' 'That is not so bad as other things Collegians do,' replied another, 'they put ladies in coffins by their flirtations!' We have only to say to such an implied charge, that the blame *may* be equal and the end of both parties similar. Should any of our fellow-students be guilty of such atrocity we would recommend a few pages of Whewell, and if these be well learned there will be neither opportunity nor disposition for mischief-making. . . . . A witty friend of ours, who is in the habit of doing such things, has perpetrated the following:—The life of man is decidedly ligneous. In his swaddlings, and then—about, he is a *little shaver*; soon comes to be called, by an admiring father, a *chip of the old block*; at school often proves a *blockhead*; becomes a wild young man, perhaps, and is a *poor stick* and a *stumbling block* in the way of others; falls in love and his sweetheart is *wooned* before he can win her; grows old and in the winter of life becomes a "*last leaf*;" and ligneous to the end, sentimentally sighing 'I *would* not live away,' he kicks the bucket or the beam, and is confined in mahogany. . . . . Our readers are doubtless aware that the present is Leap year, and are sufficiently well informed of the privileges and immunities therewith connected. It is proper, as we think, that the monotony of life be now and then interrupted by change—that the sea of social manners and customs be freed from liability of stagnation by a different current of its waves, and that new vigor be acquired by means of a change of actors. Such being our theory, we have shown a dis-

position to facilitate its practice by procuring a number of extra chairs for our annuum, and disseminating among our fair friends the information that we are 'at home.' . . . . St. Valentine's is once more upon us—and bringing its usual interchange of cooing affection and anonymous jest. It is a time when Pegasus is hard driven, and the Muses courted for long, weary hours, with an anxious though trusting devotion. In view of the great demands made upon the fountains of poesy and prompted by a spirit of genuine benevolence to our fellow students, the Editors have ordered the Sexton to exhume a sufficient quantity of rejected poetical contributions, and which at reasonable rates will be placed at the disposal of such as desire to express the gushing, bubbling thoughts, which struggle for an utterance. The supply is exhaustless and the variety unlimited. The prices have been arranged according to the fervor of devotion and originality of feeling which the pieces display. The Sexton has placed several on the table before us for insertion as specimens, but as the printer has peremptorily refused to squeeze the types any thicker together, we are reluctantly compelled to omit them.

#### OUR CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our file of contributions, we are happy to state, is unusually large and unusually good. A number of articles intended for this number are necessarily postponed until the next. . . . "Westminster Abbey;" "Ought women to vote;" "Thought and action, their freedom and development;" have been handed to our colleagues and are under consideration. "Down East and Out West" will appear in the next number. . . . Our correspondent signing himself "Unus Eorum," is respectfully informed that it is not *the essays* competing for the prize, but *the envelopes* accompanying the essays and concealing the writers' names, which are returned through the Post Office. These envelopes have all been returned, according to the stipulation, but the essays are retained for publication, so far as deemed best. . . Our thanks are especially due to a member of the Faculty who at so great a cost of time and research, has contributed the article on the Berkeley Scholarship. It is the only list ever compiled, and its completeness and accuracy has been the result of much tedious investigation. As a piece of historical and statistical information it is invaluable. . . The request of W. S. C. of Alabama University, is readily granted.

EXCHANGES, ETC.—Besides our usual list of magazines, we have received from *Both* any College, with a request that we exchange, the second No. of the "Stylus." We wish it all success in its kindred work, and hope the design "to contribute to the pleasure and improvement of the students," may be realized. . . . We are happy and proud in once more receiving as a regular exchange the Knickerbocker. The appreciation in which it is held by the Students of Yale, is best attested by the large circulation it has among them. . . . Several numbers of "To-Day," a weekly literary journal, edited by Charles Hale, of Boston, have been received and perused with pleasure. A longer notice is necessarily omitted. . . . Our acknowledgments are due to Senator Douglas of Illinois, for "Speeches delivered at the Congressional Banquet to Kossuth, and at the Democratic Festival."

#### ERRATA.

In the Essay on "The Greater Distinctions in Statesmanship," p. 105, line 32, for *an obility* read *a nobility*; p. 106, line 20, for *families* read *formulas*; p. 108, line 34, for *sun benito* read *san benito*; do. line 36, for *prove* read *probe*; p. 109, line 20, for *constitutional* read *constituent*; do. line 22, for *light* read *bigot*.

VOL. XVII.

No. V.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,  
CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"*Præter spem statu iocundæ, nonnulli laudantur VALORES*  
*Constanti SINGULÆ, nonnullique PATRIS.*"

MARCH, 1852.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. D. BALDWIN.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

NEW-YORK.

## CONTENTS.

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|                                               |     |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----|
| Mistaken Philanthropy, - - - - -              | 161 |
| The Undine of Fouque, - - - - -               | 166 |
| Letters, - - - - -                            | 171 |
| Down East and Our West, - - - - -             | 174 |
| Fill a Cup to the Past, - - - - -             | 176 |
| Collegiate Education in the West, - - - - -   | 179 |
| Valentines, - - - - -                         | 183 |
| Photography, - - - - -                        | 186 |
| Literary Notices, - - - - -                   | 189 |
| MEMORABILIA YALENSIA :                        |     |
| Berkeleyiani Redivivi, - - - - -              | 190 |
| Kosuth and Yale, - - - - -                    | 193 |
| Election of Editors, - - - - -                | 196 |
| Premiums Awarded February 28, 1862, - - - - - | 199 |
| Literary Societies, - - - - -                 | 199 |
| Beethoven Concert, - - - - -                  | 197 |
| Junior Exhibition, - - - - -                  | 197 |
| Yale Temperance Society, - - - - -            | 199 |
| EDITOR'S TABLE, - - - - -                     | 199 |

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XVII.

MARCH, 1852.

No. V.

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*Mistaken Philanthropy.*

WE hear much said now a days about Mistaken Philanthropy, False Sympathy, wrong views of Humanity, incorrect notions of Benevolence, and the like. Whenever any individual or class of individuals proposes any scheme for bettering the condition of men—whenever any proposition is made for relieving any class or any people from existing calamities—in short, whenever any new doctrine is set forth, concerning our duties towards our fellow men, which differs from the preconceived notions of mankind, a great hue and cry is raised about these emotions of the human heart. These emotions are said to have become utterly perverted and to have run away with the head. It is alleged that if such principles should prevail, justice would be entirely lost sight of, law would be dishonored, all government would be at an end, and society destroyed. That there may be a philanthropy abroad which would properly receive the appellation Quixotic, we will not say—but what we do condemn and protest against, is the habit of denouncing every philanthropic effort, every humanizing work, as the result of a fevered sympathy. And here we would remark that this mode of treating these matters is not confined to any class of individuals, and what is not a little remarkable, one who accuses another of it, is in turn accused of the same by a third. Take an instance. A pious, devoted Christian has all his sympathies drawn out by the destitution of the heathen. He directs his attention to their wants, and his purse is freely opened to supply their necessities. But his neighbor has his sympathies drawn out in a different direction. His compassion has always been most excited by viewing the victims of

Intemperance, and when a proposition is made for the total suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, he eagerly seizes upon it as the only sure means of saving those for whom his sympathies have so long been aroused. For this, he is accused by the other of being led away by a false sympathy, or a mistaken notion of humanity. And the latter is himself accused of the same failings by a third person, a traveler it may be on missionary ground, who has with prejudiced eye looked upon the introduction of Christianity there. It would seem then that those who make such an outcry against philanthropy, draw no definite line between false philanthropy and true philanthropy, or rather, each one draws a line for himself, and these lines do not at all correspond with each other. The croakers are at variance with themselves.

Since then these persons neither give us any definition of what they call "Mistaken Philanthropy," nor agree in their application of the term, the inquiry naturally arises, what is Mistaken Philanthropy? In order however to answer this, we must first consider what is true philanthropy, using the term in its most commonly received sense.

Philanthropy we conceive to be a synonym of Benevolence and also of Humanity—the union of the heart and hand in acts of kindness towards our fellow-men. It is not pity, not compassion, not mere sympathy. It does not content itself with feeling pain at the sight of pain. Its action is not confined to the removal of the object of its distress. It ceases neither in casual wishes that the cause of distress in the object may at some indefinite period of time be removed, nor in vague prayers for the same end. It is rather the generous emotion of our nature, which, while it commiserates the object of its sympathies, forgets not to relieve it of its suffering. It is the spirit of a Howard periling every danger that the prisoner may be relieved. It is the spirit of a Swartz despising the pleasures of home and friends, and going to the distant Indies that souls may be converted to Christ. It is the spirit of a Luther braving obloquy, contumely, and papal bulls, in order to render the Church below like that above. It is the spirit of Christ, who died that man might live. In a word, it is Love. Philanthropy manifests itself in different aspects. At one time it is meek, at another it is bold; at one time it is mild, at another it is stern; at one time it is gentle, at another it is severe; at all times and under all circumstances it is lovely.

Such then is Philanthropy, as we conceive of it. Let us see if this conception of it is not the true one. "Philanthropy," says Addison, "is the love of mankind—benevolence to the whole human family." "Benevolence," says one of our distinguished Professors, "is an active principle which centres in others, and is chiefly intent on relieving suffering."

Whewell's idea of Benevolence is an affection which makes man, as man, an object of love to us. He states it as a moral principle, that man is to be loved as man, and this he terms the Principle of Humanity. Mr. Fox, in the British House of Commons, remarks—"Humanity does not consist in a squeamish ear. It does not consist in shrinking and starting at tales of woe, but in a disposition of the heart to remedy the evils they unfold."

From these definitions it would seem that we are right in using the terms Philanthropy, Benevolence and Humanity as synonymous. If then the notions which we have advanced respecting these affections are correct, what are we to understand by Quixotic Philanthropy, False Benevolence, Mistaken Humanity? It is perhaps to be regretted that they who make so much noise about these affections should have used so vague and indefinite language respecting them—that they should never have signified clearly what they mean by the terms so frequently used. It is left therefore to inference alone to determine what they mean. And we think from the spirit of their censures, the tones of their voice, the illustrations and comparisons they make use of, it will be no very difficult matter to divine their meaning. They mean, it seems to us, either a philanthropy which leaves justice out of view and which disregards the rights of others, or a philanthropy where the feelings are a predominant feature, where wild and extravagant notions prevail. Sometimes the one is intended, sometimes the other, and sometimes both.

The question then arises, is the philanthropy of those persons of whom Mistaken Philanthropy is predicated, included in either of these cases? We answer, most certainly not. Take the first case. Such men neither keep justice out of sight nor desire to injure others; for their very starting point is benefit to others, of whatever class, "equal and exact justice to *all*," and it is strangely inconsistent for those who admit that this is their starting point to turn around and tell them that they desire the benefit of one class at the expense of another. Some appear to think that vengeance is the object sought for by these so-called Mistaken Philanthropists. If it were, there might be some grounds for fearing, that the bounds of justice would be overstepped. Nor even is punishment the object sought for, and yet it might be, and still justice not be trampled on. But the philanthropist asks nothing of this sort. He only asks that the wrongdoer cease his wrong doings. He will freely forgive him his evil deeds, provided he will leave them off.

Again we cannot see that what may appear to be a wild and extravagant notion is evidence of Mistaken Philanthropy. If so then were Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon the most mistaken of Philanthro-

pista. Nor can we see that the manifestation of excessive feeling is evidence of Mistaken Philanthropy. If so, then was Christ weeping at the tomb of Lazarus whom he raised from the dead, the highest example of a Mistaken Philanthropist.

We think, then, that those to whom this term is usually applied are not entitled to it—that they are true Philanthropists, overflowing with good will to all, and desiring nothing so much as the happiness of their fellow-men.

But it may be objected that if benefit to others be the object sought, the means taken to accomplish this end are subversive of the principles of order and good government, which is considered proof conclusive of Mistaken Philanthropy. Far from it. This is another point entirely. We are not talking about the means used to accomplish an end, but the end itself. A person may earnestly desire to save a drowning man, and according to the best of his knowledge, he may deem a certain rope which he has, the surest means of effecting his safety. This may or may not be the case—but, be that as it may, his humanity is not called in question, his judgment, his common sense, may be, but not his benevolence.

Here then seems to be one difficulty with the croakers—they shift the ground entirely. No greater mistake can be made. But this is not the only difficulty, nor by any means the greatest. In a majority of cases where persons denounce philanthropists, we apprehend that self-interest lies at the foundation of their denunciations. This is not always the case, to be sure. We make all due allowance on the part of these persons for ignorance of the subject, and prejudice against the individuals or the name they bear. But setting these aside, do not interests, real or supposed, prompt most of the anathemas against modern philanthropists? When we consider the manifold ways in which men's interests may be affected, we are not surprised that such is the case. For hardly a reform can be mentioned which does not affect, more or less, the interest of some, either in their own persons or that of their friends, their property, their party, their town, their state, their country, or their sect. And we do not blame indiscriminately all who thus denounce those who are acting for the benefit of others. It is not in human nature to act contrary to self-interest. This our laws recognize, in not allowing *ex parte* evidence and in prohibiting officials from receiving presents from any quarter. But what we do find fault with, is allowing every little petty interest to thwart judgment, to blind reason, and to stifle conscience.

We said at the commencement of this article, that of late much had been said about these matters. But we find that this croaking is an old

story. We find that Wilberforce in his philanthropic efforts to abolish the Slave Trade met with the same opposition. M. Macnamara stigmatized the measure as 'hypocritical, fanatical, and methodistical.' Col. Tarleton, of revolutionary memory, in answer to a speech of Wilberforce, said that "they who had attempted the abolition of the Slave Trade, were led away by a mistaken humanity; \* \* \* these enlightened philanthropists have discovered that it is necessary for the sake of humanity and for the honor of the nation, that the merchants in the African trade should be persecuted; \* \* \* let not a mistaken humanity in these enlightened times present a colorable pretext for any injurious attack on property or character." Such was the language used by the supporters of a traffic which the whole civilized world has now declared to be piracy.

We do not wish to be inquisitive, but we cannot forbear making one inquiry. Perhaps in doing so, we may remind some of that passage in Holy Writ, which speaks of busy-bodies in other men's matters, but still we cannot help asking whether those who prate so much about False Sympathy and Mistaken Philanthropy, do themselves 'loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, break every yoke, give bread to the hungry, bring the poor into their houses and clothe the naked?' Does not their Religion, their Humanity, and their Philanthropy, content itself with 'bowing down their heads like a bulrush, and putting sackcloth and ashes under them?'

We would not deny to such the feeling of sensibility, or pity, or compassion. We would not deny to them painful emotions, in consequence of the distress they see. But we ask, whether, if this emotion prompts to any action at all on their part, it does not in too many cases prompt to a desire to remove from their view the cause of this emotion—not to a disposition to relieve the distress from a benevolent and disinterested concern about the sufferer.

Such are our views of Mistaken Philanthropy. We believe that there is much less of it than is generally supposed, and that that which goes by this name, is the truest Philanthropy, founded in a just apprehension of the rights of man as well as his woes and wants. We believe also in its ultimate triumph, for as has been said a thousand times, "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

C. M. B.

### The Undine of Fouqué.

EVERY man has his day-dreams—has his hours when letting go his strong grasp on the material—the real, he loses himself in mystic memory, or rends the veil of the future and throws up a highway to his destiny. Every man, I say, has them. The miser dreams of unexplored regions of gold; the statesman of Utopia; the philosopher dreams of the arcana of Nature. And these are no less real to the dreamer than is the world of matter to the external senses, the outward man. The influence of the ideal on human character is too well known to be disputed or need defense.

So, in the Empire of Books, there are essays and treatises on the physical universe, and also those whose world imagination creates and lights up. In the former, the attention is directed to forms which hundreds have seen before; in the latter to bright, new creations, fresh from the mould of Genius. In the catalogue of the latter stands the Undine of Fouqué. He who has read this tale from the German, has tasted one of the sweetest cups that imagination has ever mingled for her votaries.

To say that it is from the German is equivalent to asserting, that it differs essentially from the romance of every other nation. The Germans were early known as a fantastic people; which characteristic during the middle ages merged into mysticism, and latterly they are absorbed in the silent world of Intellect. This ceaseless thinking, dreaming has made their literature rich in the imaginative—the poetical. The wild fancy of early times, mingled with medieval heroism and chivalry, and reined by a cultivated taste, has given rise to their noblest productions. None know better than the Germans how to weave into the literary woof electric threads, that thrill at every touch. Not only are there imaginative writings characterized by deep emotion, feeling, passion, but a strange supernaturalism—a ghost-like gliding among the misty scenes.

It is not, however, the present object to analyze German Romance, but to inspect one of its brightest jewels. This inspection will not be made by going through with an actual analysis of the parts, but by producing some general facts illustrative of certain principles.

I propose to consider this work in three respects; its philosophy, its romance, and its poetry. It is founded on the tenets of the Rosicrucians. The mystical notions of this sect of Theosophists working in the mind of Fouqué produced the character of Undine. The other persons represented are of no consequence, at present, further than they assist in developing the plot. Undine is the unity. Around her clusters everything. She is the sun from which every other body in the system receives light.

It is not essential to this essay to inquire into all the principles and articles of belief of the Rosicrucians; they are as various as the characters of the individual philosophers. The system was a river of feeble fountain-head, but mighty tributaries. Among the most prominent may be named Fludd, Boehmen and Van Helmont. They believed that in the elements exist beings of peculiar characters and varied powers, having forms and capacities adapted to that in which they live. Thus there were Sylphs in the air—Gnomes in the earth—Salamanders in the fire, and in the water Undines. The Sylphs furnished the beautiful machinery in Pope's Rape of the Lock, and the Undines are the golden base of this splendid structure of Fouqué.

These beings were supposed to resemble the human race—but were far more beautiful. Their abode was "beneath resounding domes of crystal," above which the constellated heaven glowed and sparkled with its starry fires. They wandered through coral groves, where in

"Sunlight and seagreen  
The thousand palaces were seen."

The elements were subject to their control; but they, at last, like the airy bubbles of their native element, vanished, leaving no trace of their existence. From their bright and woeful present they dropped into annihilation, and were seen no more forever. The great chasm between them and the human race was made by the possession of a soul by the latter. How could an Undine pass this gulf and win immortality? There was only one possible way by which this treasure could be obtained, and that was by "forming the most intimate union of love" with one of the human family.

Upon this dream of philosophy is built the Romance before us. For this Undine left the crystal domes of the Inner Sea—for this the Knight was led through the haunted forest, amid howling demons, grinning specters, and hissing goblins. From this, as a revolving fire-wheel, fly off brilliant sparkles that meet the eye on every page of this exquisite tale. Whatever else may be thought of, this strange notion, which is entirely worthy of the Fire-Philosophers, this must be conceded, that it involves sentiments of the highest order. As there is among men nothing nobler, or more god-like than the soul, so can there be no loftier ambition than to obtain it. This was Undine's aim. She resolved to become possessed of this priceless jewel, with the full conviction, that she at the same time incurred the sorrows and sufferings incident to mortal existence.

She knew there was a God; that from Divine power she derived being, but a being flickering and brief as "night's candles." She looked at

Him from afar. He sat upon the throne of the Heavens, all immortal, which she might never approach. The human race, whose Earth was her Earth, were heirs of immortality. Deathless existence was the bright vision that held her eyes entranced; a life whose wing would never droop in the endless flight of eternity. Such was the aspiration, and to attain to so glorious a height proved to be the destiny of the heroine.

It may appear somewhat inconsistent, that to Undine should be given such qualities of the soul, before she had in reality received one. But consistency abounds when we consider that by Rosicrucian philosophy, not modern systems, is this work to be judged. It did not concern the author how much those notions might differ from his or ours; his duty was to maintain consistency in the parts of that system which he had adopted. Such is the philosophy of the character we are considering. This is the life-giving principle of the work. We shall next view it as a Romance. The term Romance has, in these latter times, been grossly perverted; has been torn from its native limits, and made to render honorable by its presence a base-born race, until itself has incurred obloquy. That elevated, towering nature, that made it over-arch the prosy commonness of life, and like "the bridge of colors seven," bear the enraptured soul to the very skies, has been to a great degree lost in common language. Some have made it synonymous with fiction. Some have called fiction its foundation and vitality; while others have used both indiscriminately to represent mere untruths. Fiction may be simply something feigned, whatever its purpose or object; but Romance, in its proper signification, is the uplifting of the imagination to the highest and noblest conceptions of which the mind is capable. It is the uttered reveries of a powerful yet delicate fancy. Is it then unworthy of a great mind, because it is not regulated by physical laws; because it bears not a political banner; because it is not a theological controversy? No one will claim this. There is a life within us and without, both of which have their events—their acts and actors, and the heroes of the one may be objects of thought and judgment equally with those of the other. The sculptor and the painter have merited, and received the noblest panegyrics, and left behind them the most enviable name, when they have wrought out into palpable, visible forms, those splendid conceptions whose counterpart existed alone in their own brilliant imaginations. These creations of the mind, most of all things, show the divinity that presides in man. Are they not realities? As much as are Grecian statues or Roman monuments. That they are not palpable—that the gross hand cannot touch them, does not at all prove their non-existence. They have being. And that mind which cannot find the highest pleasure

in contemplating its own unembodied creations, is yet too much the slave of matter.

If this view of Romance appear somewhat ultra, zeal has led us to it, because, as has been said, its character has been vilely traduced. Its name has been attached to volumes of fiction, which were mere distorted caricatures of man's lowest thoughts and emotions.

Undine, however, in a remarkable degree, possesses the primitive features of Romance ; at the outset the reader finds himself on the circle of a new world. He enters. It is a world complete, yet novel. Strange scenes and unexpected forms meet him on every hand. The changes are quick, brilliant and pleasing as the metamorphosis of magic. He looks around for the magician, but none is visible ; still he feels that a wand is waving near, grasped by the hand of Genius. The scenes pass by like a beautiful panorama, on which the painted forms are living beings. He scarcely heeds the departure of the last, but seems to be grasping at the echoes, till they one by one drop asleep upon the breast of Silence, and leave him alone with his dream.

It seems almost impossible that the pitch of interest could be much higher, or much better sustained. And this is positively essential to a Romance of the first order. No one peruses it as a scientific treatise is studied, for the sake of accumulating facts and familiarizing principles ; curiosity must be excited at every step, impelling the reader right onward, absorbing his whole attention, until forgetting everything else he lives in the narration, rejoices with the happy, weeps with the sorrowful, and in fine lends his soul to every emotion and passion that each successive development may require.

There are Romances in which a kind of gloomy grandeur is far more prominent, and there are those in which there is more uninterrupted sunshine ; but Undine mingles these elements in a manner that uniformly pleases. We do not call this grand or sublime. But there is in it an elevated purity, an appealing to the noblest emotions of the human soul, an unadorned simplicity that more than compensates.

There are greater Romances, but few more charming and instructive. We close the book, but have seen a vision whose remembrance will not be lost for many a year.

We are again met by false notions and contracted views when we would speak of the *poetry* of Undine. That nothing is a poem that has not rhythm and rhyme *was* a theory, but is no more. It is no longer doubted that there is prose in poetry and poetry in prose. Such a change of sentiment shows that the general mind is getting a clearer and more correct view of this subject. It is a matter of record, that there were "*Am-*

story poems in the shape of roses, looking-glasses, fans and ladies' gowns; drinking songs in the shape of wine-glasses, bottles, and flagons; religious verses in the shape of pulpits and altars; rhymed epitaphs in the shape of tomb-stones; and not to mention flying angels, and trumpets of fame, there were patriotic odes in the shape of Grecian temples, and Egyptian Pyramids." What then is poetry? It is something more than metrical composition,—something more than simply building stanzas by the arsis and thesis. No word will define it. No sentence can express its full meaning. Its definition may be found written out in the great poems of the world, those monuments which Genius has erected for all time. Every man may see its birth-place by turning his eye within. The invisible and spiritual must always precede the embodiment. But on what is founded Undine's claim to poetry?

Its effect upon the reader's mind resembles those of great poems. Not only is this true generally and in the main, but there are some elegant exemplifications of particular analogies. Also the expression of its emotions finds an echo in the natural poetry of the soul—"the divine harmony within." And besides thus appealing to the passions for proof, the intellect recognizes in it poetic features; sees and knows at a glance, by a kind of intuition, that it was born on the Parnassus of the soul. Thus without and within lie the ungathered flowers of poetry, although their locations were not the result of care. When the ebullition of passion, which submerged the soul, had subsided, the jewel was set; but what spirit-hand placed it there the storm of emotion conceals. If bold conceptions and beautiful imagery belong naturally to poetry, its claim in these respects at least stands good. The descriptions are not the work of a second-rate hand, but of an accomplished master. Its machinery indeed is superior to that of some poems which the world have agreed to admire and retain. It was borrowed from a source that furnished Pope with material for one of his finest productions. In truth the question constantly arises in the mind, why was not Undine composed in the form of a poem, since it possesses so many poetic qualities. The creations are original and unique. They are not merely a new assemblage of old forms, but something positively novel, such as we could not have met with before.

Undine possesses no languishing sentimentalism; its muse is not one "that soft and sickly woos"—the argument is higher. It discourses of love, it is true, for everything good and great owes something to love—the spirit of malevolence dare never set itself up for supreme admiration; but its love, burning and ardent as the heart of Passion itself, comes through the intellect purified though not abated.

We cannot quit this topic without noticing briefly the character of

Undine. Before she receives a soul it is strangely attractive. She seems as fickle as her native element—her thoughts are wild and mysterious, and her conduct exceedingly perplexing. Now she is sprightly as youth itself—bright as summer sunshine, and again gratifies her sullen humor amid roaring torrents, crashing forests, and terrific tempests in the gloom of night. Thus it continues, extreme following extreme—now this—now that, no stability—nothing definable. But over all there is an inexpressible loveliness, that surprises while it charms.

When the great turning point in her history arrives—when a mere being is elevated to immortality, a wonderful change comes over her. Before all was “incarnate passion;” now the soul with its mysterious union with mortality, its wide scope of vision embracing Heaven, Earth and Hell, all the hidden events of an endless future, mantles the wild merri-ment in dignity and womanly reserve.

Such a character when once conceived in the mind, though unembodied, can never be forgotten—its beauties will charm the memory forever. Thus it is with the great creations of the imagination; they become woven into our very being, a part of life itself; a dream when we dream, and when we awake a reality. He is the greatest who from his own resources creates and discloses to the minds of his fellow men a new character, whose remembrance and influence shall be coeternal with the heroes of the world.

C. D. H.

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### Letters.

I DISLIKE exceedingly the phrase, “a beautiful letter.” I am no better pleased with those who speak of “fine” letters. It is too common of late to instruct people to give the appearance of a finished production, to that which should be the frank expression of their wishes or communication of their ideas. I am more pleased to receive a note from a child-friend who tells me in his boyish prattle, of his little joys and griefs, than to get a missive from one who, I wager, has corrected the sheet I am reading, four or five times, before sending it to the post.

Yes, take away this Cowper, and give me that packet you will find in the drawer, full of warm gushing emotions that speak to me of a heart which, whatever it may be to the world, greets me with its living fountains of sympathy and love. It minds me of a heart that is not cankered by formality and stiffness. It brings me back to youth again,

and I feel ten years stronger than before. I know that the writers of a few are saying what they feel, and have not stopped to dress their thoughts in courtly language, and I thank them for it. Put back this Gray, and let me revel while I may in this language of the heart. It makes me better than I was; bringing up the memory of other days, when I was careless as the writer. I would give much to be so now. When the world has grown even more thoroughly selfish than at present, let me never see a letter, written as the feelings dictate, but until then I protest against these new-fashioned ideas. They invade the most hallowed objects of my affection.

I prize my "letters received," as the best evidences of character I can obtain. Let me read this one first. It is cold and formal. I know at a glance from whom it comes. He is a morose worldling who would blot all affection from existence. Here is one so very precise, that you involuntarily drop it, afraid that you have committed sacrilege by touching it. You almost start to get it framed, so coldly Platonic is it, that you fear lest it should be defiled. It is the production of one of those staid, methodical personages so common in every community, who are always preaching—"A place for everything and everything in its place"—mayhap from a boarding school mistress who has answered your application for the entrance of your sister. She tells you she can come—underscores the words, "all possible attention paid to the morals of the pupils;" and half intimates that she wonders at your addressing *her* without the prefatory title of "Respected." You breathe easier when it is finished, and thank heaven that you are not "as this mortal." Here may be one from an instructor, at your preparatory school. He loves you, you feel assured—would be happy to see you take your share of College honors; in fact, this very letter is written with a spirit of kindness, to urge you to tell him why you have not done as well as he expected. But for what reason should he throw around his very affection, words which deaden its influence, and fall like lead upon the heart? Why will he bind an incubus upon the love he so clearly feels? Yet he does so, and you lay aside your sheet with the feeling, "that you don't care, he cannot have realized your difficulties." So the letter has gone unanswered.

Now you take one from home. You hasten to unfold it—throw away the envelope, (for a season only, for that too is precious,) and the first words rivet your attention. Here is no deceit. It is a breathing of sincere hopes, an utterance of true love. In comparison, you esteem the former as of no value. No person who was a hypocrite wrote that, and you imagine you will not find another like it. How it dwells upon your prospects—how it tells you of the hopes you are expected to fulfill—

how it nerves you for the contest of life! And it is because it is written easily, that you love it. Drape the same in any other manner, and it loses its charm. Ha! ha! a conventional mother's-letter! The very idea makes you laugh heartily. Why, bless your honest heart, my learned friend, I don't want you or any one else to instruct my friends to write me polished letters. There are two different paths in the world for us to go in, if you do, for so long as I am not a walking dictionary, you and I will be at variance.

As you look over your letters you come to one package you have tied with a black tape. And if possible, you have folded these more carefully than the last—for their very presence is eloquent of one who takes now that

“—rest more sweet and still,  
Than ever nightfall gave;  
In the world beyond the grave:”

and as you reflect that the hand that wrote them is mouldering in the earth, you sigh with regret. You do not look at them often. They are too sacred. You do not show them; for they have become objects of jealous care.

Are not letters properly written, more important indices of character than you had supposed? Do you not feel like execrating the man who first published “The Complete Letter Writer?” Nay more, will you not strive to avoid labored letters? Talk from your heart to that of your friend, faithfully, else he will neither care for you or your words. A good correspondent is invaluable. He strengthens the ties of friendship while living;—he prepares for a grateful remembrance after death. His letters are gems in the bond of human association. But they must be real diamonds. The cultivated heart shuns paste jewels.

It may be a hard thing to break through habit. You who have written your letters logically, rhetorically, may find it easier to do so now. But once acquired, this *abandon*, as the French have it, will soon vindicate its own claim to supremacy. Before it, the grim phantoms of unmeaning courtesy, dissimilar to true politeness as darkness to light, will fade into the contempt they so richly deserve. Try it for a year, and if your correspondence loses *elegance*, you will find it to have acquired a sincerity you have in vain looked for before. A few have found this out, and it is the secret of the freshness and grace of some of our best series of letters. Do not be behind Nature, if you are behind the times.

## Down East and Out West.

"The hills

Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun : the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between  
The venerable woods : rivers that move  
In majesty ; and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadows green."

\* \* \* \*

"These are the gardens of the desert, these  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
For which the speech of England hath no name—  
The Prairies."

*Bryant.*

WILLIS, in speaking of one of the annual gatherings of young men from the various parts of America around the loved shrine of our Alma Mater, says, "It is not thought extraordinary in Europe that the French and English, the German and Italian, should possess distinct national traits : yet one American is supposed to be like every other, although the two between whom the comparison is made, were born and bred as far apart, and in as different latitudes, as the Highland cateran and the brigand of Calabria." As one daily recognizes the fact here intimated among the youth of Yale, the thought often involuntarily passes through the mind, What are the causes of the differences of character ?

Ancestry, Location and Mode of life, have each their respective influence in forming the character of the man. The Pilgrim has transmitted with his blood a goodly share of his austerity and rigid piety even to this day, and the French who dwell upon the Father of Waters are the same merry, careless and indolent race as their fathers who accompanied La Salle and Father Hennepin in their exploration of those lonely savannas and introduced the civilization and the vices of the whiteman to the unsuspecting Indian. The gray old hills of New England nurture among their bleak vales and upon their stubborn soil a hard-faced, hard-fisted yeomanry adapted to the region. The pine woods of Carolina and the tropical exuberance of the Florida wilds send forth from their warm retreats men more passionate, imaginative and volatile. That the mode of life has an effect upon the character of the man is equally evident. The book-keeper is a very different being from the ploughman in his mental as well as physical condition.

It may be interesting to note the effects of these causes upon the New Englander and the inhabitant of the Mississippi Valley.

The New Englanders are as a body the proud descendants of stern fathers. It is their boast that their lineage is that of the Puritans. It is the remembrance of their stern virtues, their inflexible defense of freedom, of person, and of mind, that animates their offspring to show no slack allegiance to the King of kings. True they are sometimes followed too far ; sometimes not far enough. Perhaps we find even now too much of the same spirit that caused the Pharisees of old to make broad their phylacteries—too much regard for outward appearances, unaccompanied by the sincerity of the Puritan's devotion. Still a strong pervading element of New England character is Puritanism.

The Mississippi Valley shows no such union of sentiment, derived from a common parentage and common principles. Settled by the French ; long in the possession of the Spaniards, and, in latter days, the promised land of European immigrants and settlers from the Atlantic coast, it has been and for years will be a mobile, unprecipitated mass, the component parts of which are so variable that the result of the mixture cannot yet be determined.

In the natural features of these two sections we find an essential difference.

New England is "the hill country" of our modern Judea. Like Switzerland, its pine-clad hills and deep valleys, murmuring with a thousand waterfalls ; its rugged soil and harsh climate, that furnish no incitement to ease or voluptuousness, seem designed for a hardy, energetic race. Nor is the design unfulfilled. The old Saxon blood that beat so high in the palmy days of 'merrie England,' has not degenerated in being transferred to the western world. The old German saying,

"Nuremberg's Hand  
Geht durch alle Land,"

hardly expresses the energy, enterprise and originality of New England character.

It must be confessed, however, that "a life on the naked soil" has implanted characteristics less provocative of pride and pleasure. The constant striving against unpropitious soil and climate seems to be the cause. Goldsmith says of the Swiss :

"Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast,  
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest :  
But all the gentler morals, such as play  
Through life's more cultured walks and charm the way ;  
These, far disposed, on timorous pinions fly,  
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky."

But for the refinement introduced by universal education, the same would be, to some extent, true of New England. As it is, we find the people colder in their sympathies, more parsimonious than their countrymen in more favored regions.

If we turn to the States of the West, we shall find nature in a different but no less impressive garb. We shall see mighty rivers hurrying down their ample tributaries to the god of Ocean. Forests of lofty trees reach their huge limbs towards heaven, and seem like giants of old to be striving to reach the skies. Broad prairies stretch out, as far as the eye can reach, in monotonous grandeur, green with the verdure of summer and sinking and swelling in the sunlight. The earth pours forth its increase almost at the asking in the profusion of a tropical clime. To use the words of Father Hennepin, uttered more than a century and a half ago, "Nothing is there wanting to lay the foundation of one of the mightiest empires in the world."

What effect do these peculiarities have upon the inhabitants?

"To look on nature in her loftier moods" is an inspiration. Hence perhaps it is that we find the western imagination more extended and magnificent in its conceptions according as the mind is inspired with the grandeur of the primeval forest or the lonely prairie. True this often leads to bombast and the so-called "western eloquence." Imagination unfettered by reason, unpruned by education, takes the single step which alone, we are told, lies between the sublime and the ridiculous. This feature however has made western oratory universally popular, and under better control will become a powerful element.

The fertility of the soil and consequent ease in obtaining a competence, banishes the extreme frugality of the New Englander. Men are more open-hearted and open-handed. The stranger meets a heartier welcome and the friend a readier assistance.

The New Englander's mode of life more resembles that of the old world. The country is growing old; society settled, and children following in the footsteps of their fathers, tread a more and more beaten circle of observation and duty. The Westerner has a wide field. Amid a sparsely settled country he may see fewer men but more diversity—more of nature. The one is thus moulded by society—the other more by nature. The one has those advantages of education and refinement, found almost exclusively in populous communities—the other the freshness and originality that they only possess who dwell amid the murmur of wood and stream, afar from the busy city with a crowded population.

Under these influences we find the New Englander and the Westerner representatives of very different classes of men. The Yankee is moral

and long-faced, even in his sharp trading. The Westerner must swear, even in doing a good action. The New Englander calculates, the Westerner reckons. One feels more than he expresses, the other expresses more than he feels. The pride of one is his acuteness, of the other his bluntness. One solicits popular favors by puppet play, the other by a direct presentation of his own claims and opinions. If we pass over New England we shall find a schoolhouse upon every hillside, a church in every valley, evincing the tendency of the popular mind. We shall find an inquisitive race, a general "wanting to know" and solicitations to "do tell," a cold reception as a stranger, a warm one when the ice is broken : fair daughters, brave sons and wise fathers. We shall see more than one field where our fathers fought for the destinies of the infant nation.

If, on the other hand, we traverse the prairies of the West, we shall encounter a race of men "half horse, half alligator, with a touch of the snapping turtle," able "to whip their weight in wildcats" and bound under all circumstances to "go ahead;" the pioneers of civilization; the haters of Indians; the truest of friends and the noblemen of nature. These are the first wave of the tide of civilization which is rolling westward. In their rear we shall find another class who form the grand body politic, a mixture of all nations, yet possessing many qualities in common. Here we shall find less of the learning of the old States, fewer schoolhouses, fewer churches; a sparse population, and millions of acres where still "the rank thistle nods in the wind and the wild fox digs his hole unscared." We shall be hail fellows well met with every one we chance to encounter, and even if the unvarying appellation be "stranger," we shall be welcome at every fireside. We shall find everything new. A few traces of another race are around us, but these are fading away even faster than those who left them. Towns are springing up along the river banks as if created like the palace of Alladin, in a single night, and where to-day the prairie flower is blooming to-morrow the rank grain will grow.

Such is New England and such the Great West; either a land for a man to be proud of, and to which he will turn with gladness wheresoever he may have wandered. Rightly does the New Englander exult in his land, and we not one whit the less in ours by the great rivers of the West. We are proud of New England as the home of our fathers, and the home of those who have fled from oppression. And as we look upon the dozen States, and more, included in the Valley of the Mississippi, the millions of inhabitants scattered within its borders, the mere germs of nations yet to be, and read the destiny of the country in what it is, we cannot but feel that here lieth a young giant asleep, whose wakening shall tell upon the destinies of man.

Φ.

## Fill a Cup to the Past.

### I.

FILL a cup to the Past! for its sorrows and pain  
We never can know or can suffer again;  
Its grief and its anguish can never impart  
The shade of its sadness to darken the heart.  
But our joys and our pleasures Time never can steal;  
As we felt them before, them again shall we feel:  
And while memory roams through the field of the Past,  
Forever their bloom and their freshness will last.

### II.

Fill a cup to the Past! a libation we pour  
To the friends whom we loved, but who now are no more;  
They have gone from among us, the ardent, the young,  
Their dirge we have chanted, their knell we have rung;  
And if ever your shade can revisit the earth,  
We welcome you here to our joy and our mirth;  
Though unseen, be present; your memory dear  
We pledge, and the goblet is crowned by a tear.

### III.

Fill a cup to the Past! from its shades I recall  
The remembrance of her who was dearer than all;  
Like a glimpse of the sunshine in darkness above  
Was that light that was fanned and was kindled by love.  
And e'en the remembrance can over me throw  
The gleam of that gladness earth cannot bestow.  
Like the rose she unfolded her fragrance and bloom,  
To brighten with beauty the waste of the tomb.

### IV.

Fill a cup to the Past! to its pleasures and woes,  
To our joys and our sorrows, our friends and our foes:  
To the hopes that breathed brightness, the fancies that cheered,  
The much we desired, and the much that we feared;  
To each and to all! we will never regret  
Misfortune and sadness we soon may forget;  
But the garland of joy culled in love's fairy bower,  
Of that wreath, Time can never e'en wither a flower.

## Collegiate Education in the West.

country, comparatively speaking, is all yet in its infancy. At most, the glory of the full grown man, can only be predicted by the dawning greatness of the vigorous youth. This, though applicable to the whole of our country, is nevertheless peculiarly the case with that able portion, the "West." Where twenty years ago the savage roamed around his fires, and chased the bounding game over the prairies; towns, cities, and states, have sprung up like exhalations. In the midst of this unprecedented growth in the material comforts of civilized life, education has not been neglected. Science is peculiarly the child of a civilized and settled society; the offspring of leisure and wealth; where only can we look for its greatest achievements. This is too obvious to require illustration. From the manner of settlement in the Western States, circumstances have been very unfavorable to the cultivation of mind to that full extent which will ere long be done. While I consider the subject of Collegiate Education in this part of the Union, it will not be by disparagement, but rather with an honest acknowledgment so much has already been accomplished. Besides the disadvantages usually incident to a new country, the heterogeneous character of the population has been unfavorable to strong effort in Education. This has been ever severely felt, and as I intend to show, has modified Western Educational institutions much, to their injury. In this respect the Atlantic States have unquestionably had the advantage. Here one class of inhabitants almost exclusively settled the same district, and hence united effort was secured. Add to this fact, New England was colonized by a people of high literary character originally, who raised the walls of the parsonage house, the school, (I may almost say the College,) and the college simultaneously. The Southern and Middle States were generally settled by people of like character, and possessed at least this advantage; it does not seem that they have profited by it so as to surpass the New England sisters in respect to Colleges. But notwithstanding these disadvantages and circumstances, a disposition was manifested by our western States to lay a firm foundation for Collegiate Education. Most of the States made provision for the establishment of Colleges by grants of land, apportioning a definite amount in each state to be held perpetually for that purpose. These lands were not sold to settlers, but leased for an indefinite period, and at a moderate rent, which income was to found and support the College. As soon as the funds were sufficient, proper build-

ings were erected, Professors called from the older states, and a miniature Oxford set "a going." But the State Universities did not satisfy. Many reasons can be assigned for this: such as the increased wants of a growing population, and the wishes of sectarians to establish institutions on bases to suit themselves. In respect to the system of State Universities, amid undoubted beneficial results, there have also been some disagreeable consequences. The Executive Board being chosen by the Legislature, it is too often the case that favoritism has to do with their selection, and unworthy Directors are the result. This added to the fact that the political horoscope frequently changes, and a corresponding change in the Board often occasions trouble between them and the Faculty. I have known several College officers of exemplary worth disgraced, because they happened to have political views at variance with "the powers that be." Some *would be* legislators have likewise held that ministers of the Gospel should not be College officers; which drove the different religious sects to the establishment of Institutions under their immediate direction. The consequence of these various reasons has been the multiplication of Colleges to a degree unprecedented. This, in my opinion, is the parent of nearly all the evils which attend Western Colleges. As a single State University was insufficient to meet the demand, the number of Collegiate institutions is now manifestly greater than necessary. A single state having sixteen Colleges, empowered to confer the usual degrees, must needs be overstocked. Let us consider for a moment the disadvantages of this multiplicity. The founding of a College must necessarily involve a very considerable expense; so much that recent settlers are but ill able to bear it. The undertaking being too large, the work will be imperfectly done; so that when the edifice is finished, there will be nothing left for Libraries, Apparatus, and for Professors' salaries. The young institution being embarrassed after her patrons have exhausted their liberality, will have to struggle with difficulties too great for her strength. Funds being scarce, the expenses must be met by the pupils' fees, and thus there will be a desire to increase the attendance as much as possible. This, unavoidable as it is, leads to easy terms of admission, and elastic government in College; since numbers cannot be dispensed with without greatly endangering the existence of the institution. As rules of discipline become loose, and the grade of scholarship low, the facilities for obtaining degrees will be increased, and hence they will be less valued. All these injurious effects will be heightened by the number of Colleges affected in like manner through want of resources. This state of affairs is not equally the lot of all. Some Colleges in the Western States could be specified, which from their foundations derived

from the state, or other sources, have risen above pecuniary difficulties. Such are Miami University, O., Centre College, Ky., and Asbury University, Ind. Yet the number is a disadvantage which effects all to some extent. If the different and seemingly conflicting interests could be united, there would be Colleges at once in the West which would compare favorably with any in the United States. In the face of all difficulties, the course of instruction is really superior to what is usually supposed in the East. From the age of the country, Professors must be sought elsewhere. Hence, with very few exceptions, they are graduates of Eastern Colleges, or European Universities. Having equal advantages for acquiring education, we cannot reasonably consider them inferior to others. But though many of them would grace a chair of science anywhere, yet they cannot in every instance be as thorough in instructions or as rigid in discipline as they could wish, for reasons enumerated above. However, from the opportunities I have had of observing discipline at Western Colleges and at this place, which is considered the most rigid in its laws of all Eastern Institutions, I must confess the difference is not very greatly in its favor. The Literary advantages are there, as in every place, far more than are improved.

Respecting the grade in scholarship, the greatest want is in the classics. There is a good reason for this which will be specified hereafter. In the Natural and Moral Sciences, the instructions are full, and the improvement such as would be highly creditable anywhere. There is no reason that it should be otherwise. Improvement depending more on strength of mind than careful drilling, progress can be made there as well as elsewhere. But the early part of the College course depending more on long and careful preparation in the learned languages, the attainments are not so good. This, as above said, has an evident cause, which consists in the very imperfect means of obtaining a proper "fit" for College, for which the preparatory schools are entirely inadequate. In truth, there can scarcely be said to be one Academy of the right character, to prepare the numerous candidates for the more advanced course. The number seems to be in an inverse ratio to that of Colleges. Were three fourths of the latter turned into Academies, after the Andover and Exeter stamp, the most beneficial results would be secured at once. But when a person proposes to take a Collegiate course, he must employ as a teacher some professional character, who, by reason of time and multiplicity of duties, has lost the greater part of his classical knowledge. The disadvantage of employing such a teacher will be evident. The remuneration obtained from one or two pupils will not justify close attention and preparation, even if other duties would permit.

Hence the student can receive little more than the mere name of reciting under a teacher. This must be the case under like circumstances anywhere. Academies being wanting, and private instruction precarious, the pupil must depend in a great measure on his own effort for preparation. Imperfection resulting, the early course in College will be embarrassed, and passed over without the usual advantages. This must undoubtedly be looked upon as by far the greatest difficulty with which Western Colleges have to contend. They receive students imperfectly fitted, and cannot fully remedy the defect. Another disadvantage which students are subjected to, is that they cannot be regular. In every new country, nearly all must labor at least part of the time. Farmers' sons leave the plough to attend College one session, and then from studying, return to practice the "Georgics." These, however, are the evils of a particular period in the settlement of every country. Time and experience will cure them all. But in the face of such disadvantages, Western Colleges have done, and are doing a good work. They furnish the means of a good education; which, if not as complete and thorough in every instance as could be desired, are nevertheless as well adapted to the condition of the people as could be expected. They afford instruction cheap; in most instances the prices being scarcely half that in New England Colleges. This, together with the general cheapness of living there, make the terms of obtaining an education still more easy for the indigent.

Considering all things, I believe that Western Colleges offer greater advantages, compared to expenses, than any other in our country. They have had to struggle with their greatest difficulties; the "middle passage" is over, and now they are placed on a more nearly equal footing with their older sisters. It is questionable whether Yale or Harvard numbered as many Alumni in the first twenty years of their existence, as some new Colleges which could be specified. One thing is certain, their grade of scholarship for the same period was far below. Though our new seats of learning number Alumni as yet by hundreds, time will soon make them thousands, and their energy of character, combined with filial reverence for the young *Mothers*, will make these the honor and pride of our country.

C. R.

## Valentines.

Messrs. Editors :—Although you will find nothing peculiar in the following correspondence—nothing which seems different from ordinary Valentines—I think you will agree with me that it is true to nature. How I came into possession of it is of no consequence ; nor is it any matter whether it is real or fictitious. But knowing as I do the circumstances under which it was written, I can say that it is the aim of the writer to hit off a certain practice common here in Yale, of corresponding with boarding school girls, whose acquaintance has been formed by means of the annual catalogues of the Institutions. Whether or not he has succeeded, you must be the judge. Believing you to be desirous of giving in your Magazine every phase of College life, with this explanation, I submit the correspondence to your consideration. x.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 14th, 1852.

*My Dear Mr. F—— :*

Do you recollect meeting in the Cars while traveling last summer, a young lady just returning from boarding school ? Perhaps you do not—indeed it is more than probable that you do not—but I have never forgotten you. Your face, so long remembered, has been before me in the hours of gayety and sadness. When mingling with the home circle around the domestic hearth, or when joining in the witching dance, your face has been ever near to me, and I could not forget it.

I know that it was wrong thus to indulge in dreams of the future—beautiful fancies—too bright, too joyous, to be ever realized ; but if you have ever felt a deep, a strong devotion, to any earthly object—if your soul has ever gone forth like the dove of old, and has found no object on which to rest itself—then, and then only, can you know and sympathize in my feelings.

You may think it strange that I should thus portray the feelings of my heart to one who judges himself a total stranger to me. You cannot think otherwise, but trusting to your generous nature, your manly heart, and relying on your generous nature, I venture to entrust to you those sentiments which have so long been buried in my heart. Forgive, but do not forget your own devoted

ANGELINA.

P. S. Direct to A. B. J——, No. — Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

YALE COLLEGE, Feb. 17th, 1852.

*My Dearest Angelina :*

"Do you not know who I am?" "How in the world should I know who you are?" "Why, sir, I am the Mayor of the City of New Haven." "Well, I don't care a hang."

The foregoing confab, which took place between the worthy chief magistrate of this city, and a short, chubby, jolly, frolicsome classmate of mine, on a certain night of a calliathump serenade, was brought very forcibly to my mind on perusing a valentine purporting to be from the person to whom this is addressed. I must, however, here mention that at the time of its reception, I was in no fit mood to be wooed and won—no, not even by Venus herself. Four hours of hard riding and tedious waiting at railroad stations, the day previous—a consequent tardiness at the vesper meal, exceedingly unusual for me, and almost amounting to that of the venerable Daniel Tucker, Esq.,—highly interesting and even exciting scenes far into the 'sma' hours—a short allowance of sleep, and that frequently interrupted by a constant absence of caloric from my nether limbs—all this concatenation of heterogeneous circumstances, to which must be added the pleasing prospect of hot coffee and buttered rolls, had the effect to render me, at about fifteen minutes before eight this morning, decidedly averse to any correspondence at all, and particularly to that of an amatory nature. Receiving your note then, under these conditions, I could not, as I rolled over in bed to peruse its contents, but bring to my mind the situation of my jolly classmate, to which allusion has been made. But as I lay there with my head resting on my elbows, in a meditative mood, I came to the conclusion that, as your postscript implies that you expect a reply, I would attempt one. In doing this I know of no better method than to take up the several topics and give you my views in respect to them.

You ask, first—Do you recollect meeting in the cars, while traveling last summer, a young lady just returning from boarding school? In answer to this, your first inquiry, I have to say that I have no such recollection whatever—and, moreover, I would add that it is not my practice, when traveling, to be on the lookout for boarding-school misses going home to see their mammas. I have at times, it is true, gone down to the depot here in New Haven, when we have received intelligence from certain boarding-schools in Massachusetts that their vacation was about to commence, and that a bevy of feminines might be expected. But this, you will readily perceive, is a far different case.

There is another point in this inquiry which I wish to notice. You do not particularize the place in which you were so fortunate as to catch the

first glimpse of my delectable countenance, nor do you mention any circumstances of our meeting, by which I might recall that meeting to my memory. This leads me to think that you never did meet me at all, nor have ever heard of me except through the annual catalogue of the College; or, perhaps, through newspaper notices of the many distinguished posts of honor which I have held during my stay here. I have also another reason for believing that you have never seen me. If, as you intimate, our only meeting was on the cars, how could you have known that the person you then saw bears the name which the envelope of your Valentine does? Possibly, however, you may have had the exquisite pleasure of gazing on my benign countenance, and have sufficient reason for refraining from mentioning any circumstances which would recall yours to me. You may be unwilling to inflict upon my mental vision any sight which would be unpleasant or disagreeable to me. For this you may have two reasons. You may fear that such a sight would be an antidote, as it were, to your letter, or you may be actuated by motives of the purest benevolence. In either case you are perfectly excusable. But I would rather place the matter on a different footing and suppose that you are a damsel as fair as the Houris—for no other, I am sure, would have the audacity to fall in love with so handsome a young man as myself—and have been prevented from disclosing yourself more fully to me by that innate modesty which is so characteristic of your whole letter.

You next speak of having my face constantly before your eyes. It is present at your going out and your coming in, at your lying down and at your rising up. Well, I am very glad to hear that any one has been able to take my picture. Of late, several quite unsuccessful efforts at this very thing have been made. The art of Daguerre and also that of lithography have in vain been called into requisition for this purpose. Cupid it would seem by your statement has been more successful. Before leaving this part of your letter I would simply suggest to you the propriety of reciprocating this favor, for since you are in possession of my portrait it is no more than fair that I should be in possession of yours.

You now go on to confess to the sinfulness of indulging in dreams of the future—beautiful fancies—too joyous to be ever realized you say. Here are two facts which I am glad to find—first, that there is in your character a disposition to acknowledge your wrong doings; and, second, that you have no expectation that your fond hopes will ever be realized. In this connection, too, you mention the only conditions on which I can sympathize with you. If these be, indeed, the only conditions then surely I fear you will be deprived of the sympathy of him on whom your fondest hopes have centred; for I can assure you that whenever I have

permitted my soul to go forth like the dove of old, it has found an object on which to rest itself. I am sorry for your sake, that such is the case. I regret that you are thus deprived of my sympathy, for I think you greatly need it—but so it is—and under these circumstances, I can do nothing more for your so desperate case than offer for your consolation the good old maxim, “Γενν ἀνδ βσαρ ιτ.”

“You may think it strange,” you say, “that I should thus portray the feelings of my heart to one who judges himself a total stranger to me.” Not at all. I do not wonder that you venture to entrust to me those sentiments which have so long been buried in your bosom. It is perfectly natural for the spell-bound songster of the forest when the fascinations of its charmer have become irresistible, to fly to its deadly embrace. You speak here of my generous nature, my manly heart and my honor. Now I beg leave to ask how do you know that I have a generous nature, a manly heart, or any honor at all. For aught you know to the contrary, I may be possessed of a nature as ungenerous as that of a Shylock, a heart as wanting in manliness as that of an Iago—or I may be as destitute of honor as a Judas. Yet as it is truly said that guessing is as good as anything when one guesses right, we will let this pass.

Your closing prayer, “Forgive, but do not forget,” I will surely grant. The former part, were it neither leap year nor St. Valentine’s day, I should grant, for I was always taught to forgive others their trespasses. In regard to the latter, I am sure I shall never forget you, for I believe it is universally held that a person can never forget what he never knew.

With sentiments of peculiar regard, and affections the natural results of our mutual acquaintance,

I remain, Yours, as ever,

J. L. F—.

## Phonography.

THE writing and printing reformation naturally divides itself into two branches, Phonography and Phonotypy. Phonography is something which may be of immediate utility to us as young men who will hereafter make much use of the pen, but Phonotypy, that is, printing by sounds, would engage us, chiefly as an improvement which may confer an immense benefit on following generations. While the phonetic principle has been accepted, as the foundation of a correct orthography by

eminent men, among whom are Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Sir William Jones and Bishop Wilkins ; and a committee of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences,\* there has not yet, we believe, been established a system of phonytypic characters upon which all the friends of the reform could unite as a permanent basis. For these reasons we will confine our notice to the single subject of Phonography which alone is inviting and ample enough. However, the claims of Phonography to be a philosophical scheme of the largest scope and most beneficent intention, may be received, it is undeniably an art of great convenience. Whatever multiplies the power of the pen five fold and multiplies thus much the utility of an art so variously applied deserves consideration for its every day benefits, if it is denied respect as a science.

The capability of Phonography to do the offices of ordinary writing, in correspondence, in book-keeping, in authorship, and to do them with manifold speed and with entire legibility, is not merely theory. At this moment voluminous letters are passing which were written almost with the rapidity of utterance ; editors are throwing off articles with a speed and comfort which were unknown by the tedious process of the old script ; clergymen are penning their sermons without that manual labor which renders the composition of forty pages per week so irksome ; lawyers take down the words of witness with a new facility ; authors save two thirds of their valuable time by dictating to phonographic amanuenses, while all over the country the wit and wisdom and eloquence of lecturers and statesmen are gathered up, with an ease, accuracy and cheapness which were not known before.

But we do not demand that Phonography be accepted as a substitute for the hand-writing in general use, until it is shown that our orthography is essentially vicious and that the phonetic principle is philosophically correct ; and if these are admitted there is no question that Phonography as writing is superior to, and ought to supercede, any chirography now in vogue.

The change to Phonetic spelling is indeed a radical one, but I apprehend it is only a return to the original idea of written language. The English has widely departed from that idea, so that by reason of the variations in pronunciation whereby letters which were once enunciated are now silent, by the introduction of foreign words spelled on the principle of foreign languages and especially by reason of the inadequacy of the characters to represent the elementary sounds, in consequence of which many of the letters have various powers and are formed into nu-

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\* Report on Phonotypy, Aug. 12, 1846.

merous combinations to represent the same simple sounds, our orthography has come at this time to be governed by such anomalous, recondite and arbitrary rules as encumber no other science. There must be a reform, or millions of children who will speak our tongue, must undergo the useless labor of mastering the irregularities before they possess the key to the knowledge which is in books, and millions more will find reading and writing unattainable. Rapp, in the *Physiologic der Sprache* says of the English that it has acquired "an incomparable fluency, and appears especially adapted by nature, more than any one of the living, to undertake the part of the universal tongue out of Europe. Were not the impediment of a bizarre, antiquated orthography in the way, the universality of the language would be more apparent; and it may, perhaps, be said to be fortunate for us other Europeans, that the Englishman has not made the discovery."\* Obviously in any reform proposed, words should be spelled as they are pronounced and not differently, that is, an alphabet should be derived from a thorough analysis of the language, which would furnish a single character to express unambiguously each separate sound, and a word should be represented by the succession of letters which represent the different sounds of which the whole pronunciation is made up. Such an alphabet would embrace about thirty-six letters for simple sounds and six or seven for compound sounds for which it is desirable to have characters. This system is phonetic.

But is the writing system which has been formed upon this principle scientific, and does it unite in the highest degree the qualities of simplicity, brevity and legibility? We cannot give here a full description of phonography, nor has the printer the type to illustrate an explanation. In general terms we may say, the consonants and the vowels are separately classed—the consonant skeleton of the word is written connectedly and the vowels are afterwards appended, as in the Hebrew. The consonant outlines unite in convenient and elegant forms and can be contracted under a few simple rules, so that the briefer the sign the more it expresses. A single stroke of the pen often makes a syllable or a word. Phonography here appears in advantageous contrast with the old writing which requires from two to seven motions of the hand for every letter, and when we remember that in almost every word there are superfluous letters, we see how it is that Phonography is so expeditious and long hand so cumbersome; that while the one follows with delightful activity the words of a speaker—the other trammels "our living flocks of thought as they trudge it slowly and wearily down the pen

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\* Quoted in American Academy's Report on Phonography.

and along the paper hindering each other as they struggle through the straight gate of the old hand writing."

In Phonography as in the Hebrew an experienced reader will dispense for the most part with the vowel signs. It is even easier to do without them, for the eye is not embarrassed by so complicated a form. Brevity is further obtained by the use of *word-signs*, which are parts of words taken to represent its whole. They are established by usage and rather assist legibility, than otherwise.

In practice this system is found to be entirely *natural*. This would be expected from the manner in which it was formed. It was not compounded of the heterogeneous remains of incongruous alphabets, with too many letters for some sounds and none for others—but beginning *de novo* with an analysis of the language and of simple mathematical figures it assigned to the most frequent sounds the most simple and convenient symbols, always accomplishing a result with the least manual labor, so that legibility was not sacrificed.

This art has many friends in college, a few of them expert in using it, and more wishing for the skill to daguerreotype the flowing words of the speaker, without putting forth the effort to acquire it. For ourselves this has been a pleasant task. The philosophical simplicity and the large results made it as fascinating as poetry; and now when it is to some degree our own, and novelty has been worn off by possession, a more sober view of its advantages does not diminish our estimation of its value. Lifting our contemplation from its hooks, dots and circles, we may indulge the imagination with a pleasing prospect of its utilities; we may expect that the art which bestows additional power on writing; the great instrument of business, the solace of friendship, the vehicle to authors, will exert on human affairs an influence something like printing, if not as great, yet certainly as happy.

## Literary Notice.

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW. Published Monthly by CHAMPION BISSELL, 1  
Nassau Street, New York.

The name of the present publisher of this well-known Review is that of acquaintance, a College friend, and what is more—a frequent contributor, is gone by, to the pages of our own Magazine. He was one of the good old who wrote well, wrote frequently, and *paid his subscription promptly*,—as in duty bound, we cordially wish success to “C. B.” of the Class of 1850.

The Review has for its primary object the support of the known principles and measures and men of the united Whig party, and as such has been cordially commended by Webster, Choate, Winthrop, Butler King, and a score of others. The number is embellished with a portrait of some eminent member of that party in connection with a biographical sketch. The March number, for instance, happens to be before us, has a portrait of the Hon. Wm. A. Graham, the Sec of the Navy.

But although Politics is the main concern of the Whig Review, Literature receives no little attention. Indeed, in the last number, quite as many of the articles were suited to the general as to the merely political reader. Such as pieces on the “American Drama,” “Female Poets,” and “Traditions of Tennessee.”

We acknowledge that we feel some pride in seeing one who was so near among us, engaged as the conductor of so able a Review, and we doubt not those who knew him here, will be glad to pass the word as to his present position and perhaps send him their own names as *paying* subscribers. We presume such subscribers are quite as acceptable in New York, if not as rare, as they are in New Haven—to the Whig Review as to the Yale Literary. Those who do not want a political Review may be glad of one when they are out of College, and such Yalensians, the one which is before us especially commends itself, having originated with the lamented Colton of the Class of 1840, and being now conducted by another graduate of Yale. Our recommendation of its ability is quite unnecessary, after the praises it has received from the Statesmen named above.

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## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### BERKELEIANI REDIVIVI.

In our last number we published a list of the Berkeleyan Scholars, with the comment that, owing to the loss of the original record, the work was wholly one of conjecture; and as we had to depend upon the personal recollection of individuals, dating back sixty years or more, it was stated that the list was probably incorrect. Since then the missing record, which had hitherto resisted all search, has been accidentally discovered, and as it is desirable that the corrections should be in full, we publish the whole list in the present number, in its corrected and complete form. This ancient document, in addition to this information, contains

matter relative to the Berkeleian Fund of an interesting nature. There is recorded in it a complete list of all who have received the premiums for Latin composition, to the close of the last century. The autograph signatures of those who have received the fund, both for scholarships and the smaller premiums, dating from 1733, add to the interest of the records. There is also a memorandum made by resident Stiles, by which it seems that the farm in Rhode Island was leased in the year 1769 for the term of 999 years; with the annual rent of 100 oz. of silver until 1809, thence to 1810 for 126 oz. of silver, and thence to the end of the term for 10 bushels of wheat; this has since been commuted for the payment of 140 dollars.

## LIST OF THE BERKELEIAN SCHOLARS.

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1733. Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, D. D.<br>Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, D.D., <i>Pres.</i><br><i>Dart. Coll.</i>                                   | 1753. Rev. Seth Pomeroy, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i><br>James Usher.                                                                                                                                                       |
| 1734. Benjamin Nicoll.<br>William Wolcott, <i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i>                                                                      | 1754. Rev. John Devotion.<br>Rev. Justus Forward.                                                                                                                                                                |
| 1735. Rev. Aaron Burr, <i>Pres. Coll. New Jersey.</i><br>Rev. James Lockwood, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i><br>Elisha Williams.<br>Samuel Williams. | 1755. Rev. Luke Babcock.<br>Moses Bliss.<br>Rev. Nehemiah Strong, <i>Tutor and Prof. Yale Coll.</i>                                                                                                              |
| 1736. Rev. Nathan Birdseye.<br>Rev. Silas Leonard.                                                                                      | 1756. Robert Breck.<br>Hon. Simeon Strong, LL. D., <i>Judge Sup. Ct. Mass.</i>                                                                                                                                   |
| 1737. Rev. Mark Leavenworth.<br>Rev. Gideon Mills.                                                                                      | 1757. Hon. Edmund Fanning, LL. D.<br><i>Gov. Pr. Edw. Is.</i><br>Hon. Titus Hosmer, <i>Rep. U. S. Cong.</i><br>Rev. Noah Williston.                                                                              |
| 1738. Hon. Phineas Lyman, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i><br>Rev. Chauncey Whittlesey, <i>Tut. Y. Coll.</i>                                           | 1758. Rev. Benjamin Boardman, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i><br>Hon. Silas Deane, <i>Rep. U. S. Cong., Minister to France.</i><br>Rev. Roger Viets.                                                                           |
| 1739. Solomon Welles.<br>William Williams.                                                                                              | 1759. Rev. Enoch Huntington.<br>Alexander King.<br>Jesse Leavenworth.<br>Rev. Matthew Merriam.                                                                                                                   |
| 40. Rev. Jacob Johnson.<br>Hon. John Worthington, LL. D.,<br><i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i>                                                    | 1760. Rev. Levi Hart, D. D.<br>Woodbridge Little.<br>Rev. Ebenezer Russell White, <i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i>                                                                                                        |
| 41. Rev. Richard Mansfield, D. D.<br>Rev. Noah Welles, D. D., <i>Tut. Yale Coll.</i>                                                    | 1761. Hadlock Marcy.                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 42. Jared Ingersoll.                                                                                                                    | 1762. Rev. Theodore Hinsdale.<br>Rev. Joseph Huntington, D. D.<br>William Jones.                                                                                                                                 |
| 43. Rev. Thomas Arthur.                                                                                                                 | 1763. Rev. Ebenezer Baldwin, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i><br>Amos Botsford, <i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i><br>Hon. Stephen Mix Mitchell, LL. D.,<br><i>Tut. Yale Coll., Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong., Ch. Judge Sup. Ct. of Conn.</i> |
| 44. Hon. Wm. Sam'l Johnson, LL. D.,<br><i>Judge Sup. Ct. of Conn., Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong., Pres. Col. Coll.</i>                      | 1764. Rev. Samuel Camp.<br>Rev. Diodate Johnson, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i><br>Chauncey Whittlesey.                                                                                                                       |
| 45. Rev. Warham Williams, <i>Tut. Yale Coll.</i><br>Thaddeus Betts, M. D.<br>Rev. Jonathan Colton.                                      | 1765. Roswell Grant.<br>Rev. Joseph Howe, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>                                                                                                                                                      |
| 46. Rev. Pelatiah Webster.                                                                                                              | 1766. Hon. Jonathan Ingersoll, LL. D.<br><i>Judge Sup. Ct., and Lt. Gov. of Conn.</i>                                                                                                                            |
| 47. Rev. Aaron Hutchinson.                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 48. Rev. Naphtali Daggett, D.D., <i>Pres. Yale Coll.</i><br>Rev. William Johnson.                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 49. Hon. James Abraham Hillhouse,<br><i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i>                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 50. Elihu Tudor, M. D.                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 51. Rev. Judah Champion.                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 52. Henry Babcock.<br>Gurdon Saltonstall.                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |

1767. Rev. Joseph Lyman D. D.  
Hon. John Treadwell, LL. D. *Gov. of Conn.*  
Hon. John Trumbull, LL. D., *Tut. Y. C., Judge Sup. Court Conn.*  
Rev. Samuel Wales, D. D., *Tutor and Prof. Yale Coll.*
1768. Rev. Amzi Lewis.  
Josiah Norton.  
Rev. Elijah Parsons.  
Rev. Seth Sage.  
Buckingham St. John, *Tut. Y. C.*
1769. Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D.  
*Tutor, Prof. and Pres. of Y. C.*  
Rev. John Keep.  
Rev. William Seward.
1770. Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D. D.,  
*Tutor Yale Coll.*  
Hon. John Davenport, *Tutor Yale Coll., Rep. U. S. Cong.*  
Rev. Solomon Williams, *Tut. Y. C.*
1771. John Hart.  
Sylvester Muirson.  
Joseph Woodbridge.
1772. Hon. Abraham Baldwin, *Tut. Y. C. Pres. Univ. Geo., Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong.*  
Thomas Canfield.  
Rev. Joseph Strong, D. D.
1773. Roger Alden.  
Rev. William Robinson, *Tut. Yale Coll.*  
Rev. Ezra Sampson.
1774. Amos Benedict.  
Jared Bostwick.  
Rev. Reuben Holcomb.
1775. Hon. Samuel Whittelsey Dana,  
*Rep. and Sen. U. S. Cong.*  
Rev. Solomon Reed.  
Benjamin Welles.
1776. Hon. Chauncey Goodrich, *Tutor Yale Coll., Rep. & Senator U. S. Cong., Lt. Gov. of Conn.*  
Daniel Lyman.  
William Andrew Russell.
1777. Dudley Baldwin.  
William Hillhouse.
1778. Abraham Bishop.  
Ebenezer Daggett.  
Rev. Frederick William Hotchkiss.
1779. Hon. Jeremiah Gates Brainard,  
*Judge Sup. Ct. of Conn.*  
Hon. Elizur Goodrich, LL. D., *Tutor and Prof. of Yale Coll., Rep. U. S. Cong.*  
Rev. Zebulon Ely, *Tutor Yale Coll.*
1780. Oliver Lewis.  
Rev. John Robinson.
1781. Rev. Henry Channing, *Tut. Y. C.*  
Enoch Perkins, *Tutor Yale Coll.*
1782. (*None.*)
1783. Rev. Samuel Austin, D.  
*Univ. Vt.*  
Rev. Jonathan Fuller.  
Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.  
*Yale Coll.*  
Charles White.
1784. Ralph Isaacs.
1785. Enoch Huntington.  
Hon. Barnabas Bidwell,  
*Tut. Y. C., Rep. U. S.*  
Enos Cook.  
Roger Newton, *Tut. Y. C.*  
Samuel Perkins.
1786. Rev. John Elliot, D. D.  
Hon. Thomas Ruggles G  
*U. S. Cong.*  
Hon. Stanley Griswold, S  
*S. Cong.*  
Rev. Reuben Hitchcock.  
Rev. William Stone.
1787. Roswell Judson.
1788. Zachariah Tomlinson.  
Hon. John Woodworth,  
*Judge Sup. Ct. of New*
1789. Rev. Dan Bradley.  
Rev. William Brown.  
Jona. Walter Edwards, T
1790. Thomas Mumford.
1791. Barzillai Slosson.  
Hon. Josiah Stebbins, Tu
1792. Rev. Timothy Mather Co  
Rev. Isaac Jones.  
Nathaniel King.
1793. Rev. Jeremiah Atwater, J  
*Y. C., Pres. Mid. & D*
1794. Stephen Mix Mitchell.
1795. Ebenezer Grant Marsh,  
*Hebr. Inst. Y. C.*
1796. (*None.*)
1797. Rev. Ira Hart.  
Rev. James Murdock, D.  
*Univ. Vt. and And. Tl*
1798. James Burnet.  
Daniel Fuller.
1799. Benjamin Woolsey Dwig  
Rev. Ezekiel Jones Chap
1800. Samuel Gray Huntington  
Abiram Stoddard.  
Chauncey Whittlesey.
1801. Isaac Baldwin.  
Alcis Evelyn Hart.
1802. Hon. Jesup Nash Cou  
*Sup. Ct. Ohio.*  
Rev. William Lightbourn
1803. Rev. Sereno Edwards Dwi  
*Tut. Y. C., Pres. Ham.*  
Rev. Noah Porter, D. D.  
Rev. Henry Sherman.  
Rev. Hosea Beckley.

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1804. Rev. John Marsh.                                                | 1824. William Moseley Holland, <i>Tut. Y. C., Prof. Trin. Coll.</i> |
| 1805. Ziba Foot.                                                      | Hon. Ashbel Smith, M. D.                                            |
| 1806. Alfred Hennen.                                                  | 1825. Josiah Barnes, M. D.                                          |
| Hon. Henry Strong, LL. D., <i>Tutor Yale Coll.</i>                    | Hon. Thomas Slidell, <i>Judge Sup. Ct. of La.</i>                   |
| Rev. Hezekiah Gold Ufford.                                            | 1826. Rev. John Phelps Cowles.                                      |
| 1807. (None.)                                                         | 1827. Sidney Law Johnson.                                           |
| 1808. (None.)                                                         | 1828. (None.)                                                       |
| 1809. (None.)                                                         | 1829. George Champlin Tenney.                                       |
| 1810. (None.)                                                         | 1830. Hon. Edmund Smith Rhett.                                      |
| 1811. (None.)                                                         | Henry Rogers Winthrop.                                              |
| 1812. (None.)                                                         | 1831. (None.)                                                       |
| 1813. Rev. William Theodore Dwight,                                   | 1832. (None.)                                                       |
| D. D., <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>                                              | 1833. (None.)                                                       |
| 1814. Rev. John Dickson.                                              | 1834. Hon. Henry William Ellsworth.                                 |
| Rev. Joshua Leavitt.                                                  | Henry Coit Kingsley.                                                |
| 1815. (None.)                                                         | 1835. Charles Alonzo Gager, <i>Tut. Yale Coll.</i>                  |
| 1816. George Hill.                                                    | 1836. (None.)                                                       |
| Charles Olcott.                                                       | 1837. Rev. William Russell.                                         |
| Rev. James Angel Fox.                                                 | 1838. (None.)                                                       |
| Charles John Johnson.                                                 | 1839. Charles Astor Bristed.                                        |
| 1817. Hon. Joel Jones, LL. D., <i>Pres. Gir. Coll.</i>                | Augustus Rodney MacDonough.                                         |
| David Nevins Lord.                                                    | 1840. (None.)                                                       |
| 1818. Hon. Francis Hiram Cone, <i>Judge Sup. Ct. Geo.</i>             | 1841. (None.)                                                       |
| Horatio Hubbell.                                                      | 1842. William Davison Hennen.                                       |
| Hon. Thomas Clap Perkins.                                             | 1843. Rev. Cyrus Huntington.                                        |
| 1819. Jonathan Humphrey Bissell.                                      | Lucius Franklin Robinson.                                           |
| Hon. Asabel Huntington.                                               | Franklin Taylor.                                                    |
| 1820. Horace Foote.                                                   | 1844. William Few Smith.                                            |
| Alexander Catlin Twining, <i>Tut. Y. C., Prof. Mid. Coll.</i>         | 1845. William Gustine Conner.                                       |
| John Payson Williston.                                                | Robert Rankin.                                                      |
| 1821. Henry White, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>                                  | 1846. (None.)                                                       |
| 1822. Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., <i>Tut. Y. C., Pres. Ill. Coll.</i> | 1847. Henry Hamilton Hadley, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>                      |
| Rev. Henry Herrick.                                                   | Francis Lewis Hodges, <i>Tut. Y. C.</i>                             |
| 1823. Rev. Norman Pinney, <i>Prof. Trin. Coll.</i>                    | 1848. Henry Martyn Colton.                                          |
|                                                                       | 1849. Benjamin Talbot.                                              |
|                                                                       | 1850. Clinton Camp.                                                 |
|                                                                       | 1851. William Woolsey Winthrop.                                     |

### KOSSUTH AND YALE.

We alluded in our last December number to the interest which had been manifested among the Students for the cause of Hungary. Two meetings were held in the Chapel, near the close of last term, at the first of which a Committee was appointed to draft, in behalf of the Students generally, an Address to Governor Kossuth,—and at the second, the following Address, presented by that Committee, was read and approved.

#### ADDRESS TO KOSSUTH FROM THE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

Gov. KOSSUTH: The students connected with Yale College, have assigned to us the pleasing duty of expressing to you their deep and earnest sympathy with the cause of Hungarian independence. As young men, assembled together from every

section of our country, accustomed in our earliest recollections to a union of Liberty and Law, and claiming affinity with the men who pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," we may well be supposed to share your abhorrence of systematic perfidy, oppression and absolutism, as exemplified by the House of Hapsburg and the Czar of Russia. And it has seemed to us that it might afford some satisfaction to yourself, and to your oppressed brethren in Europe, to receive from us, as American students, some indication of that sympathy and that abhorrence, and to allow us to express our honest admiration of the strength and persistent energy of your people, and the purity of their motives, but above all the sanctity and the value of the principles which they have proclaimed. This enthusiasm in regard to the constitutional liberty of Hungary is not altogether new among us. Our elder brethren, the graduates of this College, at their annual meeting held two years ago, discussed, with great spirit, and adopted with entire unanimity, a series of resolutions expressing deep and prayerful sympathy with your gallant but unfortunate countrymen. They were among the first expressions of the kind emanating from any association of Americans, and were advocated by men of learning, piety, and statesmanlike views, with an eloquence that has made the cause of Hungary and the Hungarians forever dear to us. One of our number (Charles L. Brace) has lately been traveling through the villages and hamlets of your fatherland, and has given us much information of the private virtues of your people, their sufferings, and their glimmerings of hope, as well as the absolute tyranny and demonic fury of their oppressors, on which he had abundant opportunity to reflect in an Austrian dungeon. We are proud to welcome you as a great teacher; not only as a teacher who has already taught the people their rights, and how to secure those rights by proper guarantees, but also as a teacher who has endeavored to make tyrants understand their duties—a lesson hard for them to comprehend, but which they will thoroughly learn, if at all, when it is demonstrated by the point of the bayonet.

A want of popular traditions and of a definite knowledge of facts among the people, and a difficulty in obtaining them hitherto, on account of a diversity of language and the jealousy of despots, the distances and peculiar geographical situation of Hungary, the caution and hesitancy with which we naturally receive statements *ex parte*, render it comparatively easy for the emissaries of Austria to throw suspicion on a cause they hate, and to endeavor to prevent its taking such a deep vital hold on our minds and hearts as will remain with us and prompt to deeds long after you and your companions shall have withdrawn to the conflict, and this excitement shall have passed away. Your presence on our soil excites inquiry—your words assist the investigation and inspire confidence—your eloquence has awakened the most glowing enthusiasm. We hope that an intelligent and thorough conviction will be left on the great heart of the American people, that the cause of Hungary is the cause of God—that it is an honest effort of the great body of your people to escape from an ignominious tyranny and oppression which they can no longer endure; and finally, that we can do something as American citizens, without becoming embroiled as a nation in a European war.

The "sober second thought" of the people will soon be matured, and their dispassionate judgment pronounced. We need not say that we believe that thought and that judgment will be for Hungary and for Independence; then whatever course prudence may dictate to the Government, we will not only say as our fathers did to

the Patriots of Greece, "God speed the right," but will *do* as they did, and will give *active efficient pecuniary* aid according to our ability.

Signed in behalf of the Students of Yale College.

*Theological Department*—E. B. HILLARD, Conn., C. J. HUTCHINS, Penn.

*Law Department*—JOSEPH SHELDON, Jr., N. Y.; R. M. MARSHALL, Ky.

*Medical Department*—JAMES H. CURRY, N. Y.; CHARLES A. LINDSLEY, N. J.

*Philosophical Department*—A. R. LITTLE, R. I.; J. D. EASTER, Md.

*Undergraduates*—Senior Class: HOMER B. SPRAGUE, Mass.; WM. STANLEY, Ct. Juniors: RANDAL L. GIBSON, La.; CHAS. L. THOMAS, Ill. Sophomores: M. LEE, Miss.; A. S. VAN DE GRAAFF, Ala. Freshmen: W. KING, Ga.; W. S. HEATH, Me.

By a vote of the meeting, the Committee were requested to go down to New York and present the Address to Kossuth. They were accordingly introduced to him at New York, on the 16th of December, by Wm. E. Robinson, Esq., of the Class of 1841, and after they had read their Address, Gov. Kossuth made the following reply, which we take from the New York Tribune.

#### KOSSUTH'S REPLY.

Allow me, Gentlemen, to express to you my most cordial and warmest thanks for this manifestation of your sympathy. The fact that young America sympathizes with the struggles of every people for the purpose of becoming free, is not new to me; but it is a great benefit to see that sympathy sanctioned always by that higher instruction which your condition affords to you. I consider that the principles which should actuate the human heart should be based upon a love of freedom, sanctioned by the religion and understanding of man. It affords me a great gratification to receive the kind wishes and practical aid of so great a number of the youths of your College—some five hundred, from twenty-six States of this Union.

There is so much talk about the peaceful advancement of freedom throughout the world—so much spoken about the certainty of success by peaceful means, that I consider it my duty to set people's minds right on the subject. It would be a grand thing to come to some rational end by peaceful means, but so long as tyrants exist, this can hardly be accomplished. The word tyrant is inconsistent with the word duty. They feel that the world was created to be the tool of their ambition, and therefore, they feel no duty beyond the satisfying of their desires. The bayonets of tyrants listen not to justice nor to reason, nor to the prayers of suffering man. So, of course, you must oppose bayonets to bayonets, and that is my doctrine, doctrine which I will not only teach, but feel as a duty in my inmost heart to advocate and share in the danger, when the condition of my country requires it. And so much I know, that when I raise in Hungary the banner of freedom, and then I go on, the first in danger, there will be there no coward heart that will refuse to follow. Everything promises the assurance of success for the cause you honor with your sympathy, and I say that my nation by itself, by its own resolution and manly action, will be able to battle for her liberty.

It is a mistake, however, if anybody thinks that I came to the United States for the purpose of getting means to carry on a war. This is not my design. I believe that when war comes, Hungary will find in itself sufficient means to carry it out, but to meet the exigencies of the occasion, other things are wanting, not merely sympathy, but practical aid. Whatever assistance is afforded me, I will never employ it in such a way that will be considered contrary to the laws of this country.

I thank you, Gentlemen, for your generous intention to give your share of that aid, which is wanted for the success of your cause. I would have felt very happy to spend more time in your company, but I am sick and worn out by the very agreeable duties which I had to perform. To-day I have the honor to meet the New York Militia, and my time is so taken up, that I can scarcely afford a moment for my private affairs. You will excuse me, therefore, Gentlemen, and receive my most cordial thanks.

Mr. Hillard, the Chairman of the Committee, then expressed to Kossuth the pleasure they had taken in this interview; and after personal introductions to him, they retired.

#### ELECTION OF EDITORS.

The class of 1853, on Wednesday, Feb. 18, held their meeting for the election of Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine. T. F. Davies was appointed Chairman, and A. W. Bishop and W. S. Gilbert, Secretaries. On balloting, the following gentlemen were declared elected:—

ALFRED GROUT, *Sherburne, Mass.*  
 GEORGE A. JOHNSON, *Salisbury, Md.*  
 CHARLTON T. LEWIS, *West Chester, Pa.*  
 BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, *Groton, Mass.*  
 ANDREW D. WHITE, *Syracuse, N. Y.*

#### PREMIUMS AWARDED FEBRUARY 28, 1852.

##### FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

###### *Class of 1854.*

|            | 1st Division.                 | 2d Division.                        | 3d Division.   |
|------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| 1st Prize, | YUNG WING,                    | L. S. POTWINE,                      | J. TAIT.       |
| 2d Prize,  | C. A. DUPEE,                  | W. C. FLAGG,                        | J. K. LOMBARD. |
| 3d Prize,  | { W. H. FENN,<br>J. M. SMITH, | { A. S. HITCHCOCK,<br>W. H. NORRIS, | S. C. GALE.    |

##### FOR TRANSLATION OF GREEK INTO ENGLISH.

###### *Class of 1855.*

|            | 1st Division.    | 2d Division.                 | 3d Division.                       |
|------------|------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1st Prize, | W. H. L. BARNES, | C. J. F. ALLEN,              | { J. S. SHIPMAN,<br>C. P. STETSON, |
| 2d Prize,  | S. T. WOODWARD,  | { W. BROOKS,<br>T. HALSTRAD, | { G. TALCOTT,<br>J. E. TODD.       |
| 3d Prize,  | H. N. COBB,      | W. T. WILSON,                | { J. W. HARMAR,<br>W. C. WYMAN.    |

#### LITERARY SOCIETIES.

##### POEMS AND ORATIONS.

On Wednesday evening, February 18, a Poem was delivered in the Brothers Society, by W. W. Crapo of the Senior Class. Subject—REBECCA THE JEWESS.

On Wednesday evening, February 25, a Poem was delivered in the Linonian Society by W. S. Potts of the Sophomore Class. Subject—WYOMING.

On the same evening, in the same Society, Andrew D. White delivered an Oration on POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT THEORISTS.

On Wednesday evening, March 17th, an Oration was delivered in the Brothers Society, by Alfred Grout. Subject—THE ELEMENTS OF SYMMETRICAL CHARACTER.

#### ELECTIONS.

The Fourth election of the Collegiate year, took place on Wednesday evening, March 25, in the three Societies, resulting as follows:

| LINONIA.                 | BROTHERS IN UNITY. | CALLIOPE.     |
|--------------------------|--------------------|---------------|
| <i>Presidents.</i>       |                    |               |
| G. G. SILL.              | C. E. VANDERBURG.  | F. GRUBE.     |
| <i>Vice Presidents.</i>  |                    |               |
| M. SMITH.                | S. C. CHAPIN.      | V. MARMADUKE. |
| <i>Secretaries.</i>      |                    |               |
| C. L. THOMAS.            | W. T. GILBERT.     | J. OLDS.      |
| <i>Vice Secretaries.</i> |                    |               |
| J. K. HILL.              | H. E. HOWLAND.     | J. E. RAINS.  |

At a special meeting of the Senior members of the Brothers in Unity, held March 16, COOK LOUNSBURY was elected to deliver the usual Society Valedictory.

At a special meeting of the Senior members of Calliope, held March 18th, VINCENT MARMADUKE was chosen to deliver the Society Valedictory.

At a special meeting of the Senior members of Linonia, held March 20th, WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY was chosen to deliver the Society Valedictory.

#### BEETHOVEN CONCERT.

This Society gave a Concert in the College Chapel, Monday evening, March 8th. The writer not having been present, (no disrespect by the way to the officers who so kindly remembered 'gentlemen of the press,') cannot speak personally of its merits. The reporter however says it was good, very good, one of the best the Society has ever given. The attendance however was not so great as was anticipated, or as the reputation of the Society ought to have commanded. Fewer students were present than there should have been at a College Concert, by a Society whose claims on their patronage is great, and which does so much.

———"whistling to the steeds of Time,  
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden."

#### JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The speakers at the Junior Exhibition, which occurs this year on the 13th of April, have made choice of the following

##### MANAGERS.

| 1st Division.  | 2d Division.   | 3d Division.   |
|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| H. H. BABCOCK, | W. H. GLEASON, | T. F. DAVIES.  |
| S. M. CAPRON,  | J. MCCORMICK,  | S. W. KNEVALS. |
| T. J. HOLMES.  | B. K. PHELPS.  | J. M. WHITON.  |

In alluding to this subject, we cannot forbear to express the wish, that year by year, as the Exhibition returns, more of the students would remain in town in order to attend it than have usually been willing to do so. This hurrying off at the earliest moment after Examination is concluded, as if sheriff's writs or college 'condi-

tions' would otherwise overtake the students, is a sad interference with the collegiate character of the audience who attend upon the Exhibition. A stranger who should happen in and find so few of the students present as there generally are, would think 'our college pride,' our 'Yalensian spirit' was sadly wanting.

Moreover, the speakers, year after year, whatever disappointed Juniors or members of the other classes say, have a claim on the sympathy and attendance of their fellow students; and any man who has the true fraternal, whole-souled feeling towards his comrades, which is one of the glories of college life, ought cheerfully to acknowledge this fact. The speakers at least for some years past, aware that most of the audience would be comparative strangers to the class, and know them merely by the names they see upon the schemes, have not had half the stimulus to exertion which they would have had, before an assembly of those who were their personal acquaintances.

With regard to the exercises this year, we are looking for a 'Great Exhibition.' Many of the appointees have already distinguished themselves in college as writers and speakers, and many more are prepared to do so upon the momentous occasion before them. The music, too, will be very attractive, for the 'powers that be' having prohibited the procuring of musicians from out of town, the managers have secured the services of a Glee Club composed of some graduate and undergraduate members of the Beethoven Society and certain other gentlemen resident in New Haven. Vocal music of high order,—with overtures and accompaniments upon the Organ, by the inimitable WILCOX,—may accordingly be expected.

#### YALE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society was held on Monday evening, March 8th, in the College Chapel, President Woolsey presiding. As the organization of this Society is somewhat peculiar in its nature, we will state concisely what that organization is. It is customary for the friends of temperance in each class as it enters college to form for themselves an independent Society, having a constitution and officers of its own. The four class societies thus formed constitute a College Society called the "Yale Temperance Society," having another but not dissimilar constitution, and for its officers as follows: The President of the College, the Presidents of the Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman Societies are respectively President, Vice President, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary and Treasurer, *ex officio* of the College Society. This body holds one meeting a year, at some convenient time during the second term, when a lecturer is procured from abroad. It is this annual meeting which we briefly report.

The exercises of the evening were commenced by the singing of a Temperance ode by the Beethoven Society. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Bacon, following which was another song. The annual report of the State of the Temperance cause in College was next read by the Vice President. Much credit is due to this officer for the faithful discharge of his duty, and if many of the dram drinkers of Yale were surprised to find their practices so generally known, it is their own fault, for they ought to have been aware of the fact mentioned in the report that 'drinking here is not carried on wholly in a corner.' They should bear in mind also, that where it is the almost universal custom for a student to make his spree a boasting matter, (and that too, in the presence of a mixed company,) it is but nat-

d that they should be universally known. So it will be seen that the report of Vice President is not, as some have supposed, the result of any Paul Pryism, the carefully collecting and fearlessly stating of well-known facts. After the reading of this report the attention of the audience was invited to an address by Rev. CALVIN E. STOWE, D. D., Professor of Theology in Bowdoin College. His Address was what we should call a good, sound, common sense temperance lecture. Its aim was not to please but to convince, though in doing the latter the aim was accomplished. The speaker was particularly happy in the use of his stories. These were not lugged in according to the too common practice of popular speaking for the sole purpose of raising a laugh—but were introduced only to enforce an argument or illustrate a truth. The lecture could not be called witty, though at times it was so—and, with the exception of the first part, through it all ran a vein of humor, pleasing while it did not clog. The Maine Law was noticed, its practical workings shown, and its acceptability to the citizens of Maine made fully manifest. While we were in general well pleased with the address, there was one feature to which we take exception. There was a tendency on the part of the speaker to overstate the evils resulting from intemperance. One instance in particular we remember. It was stated that all the steamboat explosions on the Western waters and the railroad accidents throughout the country are to be attributed either directly or indirectly to the use of intoxicating liquors. This statement we believe to be withdrawn, and although in the majority of these cases rum is the cause, still it is evident that railroad and steamboat accidents do sometimes happen without the agency of King Alcohol. Then so long as there is one case in a year which is occasioned by the use of ardent spirits the statement is untrue. We cannot think that any thing is gained to any good cause by exaggeration, setting aside the untruthfulness of the thing. With this exception we liked the lecture and are confident that the effect of it will be to assist materially the resuscitation, (we might almost say resurrection,) of the Temperance cause in Yale.

### Editor's Table.

"In mercy spare us, when we do our best  
To make as much waste paper as the rest."

No reflections, by any means, reader, on any of the Editorial corps. Rather make application to yourself—and consider what can more properly be called waste paper, than that for which no returns are received, either in thanks or something more substantial. But we will not trouble you with such hints—we beg pardon enough for using the word 'trouble' in your case, for we would not insinuate that you leave so much of a conscience left as to be troubled by any such remarks as these. Our case reminds us of a story we once heard about two men who were trading cattle. "Are these cattle orderly?" says one. "They never have troubled me," said the other, "and I have owned them for many years." The purchaser took the cattle, supposing them to be as represented. He soon however discovered that he had been most egregiously taken in, for he had never had so unruly cattle on his farm. Turning back with them to the seller, he demanded of him the money in return,

giving as his reason that the cattle were the most unruly animals that he had ever seen. "O yes, I know all about that," said the former owner. "But," returned the other in a rage, "did you not tell me that they were perfectly orderly?" "I told you nothing of the kind," answered the seller. "You did, sir, and I can prove it—you told me that you were never troubled with them," was the indignant response. "Ah," replied the other with great coolness, "that may all be, but you know I never let such things trouble me."

So it is with you. A subscriber to the Yale Lit. thinks no more of cheating us out of two dollars, than he does of purloining catalogues from Freshmen. It has come to be no crime to do either—both are set down as 'good jokes,'—so long as the practice does not violate the 'general understanding,' it is considered all well enough. "But," say some, and with reason too, "why not adhere to your rules and refuse to deliver the Magazine except to those who comply with them?" This is in our opinion the correct course, and were we to do our work over again, we should pursue this course. We should do as other publishers do. Hundreds of students take a New York paper daily. They know very well that they cannot read their paper until it is theirs to read. We would have them know the same thing in regard to the Magazine. We should upon the issue of the first number, procure a list of subscribers and have it definitely understood that no number would be delivered to any subscriber until he had delivered two dollars to us. If after the lapse of sufficient time to allow all who desire to subscribe to do so, and all who intend to pay to do so, we should find that our subscription list was insufficient to meet the expenses of the Magazine, we should refund those who had paid, pay the printer out of our own pocket for that number, (for that would be far less than we have to pay in the end,) "shut up shop" and let the Lit. go to the bottom of the sea. And that is the where it will go as soon as any class shall have the moral courage to put it there. To make five men do half the work and half the pay, is too much in these days, when Seniors have something to do.

"But are you not flooded with contributors to your pages?" asks one. "Do you have any trouble in filling your columns?" says another. We have contributors enough, such as they are. A quantity of 'huge splurges,' considered by their authors as remarkable specimens of fine composition. To this they bear about the same relation as the gaudy attire of a 'lady of color' does to the burnished mail of a gallant knight. "But do you not have any good sound articles sent in?" continues the inquirer. 'Good sound articles'—what is sound writing here in college? A set of abstract generalizations as true as Euclid's axioms, and a thousand times more familiar. We have enough such, in all conscience, as any one can see by looking over our package of 'hereditary articles,' as the last Editor called them, when handing them to us.

"How then do you get what you do publish?" proceeds our inquisitive friend. Why, tease our personal friends for them, that's the only way—and a most delightful method of spending one's leisure time, it is, we can assure you.

We would not have it understood by these remarks, that there is no honor here in regard to paying for the Magazine, nor that we have no friends who wish for its prosperity—far from it. Some pay promptly—these we thank. Some write for us, and write willingly—will these also, please accept our most hearty thanks. Still, after all, our remarks will be found to be too generally true.

VOL. XVII.

No. VI.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,  
CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Hic natus erat summi, domini laudamus VALLINUS.  
GREGORIUS REGIUS, HISTORICUS PATRIS."

APRIL, 1852.

NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAPFORD.

ROCKY HILL.

## CONTENTS.

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|                                                |    |
|------------------------------------------------|----|
| The 'Yale Lit.,'                               | 33 |
| College Life,                                  | 33 |
| Oda, ( <i>Aurea Opportunitas</i> ),            | 33 |
| Oda, ( <i>Ad Amicum</i> ),                     | 33 |
| Insincerity in College, its Cause and cure,    | 33 |
| The Lament of the Hungarian Exiles,            | 33 |
| College Boating,                               | 33 |
| Boat Song,                                     | 33 |
| Festus,                                        | 33 |
| MEMORABILIA YALENSIA :                         |    |
| Notices of Governor Yale,                      | 33 |
| DeForest Fund,                                 | 33 |
| Medal of the Yale Literary Magazine, for 1851, | 33 |
| Prof. Norton's Illness,                        | 33 |
| Literary Societies,                            | 33 |
| Law School Commencement,                       | 33 |
| Prof. Guyot on the Philosophy of History,      | 33 |
| EDITOR'S TABLE.                                | 33 |
| Editors' Farewell,                             | 33 |

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

APRIL, 1852.

No. VI.

The 'Yale Lit.'

WE, of the class of 1852, are almost through our College labors, and are of the Board of Editors, are still more nearly through our official duties. Our successors have been chosen and are eager to receive the 'chair,' the 'table,' the 'coffin,' and the 'quill;' our valedictory has been pronounced; our subscribers have been dunned; and we hope soon to say that our printer has been paid.

We knew but little of our duties when we entered upon them, were informed still less about them by the class before us, and have had to work our way against such drawbacks as only those who are initiated know. We have gained some knowledge, some pleasure, and perhaps a little honor. We have lost some time, some trouble, and probably *not* a little money. Yet, on the whole, we are glad that we were allowed to assume the duties, and in resigning them, we hope that all successive quintumvirates may be as harmonious and as pleasant as ours has uniformly been.

We remember very well our first official call upon the printer. We made some inquiries about the expense of issuing the Magazine. He answered us briefly,—and then added, significantly, "I suppose, of course, you all expect to put your hands pretty deeply into your pockets at the end of the year. All the Editors, save one single board, have done so for several years past." We were taken a little back at such a forbidding announcement and determined that with us there should be no such necessity.

We cannot yet tell precisely how we shall come out, but for the benefit of successive classes we wish to say a word on the pecuniary condition of

the Magazine. There is no good reason why the 'Yale Lit.' should not pay for itself. The students are numerous enough, are able enough, are *ready* enough to have the Magazine sustained; and even if one half the undergraduates cared nothing at all for its issue, the other half, we do believe, would still keep up its publication. Moreover, enough actually *subscribe* each year to support the Magazine. The trouble is, that with a want of principle, which in some persons is carelessness, and in some is nothing less than *meanness*, subscribers do not pay their legal debts. We therefore think that the suggestion thrown out in our last number is a good one on which to act. *Require payment in advance*, and if enough will not pay to support the concern, why then *give up its publication*, tell the world that our College enterprise and liberality is gone, and that the zeal of our predecessors is no longer exhibited here. Let the Magazine, venerable as it is among all similar cotemporary Magazines, useful as it is as a means of improvement, pleasant as it is as a monthly issue during the College terms, and valuable as it is as a memento of College days, no longer be a drag, but let its death warrant be speedily pronounced.

But this ought not to be. The College wants the Magazine, and it would so decide if the question were put to vote. Seniors will tell you so as soon as they have paid their two dollars, or have got their diplomas without having paid; Juniors,—eager to see what 'our class' can do,—will add their testimony in its favor; Sophomores,—full of College dignity and pride,—will demand its continuance; and Freshmen,—wondering who will be their Editors, and hoping each one to attain to the honor,—will be enthusiastic advocates of the Magazine. What we want is, to have this cheating of the Editors, merely because they are too polite to go round with a Constable from room to room demanding payment, considered as unworthy of any respectable students.

But there is another thing we want in the Magazine, and that is to have more frequent and more general contributions from the members of all the classes. It is foolish to expect that College writers will equal Addison or Tennyson, or that a College Magazine will compete with the *British Quarterlies* or our own *New Englander*; but it is, notwithstanding, true that there are a great variety of topics connected with College life, and particularly with life at Yale, which ought to be fully discussed in these pages and which would make them more interesting to the students than even reviews of higher intrinsic value. It is so clear to us that this is so, and moreover we have so often alluded to the matter in one way and another, that it seems almost needless to speak of it again. Yet our experience convinces us that the students generally forget the fact. We ask for contributions, and a score of dry essays on morals and philosophy

are received through the Post Office, some of them in fact so tedious and of so little point that it would be an imposition on the printer to ask him to set them up. A few of our friends (and our thanks be to them) have furnished us with local articles which have been more read, more liked and more talked of than dozens of abstract dissertations, but we do not remember to have received through the regular channel, our Post Office box, a *single* local article, during the whole year of our editorial life.

This cannot be for want of local topics. A man who thinks a minute will see there is no lack of subjects of that nature. There are criticisms on the style of speaking, writing, debating, and studying; there are suggestions of common interest in respect to the conduct of the Literary Societies; there are arguments both pro and con on every topic of College talk—on Test debates, on Kossuth meetings, on Autograph books, on Class Societies; there are histories of the libraries, the professional schools, the College buildings, and many other things which need to be investigated and definitely written out; there are the College lives of distinguished graduates and accounts of eminent benefactors; there are researches into College customs; there are entertaining stories told by early graduates of their student lives; there are hints on professional anticipations, on Ladies' society, and on prospects of connubial bliss; there are incidents and lists of occupants connected with many of the College rooms; there are stories of our own personal adventures and vacation experience; there are the lives of some real characters who have for years been *attachés* of the College,—like "Robert" and "Creed," and "Rev. Mr. Squirrel;" and indeed there are a thousand similar topics, which, if pleasantly treated by different writers, would be more read, and give more pleasure to students, to citizens, and to graduates, than most of us imagine. To be sure many topics like these require investigation, but if that is given, both writer and reader will be most amply repaid. For ourselves we wish we had known this at the outset of our editorial labors, and we therefore cannot forbear to urge it now upon the attention of our readers and contributors, assuring our fellow students that *the Magazine can be exactly what they choose to make it, either dry or entertaining.* For your own sakes, then, do send the Editors something beside mere articles on "Power" and "Virtue."

We would by no means prevent the publication of articles which have been read in societies or division rooms. Only let it be provided that the subject is one of general interest, and that it is treated in an attractive way; and such an article is not only worth hearing once, but is worth reading twice, and no one can rightly complain at the disposition which is thus made of it.

We do not make these remarks upon 'the Lit.' in a complaining or disparaging tone. We have seen during the past year, many College Magazines from various portions of the land, and if any of our readers wish to judge as to the *relative* standing of 'the Lit.' we invite them to call at 'our office' and look at the pile of exchanges. We do, however, wish to see our favorite 'Mag.' still better than it is.

If any of our readers come across 'the Etonian,' an English College Magazine, now discontinued, we beg they will examine it, for we know they will like it; not because it is perfect, but because it shows a youthful flow of spirits and a humorous, graceful way of writing, which if somewhat practiced here at Yale would be a relief and even a benefit to the more vigorous, and more valuable styles of composition which are here so exclusively cultivated.

We sincerely hope that the *Memorabilia Yalensia* will not be given up. We have heard again and again of the pleasure it gives to persons out of College. At any rate, a record of 'College news' is particularly appropriate and important in a Magazine like this; it pleases at the time those who are here, and after graduation it brings to mind many interesting facts; it interests those students who have left New Haven, and it makes each volume useful as a permanent book of reference.

But we have already dwelt too long upon these topics, and yet we have not said half of what we wish. We trust that the hints here given will be taken in good part for whatever they are worth. We are too nearly through College to be influenced by any other motive than the permanent good of 'Mag.' and we hope sincerely that for many years to come old Governor Yale will smile benignantly upon interested circles of readers and that 'the Lit.' will grow in favor and in excellence, being ever the oldest and best of College Magazines.

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### College Life.

We have elsewhere had occasion to speak of the Poetical element in College life, but the subject is so suggestive in its nature, and to us at least is so pleasant an object of thought, in the few odd minutes which we get for quiet meditation amid the many hours of busy care, that we venture upon it again, aware that it is not easily exhausted and hoping that some of its branches may still further be discussed by those more competent to treat of them.

We acknowledge that at first the thought of anything Poetical in College life is very paradoxical. This moving so constantly according to rule, this presenting a formal excuse for every bodily ailment; this tumbling out of bed before it is light, and sitting for an hour, sleepy, shivering, and hungry beneath a tutor's gaze; this being interrupted every other hour by a summons to a lecture or a recitation from the indefatigable college bell; this toiling by "the midnight taper,"—not to get knowledge but to raise your standing for a college course from three and seventy-five one hundredths to three and seventy-six, and thus to secure the highest honors,—does not look very much like courting "the Muses," nor cultivating acquaintance with "the Graces." If all inducements to Ladies' Society were attended with as many draw-backs as there are in the case of "the Nine Camcenæ," we are afraid that the belles of New Haven would suffer still more than the belles of Mount Olympus, and if all Poetry is cultivated under such circumstances—save us, we say, from a Poet's life!

However, this idea of the Poetical in College life is not in itself so strange, as it is that students should have any time to notice it. Driven as we are by studies, excited as we are by college societies, engaged in earning money as many of us always are, maintaining as we must some intercourse with the world outside of college walls,—and thus tied down to matters of fact, it is almost preposterous to think that we should cherish poetical sentiments. Still there is a poetical element in a life like ours, which, since distance lends enchantment to the view,—is seen and felt by those away from college; but which we, too, if we could only pause and think, might also see and feel. The beautiful scenery amid which we live, the studies in which we are engaged, the history of the college, and the numerous associations which hallow every spot, are suggestive of ample poetical thought.

Consider for a moment, *the place* in which we live, and say if it is not one a poet well may love. Nature and Art have here combined their beauties. Go walk beneath that Grove of Elms and see where Justice, Piety and Learning, guardians of the body, soul and mind, have fixed their constant homes. There stand the State-House, Church and Hall of Science, apart as they should ever be, but on a level, and moreover, side by side, as if so placed to indicate their harmony.

Who ever, on a summer evening, in the well-manned boat, has crossed this bay, listening to the rumbling of the town, and to its chime of bells mingling with the nearer music of the oar and wave,—or who in the stillness of a moonlight night, has overlooked this city from those rampart rocks, as safe retreats in time of danger as the old acropolis of Athens, and which in peace like guardian lions watch this place,—and has not felt an inward glow, he knows not whence nor why, but which pervaded and

enlarged his inmost soul? And on a Sabbath morn how oft we call to mind the words of one inspired within these shades, who said,

"That here God's day was holier,—that the trees  
Pierced by these shining spires, and echoing ever  
'To prayer!' 'to prayer!' were but the lofty roof  
Of an unhewn cathedral, in whose choirs  
Breezes and storm winds and the many birds  
Joined in the varied anthem."

Is there not poetry in all of this?

Turn next to *studies*, and seek for Poetry in them. Devote yourself to classic writings, and having fully grasped the meaning of those "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," give way to what is there suggested or expressed, and how we seem to hear the blind old Homer singing of "the man of many arts;" how we listen to the shrewd questionings of Socrates; or catch from his own lips the flowing periods of Cicero; or are so moved by the eloquence of Demosthenes, that we too exclaim, Let us go against Philip. What strange analogies and quaint resemblances to life we find in Chemistry; how the loves of the Alkalis and Acids amuse the fancy; while the silent agencies, like unconscious influences working always round us, the power of doing good which everything possesses, the economy of nature, the bondage of the elements, the wars of matter, and many more suggestive facts are taught by active yet inanimate instructors. Geology becomes a huge volume, whose pages are the strata of rock recorded ineffaceably by the Creator with the story of Creation, an enduring evidence of the Bible's inspiration. Philosophy shows us that the universe is one vast record of our deeds and words, proving that as a falling apple attracts the earth, every human motion moves the earth, and if the earth, the sun, the solar system and the stellar universe; while the particles of air set in motion by every word we utter, and acting endlessly on one another, become permanent and floating evidence of all that we have ever spoken—records which may be revealed by the mathematics of infinity and which an infinite mind can at any time unfold. "Geometry and Faith" in a true, although poetic sense become united, and Astronomy, the theme of so many poems of the sweet singer of Israel, teaches us to hear 'the music of the spheres,' to catch the lingering echoes of the strains 'the morning stars once sang together,' points out the unimportance of this consequential planet, and ever calls our minds from earth to heaven. Such crowds of secondary thoughts, if we will let them, will often overwhelm mere technicalities of Science, just as the undertones in a chord of music overpower the key-note on which they are based. They come through the driest treatises like the secret

on telegraphic wires. They appear like golden fibres twined with a rope.

Consider, thirdly, how poetical the *history* of this place. It has its chapter, so free a field for fancy's sport; its colonial and its revolutionary days crowded with heroic actions; its history as the capital of now the oldest republic, save one, upon this globe, and that peculiarly its own, as this seat of learning. The simplicity of its records has now the force of grandeur. First came the church, then the State, and then the College. How sublime the origin of the opening of the colony, when on the Sabbath day, beneath that gathered as a Church and called upon Jehovah's name; the form that plain barn, of a free Governmental Compact, which entwined their cords, soon made a bond of union for this Commonwealth strict; the founding of the College, with no empty forms, no soundness, no gold and silver treasures, but with the offerings of that faithful ministers who said, "I give these books to found a college." Every of the Judges sheltered here, the strange appearance of that iron ship, and the resistance to an invading foe, are all like faded things which only need to be restored and they will surprise us with their reality; while we shall also find that the private lives are full of incident. Heroes here girding for the race, wrestlers for the combat, warriors in battle, and sailors for the voyage of life.

Aside from written history, there are innumerable *associations* that cluster about this place. On yonder corner stood that oak, beneath whose shade this colony commenced its life, worthy more honor than the Liberty Oak or the tree of Liberty in Boston; where that student's room in which this State was founded; beneath that church, there lies the dust of the first pilgrim; in that mountain cave, the Judges of an English colony found a refuge from the pursuers' arm; beneath that elm, Jonathan Edwards wooed his bride; there, Whitefield preached; on yonder field, the first settlers were repelled; that house was occupied by Washington; and in the back-yard, lies the dust of Scholars eminent in every calling who whose walls were trained for life. Their feet have trod these paths and these stairs; these recitation seats were occupied by them; their hands scratched these names upon the wall doors; their eyes have pored over these folios. Within that study, beneath that elm, upon that walk, a man has chosen a course for life, put forth resolves, and nerved himself for future actions, and now his spirit seems to hover o'er the spot, the silent night it whispers in our ear the tale of all its trials and sorrows, bidding us take courage, for if we persevere, a good reward

Let us, fellow students, take time to consider these things, for thus, as we think upon the present, related to the past and future, we shall feel a strange delight, we shall gather pleasant thoughts like flowers upon the paths of college life, we shall spy pearls beneath what seems to be mere piles of rubbish, and we shall perceive the glowing spark beneath its bed of ashes. And when all students seek for the Poetical in College life, a new atmosphere will surround this spot; our Athenæum and Lyceum, and our Academic groves shall be as attractive as those of old; not only shall we find "tongues in trees, sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks," but these college walls shall speak; each leaf upon these elms shall be a leaf of poetry; the birds shall sing the heroes who have been trained, and the rocks shall be indelibly engraved with the stories of their deeds. Ennobled by the influence, our lives will be improved; our minds will be refined and brought nearer Him who embodies all sublimity and beauty; memory will be quickened, affections will be formed, and a warmer enthusiasm will be kindled in all the sons of our Alma Mater, for everything pertaining to the cherished name of Yale.

D. C. G.

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### ODA.

#### AUREA OPPORTUNITAS.

Felix ter est qui percipiat bene,  
Vitae viam per quomodo perdeat  
Non auream opportunitatem  
Evolitantem oculo manaque.

Nonnulli amittunt, dum lacrimant diu  
Horas amissas irrevocabiles,  
Multam auream opportunitatem  
Evolitantem oculo manaque.

Sed tempus actum non Deus exprobrat  
Mortalium cuique. Ut melius bene  
Uti aurea opportunitate  
Evolitante oculo manaque!

Tu fortis ergo promoveas gradum:  
Neve otiosam, Cæte, mihi sinas  
Ullam auream opportunitatem  
Evolitare oculo manaque.

J. F. B.

## Oda.

## AD AMICUM.

Ubi calores sol vehemens agros,  
 In arefactos fundit et hispidos;  
 Ubi domus, aiunt, negarit  
 Omnipotens Opifex peritus;

Intraque Cancræ circuitus citos  
 Et Capricorni; sub rapidissimo,  
 In Himalaya candidata,  
 Sole, domo nivis omne tempus;

Regina frigens imperium tenet,  
 Immitem et æternum imperium tenet,  
 Hiems nivalis, cincta nimbis,  
 Sole caloreque non soluta.

Sic semper algens ac miserabilis  
 Ut discat usque et noverit omnia  
 Qui vivit integre; invidendus  
 Non mihi, non tibi, care amice!

Sed maxime vir redditus est Deo  
 Felix abundet cujus amore cor,  
 Salute gaudens commodoque  
 Largiter alterius beatur.

J. F. B.

~~~~~

Insincerity in College, Its Cause and Cure.

Seven days ago, there met my eye at the corner of the street, a placard cing a lecture on the subject of "*Sincerity*, as an element of successful Scholarship." It was a subject quite accordant with a train of thought into which I had before been thrown; and it excited this anew my mind. Being unable to hear the lecture, I was tempted to write a short one of my own; giving however, to my abstract thoughts more concreteness, more special reference to time and place than I suppose the lecturer gave to his.

Thoughts upon this topic were aroused by observing certain faults and characteristics of Student-life at this institution. An element of *INSINCERITY*, as I believe prevails here to a lamentable extent, deserving attention, and if possible, Reform. What I shall write, will be in reference to my Alma Mater, and to those, her sons, whom she is preparing for the future.

paring for life in the "wide, wide world." I would

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down ought in malice,"

but look at things as they *are*, unflinchingly, yet kindly, and with the good of all continually in view.

I believe, then, and therefore say, that an element of *insincerity* prevails here to a lamentable extent. This is surely a grave charge. Can we now substantiate it? And if we do, can we trace the causes of the existence of this element, and suggest any plan for its removal? It will doubtless be very far easier to do the first than the second, and both these than the last.

But it *does* exist; and is manifested in many ways, less palpably in some than others, yet in all, clearly enough and by unmistakable signs.

What means the sly wink and innuendo which often goes around a knot of students when *such-a-one* is inquired after? "Is he sick?" answer, a wink and some remark, such as, "You know the Townsends are to be handed in pretty soon," or some remark equally fraught with meaning to the members of the delinquent's class. The element of insincerity in rendering excuses, so prevails, that scarcely one escapes being involved in it really or by suspicion. The section of the college laws wherein certain circumstances are made contraband, as excuses, recognizes this—and virtually says, "In days past the commonness of these (good enough in themselves, if *honestly* rendered, yet so liable to be counterfeited,) has made them worthless, and they are no longer current coin." And it would seem that before another edition of the "Laws," another batch of excuses, "*indisposition*," and such-like general terms,—would have to be outlawed, and rendered "of none effect."

No one who mingles with students daily, can escape the *knowledge* that these are *facts*. They meet him at every turn.

Again,—to a lamentable extent it is the case that students have no credit for doing or saying anything with a true and earnest desire for *immediate* good. The "general understanding among men" which Dr. Whewell places at the foundation of the Duty of Truth, among Yalensians, seems to be narrowed down to this, "It is understood that each has before him, a temporary, artificial object to attain, thoroughly selfish, *made up*, a man of straw to demolish, *for the occasion*." Let a student, in the college phrase, "rush,"—why, he is ambitious,—has been beating his brains, to get that lesson, for what? Because he wanted to? No! Because he thirsted for the knowledge or the discipline or the power of working for good to his fellow-men which the getting of that knowledge would give him? No! He is after the valedictory, or an oration, or the *praise* of those around him. A pure motive, is the very rarest thing as

signed for such a phenomenon. Or, perhaps the student rises to read a composition in the Division room. Has he credit for writing it, to express his ideas and feelings upon some topic of interest and importance, with a view to making them understood and appreciated by those around him, for their good and improvement? No! but an earnest watching of the instructor's hand as he traces the fatal "mark," unlocks and exposes the secret of that effort, to the view of those around—at least, so they declare, and believe, too—or affect to do so. Or the student rises to make a speech in his Literary Society. Perhaps it is on no question of real or immediate interest, affecting the Society, or the members of it. The interest must all be manufactured. He clothes his thoughts in his best language—he speaks in his best style to enliven the bald theme, and make it interesting to those around him. But lo! he hears, or sees written upon the uneasy, perhaps sneering faces around him "Splurge"—and a consciousness that he is thought to be getting up cannon-ball and sheet-iron-pan thunder, and electrical-machine-lightning, cramps his energies, and amid a crushing sense of unreality, he accomplishes scarcely anything by his efforts.

Now this is true of almost everything which claims the Students attention. To what is the alacrity attributed, which he displays on hearing the well-known clang of the college bell? Is it to joy that the pleasant hour of prayer has come?—that the hour has arrived for communing with others upon topics of thought and feeling mutually interesting in Science, and all the branches of human knowledge? Not at all. Each sees in his hurrying brother's eye the fear that the "*mark*" will go against his name, and detract so much from that aggregate of excellencies which is to fix his rank upon the stage, the goal of his desires.

He sees fit, may be, to regard interests higher and farther reaching than these temporary ones. Pooh! it's all affectation, and the fox with the grapes is wisely and knowingly cited as a type of the unfortunate youth.

So, also, in a recitation, one becomes interested in the subject under consideration, falls into the earnest, animated, conversational tone, natural in such a case, and perhaps lifts his finger to add emphasis to what he says, by a gesture; wo to him! he becomes at once the subject of smiles and jokes, that he has so far forgotten himself as to feel and talk *naturally* in a recitation, as to think the *subject* of such real importance as to make proper such unwonted energy, and so on, to the end of the chapter.

Now, that these are facts, widely prevalent, we appeal to the gathering of any observant mind to establish. That the value of life here, the value of the instruction received, the discipline acquired, the happiness

enjoyed, are materially, *very* materially lessened by all this, cannot be denied. This feeling of unreality in the case of each, gives rise to the suspicion of it in his fellow, and to the attributing to him of a desire to attain only the unreal good, to the neglect of the real substantial good for himself and others, beyond.

Now, why is all this so? It requires but half an eye to see that it is so, but "why is it?" is a hard question. Is there, in the minds of those who come hither from all parts of the land, a predisposition to this insincerity? to this suspicion? Do they *come*, regarding college standing and reputation, as an *end*? We think they do, in a large majority of instances. Young, just out of the precincts of the school-house, with its, in many cases, abominably artificial mode of treating them, they here step upon a larger arena; where "*going to the head*," &c., are exchanged for "*getting 4*," and speaking the chief part in the best dialogue on exhibition day, for speaking the "*valedictory*." Throughout the two schools there is sham-fighting and the presentation of wooden swords.

After entering upon this arena, and we say this with due deference, is it not true, that the motives kept before the eye, in the instructors' and monitors' books, and other temporary incitements, do far more than real interest in the studies pursued, to keep students onward in a direct course? We are far from proposing to dispense with them. They are, perhaps, on the whole, the best means of securing faithfulness, and recording the merits of the students—but we complain that they are exalted far too highly in comparison with the real interests which should be at the foundation of their efforts. What we would have, is a spirit on the part of the student, of proper obedience and subordination, it is true, but not of mere subserviency to the *form* of government. That man is not a republican, whom only force—the necessity of his situation—keeps subordinate to the law. He only is truly such, who has constant within him the *spirit* of love to the institutions—confidence in their excellency, and a *desire* to do all he can to support them. If the constant effort of citizens is to evade the laws, so far as they can, it surely presages anything but permanency in these, except so far as there is outward force sufficient to keep this disposition in abeyance. We want interest in the studies pursued, conviction of their importance, and regard to their direct relations to our life in the world beyond our college walls. If we are to be men, we want the manly spirit cultivated here. If we are to succeed here, we would have our success the result of energetic *interest*, in matters which we are persuaded will be for our benefit, and that of those around us, matters of *real* and not imaginary importance. And the cultivation of this spirit is, in brief what we propose as the remedy for the insincerity of which we complain.

A.

The Lament of the Hungarian Exile.

Sons of Freedom! I am needy;
Witness my disheveled suit,
And my hat so very seedy,
And my one remaining boot;
Own I not a single dollar,
No cravat adorns my throat,
Not a sign of linen collar
Gleams above my threadbare coat.

Shame upon your institutions,
Which we thought to be so free!
You pretend to growl at "Roossians,"
Yet you will not smile on me;
Shame upon your spangled banner!
And your great bald eagle too,
You, who spurn me in a manner
Even worse than German Jew.

And the small boys of the city,
(Cute they are and deeply shrewd!)
All quite destitute of pity,
Seem to me extremely rude;
For, whene'er I ask for money,
Greet they me with egg or brick,
And appear to think it funny
That I don't enjoy the trick.

Once when sad and sorrow laden,
Shuffled I along Broadway,
Passing near a lovely maiden,
Shrank she from me in dismay;
And her organ then of smelling
Buried wildly in her muff,
While her beau, with anger swelling,
Gave me a decided cuff.

And I thought how erst at Buda,
Pesth, Debretzin, and Erlan,
Far from being an intruder,
I in fashion led the van;
Most renowned in fancy dances,
Skilled in love and stratagem,
Drew I on me envious glances
E'en from Jellachich and Bem.

Did I dream that thus degraded,
Such contumely I should meet,
When with Kossuth we paraded,
In procession, through the street ;
Cheered by every glad beholder,
Heralded by trump and drum,
While we, o'er a mental shoulder
Pointed each a mental thumb.

When all lion-mad the people
Hastened at our feet to kneel,
When the bells from every steeple
Rang a patriotic peal ;
When embowered at the " Irving,"
At the national expense,
Free-born waiters proudly serving,
Blacked our boots with reverence.

When we in a dreamy slumber,
Chuckling at our leader's game,
Heard his speeches without number,
All amounting to the same ;
When from neighboring towns and cities
Natives rushed our hands to shake,
And the females, by committees,
Kissed us well for Freedom's sake.

Why repeat the well known story !—
Faded soon our transient bliss,
Faded temporary glory,
Man's applause and woman's kiss ;
Howard, vainly seeking payment,
Kicked us out the door at last,
And without a change of raiment,
Stood we in the world, aghast !

Ye who sport the Kossuth feather,
Ye who wear the Kossuth tile,
I appeal to you now, whether
I deserve to be so vile :—
Ah Columbians ! rash, unruly,
Always " going it " too strong,
Though with ease you're humbugged truly,
Yet you won't stay humbugged long !

L. L. D.

College Boating.

FUTURE historians may succeed in rescuing from the Lethean wave some older boat, but our own memory goes back no farther than the time when the EXCELSIOR was launched from the yard of famous Captain Brooks. This was in the year 1844, and the staunch old craft is still afloat, the Ironsides of our College navy, while several of her frailer sisters have yielded to successive equinoctials, and are now running on the Stygian ferry. The OSCEOLA and the AUGUSTA, peace to their tholepins, never again will thrill with the impulse given them by the stout arms of those who, like themselves, are College *classes* no more.

There are now in the cellar of "Brooks and Thatcher, boat-builders," waiting for the summer "season," the EXCELSIOR, the SHAWMUT, the ATLANTA, the PHANTOM and the HALCYON. Their ladyships are to be repaired this Springs vacation, and they promise to make the coming *season* as pleasant as the last.

Can we ask for more? Let the following "log" of a cruise on one of last summer's moonlight evenings be a memorial of our pleasures to those who enjoyed them, and, at the same time, an antepast of pleasures yet in store.

The tide is swelling slowly up through the sea-grass, throwing its last wavelets against the shore-most pebbles, and the western sky above the green forest of the distant elm-trees, glows with the hues of sunset, which the calm waters of the spreading bay reflect with almost equal splendor. Close to the shore the graceful form of our boat reclines on the willing "liquid," which rises in kissing ripples against her rounded sides. From the flagstaff at the bow flutters our pennant of blue; along the wharves are ranged the white oars on either side; and at the stern the nerveless tiller-ropes tell, with an impatient motion, of the restless helm below. On the shore, in graceful attitudes of course, are the waiting crew, the "painter" and stern-line held by two of them, restraining the onings of the boat to float out with the ebbing tide.

They have not long to wait, for turning yonder corner is a short procession of ladies, led on by our gallant captain, in his becoming uniform of blue and white. As they approach, we count—seven of them! Can we carry them all? "Ladies are ethereal," yet they occupy space. The captain seats the "dowager," who matronizes the company, in the "stern-sheets" with four of them, and the two others are enthroned at the bow. Only one or two of them even pretend to fear the short step from the shore to the boat, which yields gently to their light tread. "There is no

danger of her sinking," says the Captain, "the boat has seven buoys!"

The crew take their seats in order; the bowsman pushes from the shore; the orders are given to

"Peak! Let fall! Give way!
And away we glide
With the ebbing tide,
Into the open bay."

The western glories are now leadening into night, and soon we notice the increasing brightness of the high full moon. The eastern clouds grow white, the wave-tops catch the silvery reflection, and distant sails stand out clearly against the darker sky on the "starboard quarter." We pass rapidly, even with our extra load, by "Long Wharf" and the clustering vessels there, and soon feel the delightful sea-breeze which comes from the cool waters of the distant Sound.

Various expressions of delight are heard from our fair passengers; they dip their unkided hands into the water which ripples through their fingers with silver bubbles; they admire the boat—and the crew, especially the stroke-oarsman; they venture on musical addresses to the "silver moon;" they fear that we shall tire ourselves with pulling those long oars. So to please them and ourselves, we take the "Rainbow Rest." "*Violet!—Indigo!—Blue!—Green!—Yellow!—Orange!—Red!*"—shouts the Captain; and giving a long, strong stroke to each one, we "vast pulling," and "rest our weary oar."

Now an animated conversation between the "larboard bow oar," and the adjacent fair, becomes more distinctly audible. Yet it ceases while a song starts from the stern sheets and goes echo-hunting towards the shore. Soon we're off again, our bow heading towards "the Light," which twinkles far away to the south'ard. Now "the Fort" looms up on the eastern shore, and as we approach its rocky battlements, we discuss the expediency of landing there or going on beyond to "the Cove." The latter plan is majoritied, and we alter our course, holding the Light on our starboard quarter, and soon discover the tall poplar trees which crown the bank above our landing place.

High and dry on the smooth sand we "beach" our boat before our passengers rise to step on shore, and then rough sailors become gallant gentlemen, and the ladies are escorted to seats under the poplars, or they wander along the narrow beach. Songs are sung again, some of them desperately sentimental, as, "Sleeping, I dreamed, love," others decidedly jolly, as, "In the good old Colony days." The time passes rapidly and pleasantly away in shell-gathering, and wave-escaping walks, or

Is'nt this most splendid weather !—
 Second starboard, mind your feather !—
 Pull a little more together

On the "port !"
 Catch a "cancer," if you dare,
 And of "swallows" too, beware,
 Fifteen minutes and we're there
 At the Fort !

Can't you trim a little aft !—
 How the winds our banner waft !
 "Like a thing of life" our craft
 Promenades ;
 See how brightly glows the west !
 How it gilds the ocean's breast !
 One ! two ! three ! four ! five ! six !—Rest !
 Jolly blades.

Now comrades, raise the strain,
 And let no man refrain,
 Though he may not quite attain
 To the tune ;
 While the insects phosphorescent
 In the ripples shine incessant,
 And above us beams the crescent
 Of the moon.

When in after years we're harbored,
 With an infant on our larboard
 Knee, and sitting at our starboard
 Side a wife ;
 As within our "clinker" cottage
 We devour our homely pottage,
 Gliding calmly towards the dotage
 Of our life.

Then the rising generation
 We will tell with exultation,
 How with keen exhilaration,
 Long ago,
 Many puns we perpetrated,
 And our songs reiterated,
 And the mermaids fascinated
 Down below.

Festus.

SELECTIONS FROM SOME CRITICAL REMARKS ON FESTUS, A POEM, BY

P. J. BAILEY.

THAT is a strange development in the nature of man which lies at the bottom and forms the groundwork of that ancient book—Job. It is a fact—not a speculation, a romance—that in the history of our race a human being was given up in all but his life to the power of Satan—that he might be tempted, and his allegiance to his Creator tried. For many ages, as far as we know, this idea, this historical truth, was embodied in a single book. But coming along down the track of time, we find that about the year 1587 of the Christian Era, it burst forth under a modified form and was scattered throughout Europe, being translated into all the most important languages. At this time it received considerable modifications—Doctor Faustus became the hero—instead of being given up he sold himself to Lucifer, writing out the articles of stipulation in legal form with his own blood. Truth was no longer strictly adhered to. To such an unique conception fancy added her gewgaws, until it became one of the most eccentric nondescript things in all literature. Christopher Marlowe, the old English dramatist, threw it into the form of a drama in which were represented thirty particular and distinct persons, besides a host of cardinals, bishops, monks, friars, soldiers, servants, &c. He confined himself closely enough, and perhaps too much so, for the real interest of the play, to the form of the current story. The catastrophe consisted in the Doctor being at the end of the twenty-four years torn into fragments on a terrible night, and his soul conducted to the presence of Lucifer.

German superstition and mysticism carried the matter still further. Doctor Faust became a terror to the ignorant and a wonder to the learned. Finally Goëthe brought it out in the form of his inimitable Faust. Now it was said to be allegorical—that the hero shadowed forth the soul of man struggling against moral evil in the world—plunging into the most contaminating vices, loathsome debauchery, and at the last, all that was immortal rising to the reward of the just. Last of all, the old superannuated idea travelled back to Great Britain, and a few years since appeared once more under the name of Festus. This work flashed forth brilliantly and to use one of its own figures, “like a rocket tearing up the sky.” The press immediately was loud in its praise—some said “a

remarkable and most magnificent production," others, "it contains poetry enough to set up fifty poets," others, "it contains some of the most wonderful things we ever read," but above all it seemed to inspire a very strong sentiment of *originality*.

Of its originality we will first speak. I do not presume to *criticise* the work—but there are a few ideas which might be mentioned without taking the odious name of criticism. It has been said of the opening scene that the idea was derived from the book of Job—further than this I have seen nothing written that intimates the possibility of its having a resemblance to any other composition. Now it does not matter whether the author went directly to the fountain head, and took the thought or intercepted it in any of its numerous streams that have spread over the world. But when we read Marlowe's Drama, Doctor Faustus, the life of Faustus from the German, and above all Goëthe's Faust, we see this old notion worked up into some very splendid productions. The idea of a man ransacking creation in the company of a devil, who gratifies all his prurient curiosity is not an original conception with the author of Festus. Changing Faustus into Festus and Mephistophiles into Lucifer, is far short of originality. The heroes of the poem are then most evidently borrowed—old machinery is dusted and set to work. The pervading sentiment—the soul—or as it has been called, the philosophy of the poem is "the ministry of evil as a purifier." Here he treads in the footsteps of Goëthe non pari passu, although he went further than the German poet dared. Angels bear away the immortal part of Faust showing that he was meant to come forth purified from all the vices with which he had been contaminated; but Festus is not only in like manner saved, but also admits Lucifer, the very embodiment of evil, to the same Heaven. If the author is original in this, every man who cares for his moral character, will gladly "leave him alone in his glory." Thus much for the poem generally. When we come to look at its divisions, the successive developments of the plot—if indeed it can be said to have a plot—we shall find resemblances to the German work so striking, that I fear they will look very much like imitations. The opening of both is the same—Goëthe calls it a prologue—Bailey a Scene in Heaven—mere developments of the first and second chapters of Job. In both the archfiend appears, and desires a human being to be given up to his will—it is permitted. In the second scene of each, the hero makes a lengthy soliloquy upon his past fortunes, his present condition and his transcendental aspirations for the future. In each, after the soliloquy, the devil appears

—the connection is made—and we are led from that time forth to look upon Faust, or Festus and Lucifer, as companions.

It would be tedious to follow the comparison through, scene by scene,—we will take but one or two more. There is a scene in Festus, near a village, where at evening come out representatives of all classes, and give the hero a fine opportunity to dilate upon the grades of humanity, which he accordingly does. This has its prototype in Faust. Festus, on a certain occasion, falling in with a student, canvasses with him the comparative merits of the learned professions—this was done before in Faust with this difference, that in the latter Lucifer put on Faust's gown and played the part for him. Festus and Lucifer conclude to have a horse-back ride, and accordingly mounting Ruin and Darkness, gallop around the world—but Faust and 'Mephistophiles had before them bestridden two black steeds, although Goëthe it is true neglected to mention their names.

Such are a few of the resemblances, our limits forbid more.

If these striking coincidences are all accidental they have no parallel in literature, they stand alone and deserve to be recorded. It may be said that two men in different parts of the world may produce similar inventions at the same time, each being ignorant of the other. Very true, but that is no plea here—for Faust had been translated into English long enough before Festus made its appearance. But it may be replied that there is an appearance of unusual originality in the poem, that cannot be mere deception. It is not mere deception, and the truth consists in this, that the style is peculiar—many of the illustrations new, and of course, some scenes are positive creations of the author. Whereas in Faust there is a marvelous jumbling of anomalous materials—the various historical, traditional and mythological curiosities of the world—sirens—witches—pigmyes—giants—insects—seven-league boots—Hippocamps—and every variety of the human species—all shapes and devices thrown upon that mysterious canvass; in Festus, on the contrary, the characters introduced are less numerous and multiform, but the same orderless medley makes its appearance in the magnificent, uncouth, attractive, repulsive imagery—figures dragged in and piled up from the whole universe, often regardless of time, place, or character. This certainly is novel—new—original. Here lies the secret of its power over so wide a class of readers; every body can find something to please his personal taste and sentiments, provided, of course, that he close his eyes to the other parts. Although on examination, we do not discover in this poem an original conception of a genius of our own day, but an eccentric remodeling,

there are some things connected with it which demand the careful consideration of every lover of refined, progressive literature. Of the moral character of the work much has been written, and much more might be; and notwithstanding its very religious aspect on first appearance, it is not too much to say that when closely viewed, it presents a woful system of morals. It shocks most readers of the Scriptures to be told that the ruinous foe of the human race, Lucifer, the arch-fiend himself, is finally restored to his primitive brightness and purity. But this part is left to others.

All the Literary productions that have come down to us from antiquity are monuments cut and polished—emphatically works of Art. There is not a single rough and unhewn block left—if there were any they have perished by the way. The Epics of Homer gave to Aristotle the rules of Epic poetry—the orations of Cicero and the great Athenian are the very ideal of elaborate Mosaic. What does all this teach? That if we would have our literature transmitted beyond our own generation, it must be fitted for transmission and preservation by the hands of skillful and indefatigable artists. It should be the care of literary men, that false standards of taste are not introduced. Poetic license, and I would not circumscribe its limits, nevertheless has bounds which its own nature has planted, beyond which it destroys itself and “the divine art” dies. Now the tendency of Festus is beyond this limit,—the author announces that he is a rule unto himself. If he means by this, that nature is his model—very well; but if he proposes to obey a perverted taste, mistaken for genius—not so well. In the midst of much that is splendid, there is much that seriously detracts—and on account of the unusual brilliancy of some parts, there is the more danger to be apprehended from the defects. The style is inelegant and unpoetical,—but let that pass. We will look at but one thing more—that is the author’s very general practice of running his most sublime metaphors sub limo. The work is marvellous for its imagery. It is like a celebration of fireworks, wheels, rockets and flaming devices in blazing, inextricable confusion; but unfortunately there is often so much in the crowded area, that the beauty of the scene is marred. For examples of that notorious step between the sublime and ridiculous, the following will suffice:

“ I cannot see

A crowd and not think on the fate of man
Clinging to error as a dormant bat
To a dead bough.”

Again, speaking of a statue: *

"This marble mockery of immortality,
Which shall outlive the memory of the man,
And all like him who water earth with blood—
As eagles outlive gnats."

In another place:

"Yes, earth, this earth may foul the face of life,
Like some swart mole on beauty's breast—
———while thou
Shalt shine, aye brilliant, on creation's corse,
Like to a diamond on a dead man's hand."

And once more speaking of himself as an author:

"All turn to me, whenever I speak, full-faced,
As planets to the sun, or owls to a rush-light."

By such specimens one is very forcibly reminded of the sudden transitions in what is appropriately called machine poetry. Such examples are unpardonable in any production professing seriousness, and hoping to stand a monument in literature. They are not the faults of genius, but of a mind straining after originality and striking figures. This is the poem which Ebenezer Elliott says contains poetry enough to set up fifty poets—but suppose it divided—it would consign to eternal oblivion or ridicule as many more who happened to get the blemishes as their poetic capital. If it contains so much, why was not the author content with what would set up twenty-five, and trying his work by the "pared nail," why did he not spare his readers the pain of witnessing so much unnecessary deformity. The master spirits of the past are exclaiming to the lovers of modern literature, in the language of Horace to the Pisos:

Carmen reprehendite, quod,

Præsectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

Never was there more need of vigilance in guarding the golden fleece of a pure and elevated literary taste than at this day; and the attentive may gather signs for the future from the final disposition of Festus by the reading world. *

Memorabilia Yalensia.

NOTICES OF GOVERNOR YALE.

WE know so little of Gov. Yale's personal history, that every piece of information concerning him that can now be recovered, is to us of special interest. He was born in the Colony of New Haven in 1648, and, as supposed, in that part which is now the town of North Haven; and when about ten years old was taken to England. There he was educated, and probably bred to mercantile life. When about thirty years of age he went to the East Indies and became the Governor of Fort St. George, Madras. Having in this position powers so absolute, it would not be surprising if we should find that he ruled with some severity. Here he married the rich widow of one of his predecessors, and as might be expected, amassed a large fortune. It is said by Collins, (in his *Peerage of England*), that Yale brought home such quantities of goods that he *could not find any house large enough to stow them in* (!) and was therefore obliged to sell them off at public sale, and this (A. D. 1700) was the first auction in England. After his return to England he was chosen Governor of the East India Company. Hearing of the *Collegiate School of Connecticut*, which was now established in his native town, he very wisely resolved to patronize it, and accordingly sent over goods, books and money to a liberal amount, in aid of the new College. He died in July, 1721.

At the Commencement in 1718, the Trustees of the Institution, in testimony of gratitude to their generous benefactor, resolved to designate the large edifice then just completed, by the name of *Yale College*. This name was gradually transferred to the Institution or corporate body, and in the charter of 1745 was adopted and applied by authority.

The following notices are extracted from letters of Jeremiah Dummer, Esq., agent in England for the Colony of Connecticut. Mr. Dummer, acted also as agent for the College and did good service in collecting books for the Library and otherwise.

The picture of Gov. Yale here mentioned was never received. The full length portrait of him in the Picture Gallery of the College was presented in 1789, by Dudley North, grandson of the Governor.

Extracts from papers preserved in the Office of State at Hartford.

Jeremiah Dummer, agent of the Colony of Connecticut, at the close of a letter to Gov. Saltonstall, dated London, March 12, 1717-18, writes:

"I am endeavoring to get you a present from Mr. Yale, for the finishing your College, of which I shall write you more particularly in a little time."

In 1719, April 14th, Mr. Dummer writes:

"I heartily congratulate you upon the happy union of the Colony in fixing the College at New Haven, after some difficulties which might have been attended with ill consequences."

"Mr. Yale is very much rejoiced at this good news; and more than a little pleased with his being patron of such a seat of the Muses; saying that he expressed at first some kind of concern whether it was well in him, being a churchman, to promote an Academy of Dissenters. But when he had discoursed the point freely he appeared convinced that the business of good men is to spread religion and learning among mankind without being too fondly attached to particular tenets."

about which the world never was nor ever will be agreed. Besides, if the discipline of the Church of England be most agreeable to Scripture and primitive practice, there is no better way to make men sensible of it than by giving them good learning."

"Mr. Yale's picture at full length, with his nephews on the same canvas, is drawn for a present to your College Hall, and he will send you by the same conveyance another parcel of books, part of which he has promised me shall be the Royal Transactions, in 17 volumes. He proposed sending you a pair of Globes, but when I told him you had two pair already, we agreed that in lieu of them you shall have some mathematical instruments and glasses for making philosophical experiments, as microscopes, telescopes, and other glasses for use, as well as for ornament and curiosity.

"I have some books and other things for you of my own collection which I will either put up separately or pack them with what Mr. Yale sends."

Again, Oct. 1, 1780, Mr Dummer writes:

"Mr. Yale makes me many apologies for having done nothing for your College this summer and promises to make ample amends by the first ship.

"I have also great hopes that you'll have a share in Mr. Hollis's bounty which has hitherto been confined to Harvard college."

Another letter dated Feb. 25, 1720-21, he writes:

"I visited Mr. Hollis and delivered him the letter you sent me for him; and afterwards read to him a paragraph out of your letter to me on the same subject, with both which he was extremely well pleased. His answer was that he had not yet finished what he had intended to do for Harvard college, and till then he could not go upon any new design. I am satisfied you'll find him a benefactor ere long.

Mr. Yale has shipped a hundred pounds sterling in goods for your college. This, however, is but half what Mr. Yale promised me a month ago, when he assured me he would remit you 200 lbs. sterling per annum during his life, and make a settled annual provision to take place after his death. But old gentlemen are forgetful. I was with him last night to refresh his memory about the books, pictures and other presents which I formerly mentioned to you, and to see if they could be ready to go with the goods, but it seems they won't be in order 'till a month hence. I shall be glad if they are ready then."

March 8, 1722-23, Mr. Dummer writes:

"The suit in Doctors Commons about the Legacy to Yale College goes on well, in the main. There is indeed one unfavorable circumstance attending it that the preamble to the will and the schedule were distinct papers, and found in different places. This will be an objection, but I believe not strong enough to hinder the probate."

July 22, 1623, Mr. Dummer writes:

"I am still in the Commons about Gov. Yale's will; because the sons-in-law use every art of delay. I have received twelve pounds more from Mr. Ashurst. I sent you some prints. I long to have somebody come over from Mr. Beard, or else we shall lose the estate."

DEFOREST FUND.

DAVID C. DEFOREST, Esq., having in the year 1823, presented to the College corporation the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, which was to be placed at interest till 1853, when it would amount to about twenty-six thousand dollars, and the donation having now attained that amount, and being about to take effect,—we reprint the instrument of the donor by which he made this gift.

The regulation for the present year in regard to the "DeForest Prize," is that every member of the Senior class shall compete for the Medal, by writing on such a subject as he may himself select. These essays are to be presented on the 15th of May, and several of the best will be selected by the Faculty to be spoken in public during the month of May or June. One of these will then be selected for the Prize. This year, moreover, the second best oration will entitle its author to a Clarke Prize of Fifteen dollars.

"TO THE CORPORATION OF YALE COLLEGE IN NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT :

"DAVID C. DEFOREST, born in the parish of Ripton, town of Huntington, formerly part of Stratford, and State of Connecticut, on the tenth day of January, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four, son of Benjamin DeForest, who was also son of Benjamin DeForest, of Stratford, aforesaid; all descended from a French Huguenot, whose name was De la Forest, and one of three brothers, who, being protestants, fled from France to Holland at the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and thence to New Amsterdam, now New York :

"Proposes, to deliver and pay over to the Treasurer of Yale College, on or before the first day of October next, the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, being a sum of money which was intended for his much respected and beloved Mother, Mrs. Mable Lockwood, aged seventy-two years, and for more than thirty years last past a resident of Watertown, in Litchfield county, in said State. This proposal she declined accepting, her own situation and that of her sons being such, in her opinion, as to render it unnecessary, and hence the propriety of placing it in such a situation as to remain safe and useful to her posterity, and at the same time aid your highly valuable Institution.

"This sum is to remain in the hands of the Corporation, an accumulating fund, at their own risk; which at six per cent. annual interest, say from October first, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three, to January first, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, being twenty-eight and one quarter years, will amount to the sum of twenty-five thousand nine hundred and forty-one dollars, eighty cents and six mills; the annual income of which thereafter will be one thousand five hundred and fifty-six dollars.

"The Corporation or their Assigns, upon the receipt of said sum of five thousand dollars, are to execute a proper instrument binding themselves and their successors to expend annually, forever, after the said first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two;—

"First, one thousand dollars in the education and support at Yale College, or the University that may grow out of it, of the male descendants of Mrs. Mable Lockwood, viz :

"Of the male descendants of David C. DeForest of New Haven, John H. DeFor-

est, of Humphreysville, in New Haven county, Benjamin DeForest, of Watertown, and Ezra DeForest, of Huntington, all of the State of Connecticut; and also the sons of the female children of David C. and Jalia DeForest, his wife, formerly Julia Wooster, of Huntington aforesaid, but to descend in this line no further. In default of descendants, as aforesaid, the said sum to be applied to the education of others of the name of DeForest, giving preference to the next of kin of the donor; and in default of candidates of the name of DeForest, the said sum to be applied to the education of young men in indigent circumstances, and of good talent, who are willing to assume the name of DeForest. In the selection of candidates for the bounty herein provided, the Religious or Political opinions of themselves or their families shall not operate against or for them in any case; but a preference shall always be given to those who are of moral and virtuous conduct; and it is left wholly at the discretion of the Corporation of Yale College to make the selection.

"And secondly, to procure to be made annually a Gold Medal, of the value of one hundred dollars, to be denominated the DeForest Prize; with such inscription thereon as the President shall direct; to be given to that scholar of the Senior Class who shall write and pronounce an English Oration in the best manner, on some day in either of the months of May or June in each year;—the President and Professors being judges, and every member of the Senior Class, a candidate for the Prize.

It is calculated that the provision of one thousand dollars first made will support and educate four Scholars in each year; but as this may depend on the value of money and other articles, nothing definite can be determined. It must therefore be left to the discretion of the Corporation in the faithful execution of this trust.

"It is expected and required of the Corporation, that they will give due notice in the Public Newspapers or otherwise of this provision, and of such vacancies as may occur, with suitable explanations, at least once in each year.

"As it is possible the sums annually provided may accumulate in the hands of the Corporation for want of candidates, of proper age, or for other reasons, the Corporation will allow for the use of such money, three per cent. per annum to be applied to the principal, and expended for the purposes herein before mentioned. But the Corporation are strictly enjoined, not to permit at any time a sum larger than Five Thousand dollars to remain in their hands unexpended in the ways above designated.

New Haven, September Ninth, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three.

DAVID C. DEFOREST.

In presence of—

ROGER SHERMAN SKINNER,
CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH.

MEDAL OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, FOR 1851.

A Gold Medal,—the Prize of the Yale Literary Magazine,—awarded in last December, to ANDREW D. WHITE, of Syracuse, N. Y., for the best of eleven compositions submitted to a committee, has just been completed and delivered to its owner.

It is of a circular form, nearly two inches in diameter, with its edges elaborately

chased. On the obverse, surrounding a beautiful picture of the College Library, are the words,

"AWARDED TO ANDREW D. WHITE,

Merito ac Jure.

YALE COLLEGE, 1851."

On the reverse a balance is represented in which the Pen weighs down the Sword beneath the cap of Liberty, denoting of course that where there is freedom, the Pen is mightier than the Sword. Around this, are the words,

"YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Meriti Præmium."

PROF. NORTON'S ILLNESS.

THE following resolutions have been handed to us for publication. They were called forth by the sudden illness of Prof. Norton, and his consequent departure for the South, and were unanimously adopted at a large meeting of his pupils in Agricultural Chemistry,—including the members of the Scientific School, and many members of the Senior Class.

Whereas,—the relation lately existing between Prof. JOHN P. NORTON and ourselves, as Instructor and Pupils, has been unexpectedly suspended because of his sudden illness;—

Resolved, That we, the members of his class in Agricultural Chemistry, do hereby express our heartfelt gratitude to him, not only for the valuable information we have acquired from his teachings, but also for the many hours rendered pleasant by his lucid and forcible expositions of the great principles of his favorite science, his extensive knowledge of the Agriculture of our own and foreign countries, and his uniformly kind and courteous demeanor towards all with whom he has been associated.

Resolved, That believing, as we do, that his efforts to promote the advancement of all that ennobles and elevates the culture of the soil have been eminently beneficial in the past, and promise to be even more so in the future, we express our ardent desire that he may long be spared to continue his labors in this great field of usefulness.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with him in his affliction and sincerely unite with his family and friends in their wishes for his speedy recovery and safe return to his home.

Resolved, That these resolutions be signed by us and presented to Prof. Norton by the President of the meeting.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

BISHOP PRIZE DEBATE IN LINONIA.

In the summer of 1850, Mr. WM. D. BISHOP, a graduate Linonian of the class of 1849, instituted in this Society, a Prize Debate—by giving to the Society the sum of one thousand dollars to be invested in 7 per cent. Railroad bonds, and the interest there arising to be distributed into prizes as follows: two first Prizes of \$25 each, one second Prize of \$15, and one third Prize of \$5. One of the first Prizes must be

awarded to a member of the Freshman class. Sophomore and Freshman may compete for the others. For the regulations for conducting the debate we quote the language of the original document. "Five Linonian graduates shall be chosen by the Society by ballot and their names put by the Secretary into a box from which the President shall draw out indiscriminately three who shall constitute a committee to hear the discussion and award the Prizes, their decision being based upon the *argument*, the *style* and the *delivery*. Each disputant shall have the privilege of speaking but once, and of occupying but twenty minutes. Those who are desirous of competing for the Prizes shall hand in their names to the President at least one week previous to the discussion. The chairman of the committee shall call upon the disputants by lot, and each disputant shall immediately respond to his name, or be debarred the privilege of taking part in the debate. The discussion shall take place during the last half of the second term of the college year." The paper proceeds to state in what manner the question shall be chosen, but as the donor is about to change this clause we will omit it for the present.

On the 2d of March, 1851, in accordance with the above provisions, the first contest took place in the Hall of the Society, Hon. Ralph I. Ingersoll, Prof. Noah Porter, and Wm. H. Russell, Esq., being the committee of award. About twenty individuals entered the lists as competitors, the following of whom were successful: AUGUSTUS S. HITCHCOCK of the Freshman class, obtained the prize confined to that class. The other three were awarded to the Sophomores. The first was awarded to ANDREW J. WILLARD, the second to CHARLES L. THOMAS and the third to ALBERT E. KENT.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 24th, commenced the second annual debate for the Bishop Prizes. Twenty-five speakers had handed in their names the week previous, all but one of whom responded to the call of the committee. The discussion was continued with about two hours intermission until 12, P. M. On the following Wednesday evening the committee, consisting of Hon. Wm. W. Boardman, Rev. S. W. S. Dutton, and F. L. Hodges, Esq., reported that they had awarded the Freshman Prize to LEWIS E. STANTON, and the remaining three to Sophomores, the first to WM. H. FENN, the second to LUZON B. MORRIS and the third to JAMES K. HILL. The committee expressed in their report, their "high gratification at the ability with which the whole debate was conducted, reflecting as it did great honor on the competitors and also rendering it no easy task to decide upon the most meritorious."

THE SOCIETY HALLS.

We are authorized to say that the plans for the new building to be erected upon College grounds, with Halls for the Linonian, Brothers and Calliopean Societies, are now in the hands of the mason and joiner, and that as soon as the contracts can be completed, the ground will be broken and the building commenced. The plans have not been materially changed since last Commencement. The edifice is to be placed just west of Divinity College, on the corner of High and Elm streets, is to be built of Portland Freestone, and will be about 100 feet by 50 in its dimensions. The lower floor will contain a Hall for general college uses and the upper story will be devoted to the three Society Halls,—those of the Linonians and Brothers measuring about 48 feet by 36. The various societies are now collecting their subscriptions and the members may soon expect to see something more than "castles in the air."

We hope that, when the interior arrangements and furniture of the room come up for consideration, some better place will be provided for the delivery of orations, compositions, and written pieces generally, than what is now possessed by either of the three societies. The front of the building will be nearly like that represented in the plan which for some time past has been displayed in the College Library.

ORATIONS.

On Wednesday evening, March 10th, an Oration was delivered in the Brothers Society, by Charles E. Vanderburg of the Senior Class. His subject was, JOHN J. AUDUBON.

On Wednesday evening, March 31st, Daniel R. Empeon, delivered an oration in the Calliopean Society, on the POWER OF NATURE OVER THE HUMAN MIND.

ELECTIONS.

The fifth and last Election of the collegiate year was held in the Societies on Wednesday evening, April 7th, with the following result:

<i>Linonia.</i>	<i>Brothers in Unity.</i>	<i>Calliope.</i>
	<i>Presidents.</i>	
M. SMITH,	L. C. CHAPIN,	V. MARMADUKE.
	<i>Vice Presidents.</i>	
H. E. DWIGHT,	C. D. SEROPTAN,	F. MILLER,
	<i>Secretaries.</i>	
H. T. HOYT,	A. L. TRAIN,	ROBERT YOUNG,
	<i>Vice Secretaries.</i>	
W. H. WARNER.	J. W. HUSTED.	J. T. SHAKELFORD.

LAW SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT.

This year another addition is to be made to the usual exercises of Commencement week. The Law Students have voted, at the suggestion of their Professors, to hold a Commencement and have selected speakers for the occasion. So we shall hereafter have the pleasure of listening each year to a series of disquisitions on "Assumpit," "Trover," and "Contingent Remainders," which will at least be as interesting as the essays on "Progress," "Purpose," and "True Greatness," invariably spoken annually by graduating Seniors.

The following are the speakers: Curtiss H. Bushnell, Robert Coit, Samuel T. Field, Edward M. Jerome, Nathan A. Lee, George Rice, William K. Seeley, Joseph Sheldon.

PROF. GUYOT ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

On Tuesday evening, April 6th, Prof. Arnold Guyot, now of Cambridge, Mass. addressed by invitation, our Senior Class, the officers of College, and some of the resident graduates upon the Philosophy of History. For nearly two hours he held the closest attention of his audience by the depth and eloquence of his thoughts. He took a general survey of the progress of civilization from the earliest days to the

present time, dividing history into distinct epochs, each of which was marked by some peculiar principle of development, and through all of which the advancement of the human race could be distinctly discerned.

We are not aware whether he is generally willing to lecture in this way, but if he could be induced to visit several of our colleges he would be the means of conveying great pleasure and profit to the students therein assembled. We hope that succeeding Senior classes here will be able to hear him still more at length, than the limits of a single lecture will allow. All who heard him on this recent lecture were delighted at the time, and will long remember the profound generalizations by which Prof. Guizot so clearly exhibits the constant development of the Human race. History has now, in our minds, a definiteness which it never before possessed.

Editor's Table.

As soon as we realized that another number of the 'Mag.' must appear this term, we began to get up 'a leader.' The printer's cry of "copy! copy!" sounded in our ears, and yet there were so many tastes to be consulted among our various readers, that we were sorely puzzled as to what to send him.

We began to look over our papers and see what there was among them, and soon came across a certain parcel of society exercises in which we once took a pride, and which we hoped might be of avail in this our present emergency. They would suit perhaps the tastes of those who like "sound-writing," meaning by that something dry and unreadable. But then there was one objection,—they had all been heard before, and such kind of articles, if the fact of their previous use is detected, are unpopular. We next came across a pile of compositions, and began to read them by their titles. There were essays on the "Progress of Truth," "on the present system of College Education," "on the Destiny of Man," "the Connection of Science and Religion," and so on, all discussed in Division Room style, and meant to be very fine. Some of them, written in Sophomore year, were meant to be especially fine, and as the Tutors are the only persons who listen to such performances, we thought it would be safe to print some one of the best, for no one would know it had ever been used before. But the old compositions did seem almost musty with age, and we could not make up our minds to use them.

We looked through our portfolio for something fanciful or humorous, but everything which would even approach to that description had some local bearing which could not be understood, and we almost gave up in despair.

Our next thought was that after all we were very foolish to be so particular about what would never be read; that we could not expect better treatment than there had met before us; and that the best way was after all to write on just such subject as suited ourselves, and send it to the printer. We advise all future editors to do the same.

Our attention has been called to an article in the "*Neue Jahrbücher für Philosophie und Pädagogik*," Vol. 64, Pt. 1, published at Leipzig in December last, and lately received at the College Library, in which Herr Hermann Wimmer of Dresden, who recently visited some of the colleges of this country, has given the results of his observations.

We thought at first that a translation of it would entertain our readers, but as it would occupy some eight or ten pages of our finest print, and as most of his statements are matters of fact and not of opinion, so that our readers would not learn very much that is new, we are obliged to forbear.

The intelligent writer was engaged for a while as an Instructor at Amherst, and afterwards visited this institution. Here he attended a lecture to the Seniors, and recitations of the Juniors and Freshmen. Our own class we believe were the Juniors at that time, and we are sure they would be amused at the account he gives of the recitation in Gorgias "to a Tutor, that is, an Adjunct," who he thinks had no occasion to speak more than sixty words during the whole recitation. Although our German visitor was present at a time when we were engaged on those memorable grammatical analyses, he pays the class a compliment for the accuracy and glibness of their recitations. *We presume he heard the 'third division.'* He also attended a recitation in Cicero by the same class, which was confined, he says, to an accurate and elegant [*eine richtige und geschmackvolle*] translation of the text.

He visited also one of the Literary Societies, but which he does not state. The question for discussion was whether Catholics ought to be allowed to hold public offices in our country. He speaks of the speeches of the eight prepared disputants and then of the older members present being called out to speak extemporaneously. He thinks that in respect to the question he heard discussed, our love for equality of rights in the State, conquered our enthusiasm for Protestantism.

In regard to writing, he calls attention to the Yale Literary Magazine, then in its sixteenth volume, and says it contains much matter which is [*Thätig und Lesenswerth*] valuable and worth reading! Much obliged to you, sir, for the notice! We think of appointing you our agent in Germany, and of requesting you to transmit the subscriptions regularly upon the receipt of the third number. No copies delivered to delinquent subscribers!

Herr Wimmer shows a more accurate knowledge of college affairs than foreigners usually do, and his various observations will well repay the reading of those who *Deutsch sprechen*.

We happened in, not many evenings since, upon a parlor circle, where the pens were moving briskly and the eyes were sparkling brightly, as if some very pleasant tasks were being then performed.

We had some hesitation in remaining in a circle of such engagements, but somehow or other a pencil and paper got quietly slipped toward our side of the table, and we could not resist the temptation to stay and do as the others were doing.

We were told that the recent "mysterious knockings" had revealed some marvellous facts concerning departed authors; that Wordsworth was now stopping at a public house which was kept by 'one John Bunyan,' a tinker, formerly of somewhat wide renown; that these and other ghosts had volunteered to continue their

in supplying the world with reading; and that a few well directed taps of pointed pencil upon a spotless sheet of letter paper, by anybody in "combination" with these spirits, would bring to the said sheet of paper a new and article by some lamented author.

ourselves, could not get into the vein of communication, but almost all of le did, and Virgil, Swedenbourg, Poe, Carlyle, and even Mother Goose, were turning responses. Mrs. Hemans, moreover, was roused from her usual nd just to give an example of the way that the ghosts responded, we shall to add her very latest poem, in the measure of Casabianca. We think it is her best. But unless our readers are familiar with the facts on which it is l, we advise them to glance at one of the early chapters in Dickens's Oliver

OLIVER ASKING FOR MORE!

(Founded on Fact)

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The boy stood with his wooden bowl,
Whence all his meal had fled,
The wish that lit his inmost soul
On his pale face, was read.

And pleadingly and firm he stood,
As born to "rule the roast,"
Yet, since he lived on parish food,
As lank as any post.

The boy stood still—he would not go
Without his bowl was filled—
The empty bowl, as well as "O."
By *lickings* daily drilled.

He called aloud, "More! Bumble, more!
I haven't done by half,"—
Then plainly through the open door
Came Mrs. Corney's laugh.

"More! Bumble," yet again he cried,
"Please, Master, give me more!"
The eyes of Bumble opened wide,
By Dickens, how he swore!

And from the boys a stifled shout
Rung through the cheerless room,
And much the urchins squirmed about
In thinking of his doom.

Their peaked faces gave a grin,
Each clenched his bony fist,
And though they knew it was a sin
They cried out—"Go it, Twist!"

At last—there came a thunder sound,
The boy—Oh, where was he!
Ask of the winds that far around
Echoed with—"Oh—dear—me!"

The nice Committee shook its head,
They turned him out—to clover.
And Mr. Bumble often said—
"Twas Oliver—all-over."

We have received the following capital 'hit' on the First of May Migrations, at too late an hour to give it an earlier place. We always did think that 'April fool's day' was the first of May, and we are no less sure of it, now that we are again reminded of the troubles of that day.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

Tired of heaving, tired of lifting,
Tired of shoving and of shifting,
And having shaken off the sifting
Of that awful dusty day,
I had dropped upon the floor
On a blanket, nothing more,
And had just begun to snore
In my usual quiet way.

I was done with fuming, fretting,
Scratching, bruising, panting, sweating,
Even wife and babes forgetting,
I was almost sound asleep,
When I heard a sudden crashing,
A tumbling and a smashing,
Like the loud, sonorous crashing
Of crockery in a heap!

So I made immediate snatches
For the missing box of matches,
And after many scratches,
I at last obtained a light;
When, near my head, a mirror—
I am glad it fell no nearer—
There my fifty-dollar mirror,
All in pieces, met my sight!

Then and there, upon that floor,
I took my oath and swore
That again I'd never more
"Move" upon the First of May;
And though wife each year endeavor
To move again, I'll never,
Though I live forever, *never*
Move again the First of May.

RADIX.

Among the items of College talk during the last few weeks, has been the marriage of one of our fellow-students, a member of the Sophomore class. As might have been expected, the event has caused a great deal of fun around College, and among other things, the young man's classmates have had a meeting to express their sympathies with him upon so important an occasion.

We have been requested to print the resolutions which were passed at that meeting, and are willing to do so, although we have looked in vain for the usual printer's fee—a piece of the bridal cake. Mr. H. Hunt was chairman of the meeting, and the resolutions were presented by Mr. A. H. Tracy. They are as follows:

WHEREAS, In the course of College events, it hath pleased Cupid to remove from amidst a beloved friend and classmate, by sending his arrows into our *Holmes*—

Resolved, That while we deeply regret his loss from our ranks, still we can but congratulate him upon that change of life, which now is better *Plumbed* to his ste.

Resolved, That as friends to the increase of the vast brood already sheltered beneath the far spreading wings of the American Eagle, and as earnest lovers of untry, we congratulate the nation upon this act, which has bound a first-rate fellow by the choicest ties to the public welfare.

Resolved, That in consideration of the *crying evils* which naturally result from ch unions, we present him with a *cradle*, which, like the purse of Fortunatus, we ast may never be empty.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to our friend, and to the ess for publication.

We cannot close our Number without alluding to the courtesy which we have niformly received during the year that is past, from our Publisher, Mr. Maltby, and e young men who act as his clerks. It ought to be known to the Students, that r. Maltby has no pecuniary interest in the Magazine, and that he acts as our Publisher, Agent, &c., without consenting to receive any pecuniary compensation whatever,—a favor which we are happy to acknowledge, and which, as a benefit not only us but also to all of our readers, we presume the Students generally will be glad reciprocate, so far as it is in their power.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND EXCHANGES.—We have received from a graduate correspondent some lines upon the *Aurora Borealis*—which we had intended to publish in the present number. He tells us that they are “by the belle of Eastern Connecticut,” and we therefore the more regret that our number is otherwise so full that it out of our power to make them public within the reach of our College bell. We ave been obliged to forego the publication of various other matters which had been repared for press.

“W. A. D.,” of Due West, South Carolina, has volunteered to procure us subscribers in Erksine College. We trust he will be successful, and that we shall soon receive a long list of South Carolinian readers. At any rate we shall thank him for is efforts. The remittances may be made directly to the editors.

“J. G., Jr.,” of Kenyon College—is informed that he *can* be supplied with what e desires. We wish he would do as our other “Due West” friend has done,—en- eavor to extend the knowledge of our publication to others who are near him, and possible induce them to subscribe.

Our College exchanges received the past month have been the *Randolph, Macon, Magazine*, *The Stylus*, and the *North Carolina University Magazine*.

We have also received the speech of Senator Douglass, on the Compromise measures, and an electioneering “life of Sam Houston.”

ERRATA. In the haste of proof-reading some errors of the printer escaped correction. On the 208th page, sixth line from the end of the article on *College Life*, the word “here” should precede “been trained.” In the same sentence the word “shall” is used several times instead of “will.” The author had this right.

TO OUR READERS, CONTRIBUTORS AND FRIENDS.

FAREWELL!

ALBERT BIGELOW,
CHARLES M. BLISS,
WILLIAM W. CRAPO,
DANIEL C. GILMAN,
HOMER B. SPRAGUE,
Editors of the Class of 1852.

TO OUR READERS.

THE members of this Institution have, in years past, felt the necessity of a College Magazine, and experience has taught successive generations that its effects are beneficial. It is needless to say that the original and legitimate object of the Periodical is to give expression to such wholesome and liberal sentiments as observation within Academic walls may suggest. It should be devoted to the interests, pleasure and profit of our little College world, and if, heretofore, the Yale has failed to please, it has been because these objects have been forgotten.

WE have, through the kindness of our Classmates, been called upon to assume the responsibility of conducting this Magazine, to perform the still more arduous task of satisfying ourselves, and endeavoring to please all. However much we may be short of perfection, we are confident that our theory of its character will meet your approbation, and we assure you that we shall faithfully strive to make theory and practice correspond. While we ask your kind consideration, we must remind our readers that they also have duties to discharge. We ask from you that coöperation which has ever been rendered. We hope it will be freely given, and assure you that it will be thankfully received. We desire you, in whatever assistance you may be able to render, to remember the character and objects of the Yale Lit.

Half distrustful of our success, we push our little editorial bark from the shore, hoping, for your sake as well as our own, that prosperous breezes will waft us on, that sunshine will gladden our way, and that when we have crossed our narrow sea, we may have the gratification of feeling that we have answered our own hopes and your expectations.

We enter upon our labors, trusting that your sympathy will manifest itself, both in word and deed.

Very respectfully, yours,

ALFRED GROUT,
GEORGE A. JOHNSON,
CHARLTON T. LEWIS,
BENJAMIN K. PHELPS,
ANDREW D. WHITE

OL. XVII.

No. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE COURT

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



²¹ *Thun hietis grand' forest, entre milleques T'Armes
Chirabont Sopores, milleques Patras.*"

JUNE, 1852.

31°N 118°E 35°N

P. B. DENISOV AND A. H. MELTBY

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CONTENTS.

To Our Readers,	21
Great Days,	23
Hortense,	24
Books and their Covers,	24
The Maiden Listening to the Murmur of the Shell,	24
TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY:	
Centralization,	24
Ode to Pastoral Romance,	25
Mistakes,	26
Thoughts on Naturalization,	26
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA:	
Junior Exhibition,	27
The Spoon Exhibition,	27
Presentation Day,	27
Literary Societies,	27
Valedictory Orations,	27
Calliopean Prize Debate,	27
Officers of the Literary Societies,	27
Premiums Awarded June, 1852,	27
Prizes for English Composition,	27
Senior Appointments,	27
EDITOR'S TABLE,	27

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

JUNE, 1852.

No. VII.

Great Days.

THERE are crises in individual experience. Then the destinies of men turn upon pivots. Then seeming certainties prove delusions, the wildest dreams become realities, or great and unexpected events loom out from the mists of the future. Days of strange successes, or irremediable reverses—when fortune smiles, or frowns—when the finger of chance erases what our hopes or fears had written—when anticipation ripens into experience, or a new future is unfolded.

Few lives are unrelieved by decisive periods. Human existence is rarely a plain, stretching monotonously onward to the Great Ocean. The path of destiny leads through diversity. Now vine-clad hills gladden the way—now bleak precipices or mountain peaks tower in the wildness of desolation against the sky of the future. None can tell when the great days of life shall come. The spell of uncertainty hangs over us. The hope that cheers us may prove an illusive *ignis fatuus*. The prospective evil may be but the mere vision of a morbid imagination. Even while the prescience of some coming good fortune inspires us, calamity may tread close in our footsteps. Blessings as well as misfortunes very often approach us in disguise. In an hour we think not of, success or ruin may fall upon us. Fortune keeps her own secrets. No tell-tale whispers from her lips fill the ears of men. Her oracles are only delivered with the ambiguous certainty of Pythian responses. She comes, and goes, and none can guess why, or whence, or whither. There are great crises in individual history. Hours which stamp their impress upon the whole future. When strong efforts work out lasting successes, and when inaction produces permanent ruin.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in misery."

There were hours in the life of Napoleon which gained, or saved his empire. A day lost it forever. Empire is not the destiny of all, yet most men have a miniature Austerlitz or Waterloo in their experience. Days in individual experience are great, because in them success has been realized, ruin consummated, or splendid opportunities neglected—because they have been the arbiters of the future.

There are great days too in the world's history. Points in which years, often ages, of the past culminate. Days which lay the foundation upon which the history of future centuries shall stand. They are the axes on which great destinies revolve. They revolutionize the intellectual, moral, or social world. They are remembered because their influence is ever felt by men. They seem like suns in time, casting no rays backward, but beaming forth into the future with a dazzling brilliancy. They are points where magic fingers touch the page of history, and new chapters begin.

Every day is really great. Every day carries an untold influence into the future. Time is never stationary—never idle. Hidden forces are ever at work beneath us in their mysterious caverns, ripening their strength for the day when the old earth shall quake and yawn, and the Etnean flames and lava shall burst forth with their quenchless fury. The destinies of mankind are hastening on to some great, unknown goal, and every hour has its progress. Every day brings its burden of strange and unexpected revelations. But there are occasions when springs of action and influence, which have gathered from many past ages a resistless energy, wake to action with all the force of concentrated power, and old foundations, which seemed to men eternal, are upheaved and destroyed. Then the advocates of old theories stand in utter dismay over the ruins of their proudest structures. Then the venerable temples, where the trophies of the past are hung, crumble, and not one stone of their noble fabric is left above another. Then the priesthood of human knowledge is confounded.

There are great days in the scientific world. New thoughts do not often creep sluggishly along in the courses which the flow of old ideas has hollowed out. They come gushing forth from their fountains, and seek new channels for themselves. They burst, in some happy moment, in upon the vision of the thinker. Old truisms are exploded. Old dogmas are annihilated. Men distrust their own judgment. They can scarcely credit their own blindness. Even when such results come as the

fruit of long and earnest toil, there is an hour when the patient student catches a glimpse of the great issues before him—a day when the world wakes to the truth. Men of learning and science will not soon forget the ever memorable day, when the falling apple caught the eye of the philosopher, and called his mind from its sublime conceptions to the casual observance of a phenomenon, the explanation of which solved the enigma of the heavens. That was a holiday for human intellect, and not until that theory is proved false, will it fade from remembrance. The day which gave birth to the discovery and application of the great motive power of our age, dates a new era in human history. The day which witnessed Fulton's triumph over popular prejudice and incredulity, was one of pride for the humble mechanic—of rejoicing to every friend of progress. So every branch of science which tends to exalt mankind has its anniversaries.

There are great crises in political history. Often the fate of nations, sometimes of the world, has hung suspended upon the occurrences of a few hours. Deeds have been consummated in a day, the social influence of which will be coexistent with the race. Occasionally a few men of keen vision, have foreseen something of the future, and have hung with breathless suspense upon the issue. Usually, however, the importance of the crisis has been felt only in the results. Cæsar, with his legions, upon the bank of the Rubicon, held in his grasp the fate of Rome, and an influence in the civil destinies of many coming ages, and he decided them. On the 15th of June, 1215, at the sunny meadow of Runnemedé, a band of martial barons, with stern determination in their bold and honest English hearts, met to deal with a cruel and treacherous monarch. Their just demands, their immutable firmness, cowed the craven heart of John, and that day gave a reality to English liberties, a birth to Britain's empire. There is a day in modern history, which men will not forget. Stern men had gathered together. A great emergency had called them from their homes. That was a plebeian conclave. They sat in no princely hall. No long line of ancestral monarchs, nobles, heroes and warriors looked down from canvas or marble niches to hallow the actions of those men by the sanction of their presence. No kingly equipage was there. No high officers, with regal credentials, sat amid stately magnificence, to preside over their deliberations. There was no marshaling of guards—no clashing of knightly armor—no warlike music ringing out its clarion notes upon the air—no titled dames, to encourage princely lovers with their inspiring presence—no orators engaged in the useless display of forensic eloquence. Heroes, it is true were there, but the fu-

ture was their field. Warriors were there, but they wore no armor. Genius was there, but she bowed to the omnipotence of the occasion. Orators were there, but their eloquence was hushed by the greatness of the coming crisis. Noble dames often turned their anxious thoughts thither, but they were not of *man's* nobility. A nation was turning its eyes to that hour and that spot, for its destinies were then and there to be decided. Influences which were to flow on down through the fields of time, only to be lost in the great gulf of eternity, were to emanate from that point. Posterity, to the remotest time, was to look back to that occasion, and feel its effects. The past, too, was looking down upon that assembly. Its old institutions were to crumble and totter to the quaking of new theories. The past was beginning to glide from the remembrance of men. The gods, which they had set up to worship in earth's high places, were to seem, in the strong light of truth, but stocks and stones. The idolatrous spell which had bound the past was broken.

Stern men, with stout hearts, had gathered then. They saw the future with prophetic vision. The veil of uncertainty was lifted to them. The time had come for great and decided action, and they felt it—felt it, as only such men in great emergencies can feel. The errors of the past they saw. The talismanic wand of reform was in their hands, and it was theirs to wield it. The golden calf was revealed, and it was their task to grind the idol to dust, and mingle a bitter cup for its worshippers. Prophetic voices came in upon their ears, and their hearts interpreted them. The day of retribution for past grievances was approaching, and justice was in their hands.

The old hall was silent, for the hour had come. Then the man of genius arose—the man of thought and of action. Then, for the first time, was heard the political axiom that “ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL.” Men heard it. They believed it. It became their creed, and their children's creed, and went down as the rich heritage of all coming time. That day's influence lives, and will live till the doctrine of equality and freedom is proved an absurdity.

There are great days in the moral world. When conscience and intellect awoken to a realization of universal errors. When men see and loathe the corruption which they just now embraced. When reason reveals fallacies in ethics or religion—fallacies which men are slowest to discard, because they strike their roots deepest in the rank soil of human prejudice, and because men shrink from the responsibility of attempting any change in that which education has rendered sacred. The day when the humble German monk discovered the Bible chained to the pillar,

germinated incalculable influences. The thunderings and lightnings, the awful voices, the finger, and the tablets, revealed to all time the ten immutable laws of human action. There is a day hallowed to all Christian hearts, which brought "On earth peace, good will toward men"—the greatest day in human history.

Great days! What are ages to them? What are the fruits of all past toil? What are earth's treasures of knowledge to their revelations? How they reveal human weakness! How they humble human pride! Then the laurels of other days fade—the triumphs of the past are forgotten. There is no lingering over the pomp that is past, for thought is busy with a new present and future. Human vanity clothes itself in sackcloth, and would fain hide in the dust. Light blazes in upon us. Men pause to wonder for a moment that they have not seen the new refulgence before. They rouse for a time from their lethargy, and then sit down again, to await the coming of a similar occasion—to wait perhaps for generations, for really great days seldom come.

A. G.

Hortense.

SWEET maiden! in thy calm, chaste countenance,
 Where no fierce passions for the mastery vie;
 And in the upward, spiritual glance,
 That softly glistens from thine orient eye,
 Shine innocence and angel purity;
 But in the exquisite, ideal trance—
 Lighting thy classic face with thought—we see
 A feeling all too deep for earth! Perchance,
 In heart-worship at thine altar kneeling,
 There the rapt worshipers their offerings bring;
 We mark the halo round thy forehead stealing,
 Thy perfect form—Madonna-like—revealing.
 To e'en adore thee were a holy thing,
 Fair model-work of God's own fashioning!

E. C. S.

Books and their Covers.

CHARLES LAMB says, "In some respects the better a book is the less it demands from binding." For instance, we would not have our Paracelsus in anything but mahogany leather, over heavy board, with the corners peeping out in most satisfactory genuineness. Our Du Bartas, (through whom, by the way, the "Silver-tongued" Sylvester has immortalized himself as indelibly as George Chapman by Homer,) should have a bruise on his back for every year of his honored antiquity; we would let him fall, every "leaf fall;" or upset an inkstand on his dexter side; or drive a ragged nail at his corner of the shelf, and slide him against it forgetfully. Every full moon should see us tumbling over,—accidentally of course,—a pile some twenty tomes high; Raleigh's History for a foundation, and William of Malmesbury, for a coping. Nor would we scold our housekeeper were she to forget, that our Jure Divino lay under a western window. Surely then naught but

"That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
Those ample clasps of solid metal made,"

can be the "*toga*" for our old fathers to wrap their majestic thoughts in. Why, as soon would we see a "Medici," draped in a high coat-collar and tight continuations, as a first edition of Jeremy Taylor in red gold-be-spangled morocco.

It goes hard with us too, to have our "age-worn" favorites thrust upon us in all the perfection of modern reproduction;—their quaintnesses unelementized; fishes which the tide of steam-presses has thrown upon our shores, to be picked up for a market stall; not the animate, breathing things we were wont to see in some quiet inlet. "For," exclaims Milton, "books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active, as that soul was, whose progeny they are." Does it not wring your heart, dear fellow Bibliophilos, to hear of Chaucer in Websterian spelling!—of expurgated Shakespeares! or of 16mo. Utopias in all the ridiculousness of opinionated explanatory annotations footing every page? Permit us to halt a moment to anathematize this dullard of an annotator, (Mr. J. A. St. John,) who *tries out* the good Chancellor's sentences, as a tallow-chandler would his mutton-fat, and you may judge the result "smells to Heav'n" no less odiously. Verily we are almost constrained to wish with Andrew Marvell, that "all

learning were in manuscript and some little officer (like our author) did keep the keys of the library."

In our antipathy to reprints, however, let us not be thought to include such noble volumes as the Moxon edition of the old poets and dramatists, or many issued by John Murray and others—edited full as appreciatively.

Coleridge characterizes the *Religio Medici* as "a fine portrait of a handsome man in his best clothes;" and we could hardly refuse to give such a picture a worthy setting: not of that kind though, that should engage your look, ere you read the title page;—a mere blaze of binding, like a Christmas Annual; but,—to describe it,—a gentlemanly framing of dark, purplish calf;—ungilded sides, a plainly tooled, high ribbed back, and the fringing of the pages a dull red. We would choose much the same thing for Sidney, to whom perhaps Coleridge's thought applies equally as well, though his accomplished, and courtier-like beauties might bear some judiciously disposed gilding; a simple bordering, and his armorial bearings on the title page cover. These books, it is understood, are octavos; but quartos' like John Murray's superb edition of *Piers Ploughman*, should be "right royally arrayed" in green turkey and gold, as heavily as would befit a volume of the Royal Academy Engravings, or Sir Harris Nicholas's "Orders of Knighthood." Duodecimos and smaller mos encompass a greater variety; the elegancies and refinements rather than the richnesses of binding; the airy Lincoln green of Sherwood forest, rather than the armor of Achilles on a Thersites, tottering at every step with its weight. How think you the small pages of *Britannia's Pastorals* would look between heavy boards? or the Aldine *Cowper* in solid gold rims? Thus, while they would be comparatively necessary to an octavo Bible, they would be sadly amiss on Rogers' Italy. We are reminded in this comparison, that at no better place, can we exclaim against the totally inappropriate apparel, so often given to Bibles and Prayer Books. Gaudy red sides, with huge golden churches on them in a most villainous style of architecture; gothic spires with innumerable pinnacles half buried beneath a load of twining tendrils; which could never creep so high did they grow for centuries; trebly mullioned windows looking out of and into nothing, are in poor keeping with the God-born contents they enclose. Sombre morocco, with clasps and rims of gold—if the volume be too small for such adornments, the morocco alone,—is at once suggested;—in fine, the veriest "simplex munditiis" of covering.

Fanciful bindings; modern antiques in *papier mache*, or more lately gutta percha; a something supereminently conspicuous, as like to be from ugliness as beauty, will only suit a corresponding frippery of text; excepting, however, well-wrought illuminations, where their aptness is indisputable. That it be *almost* fanciful, a

"Proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim,"

would be our charge to the "*bibliopegus*," concerning the binding of Shakespeare's poems: and "when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin," we warrant, you will commend our taste.

Shakespeare's dramas and poems should be separate books. The first burstings of his genius, would but sadly append its maturity; the youthful impetuosity of an uncurbed imagination, displayed in his poems, would lose half its vigor beside its greater docility in his dramas. We do not mean that they should never be compared, but that a comparison *forced* on you as it would be, were they in the same volume, must needs be distasteful; and if for no other reason, the natural "width of crossing" that lies between tragedies and sonnets, would sanction a separation to the distance of different editions. So would we unlink Walton's Angler and his Lives; so also of Religio Medici and the Vulgar Errors; and even Elia's Essays should be sundered from his Letters. Think of a volume labelled, "Coleridge, Shelley and Keats," as indeed there is—a trio joined as irruptably as the heads of Cerberus—three unfortunates impounded past redeeming. Poisons, Chemistry tells us, are sometimes made of wholesome ingredients; can such a literary mixture be much less? The conjoint publication of "Tupper's and Solomon's Proverbs," scarcely exceeds this.

Uniform editions, of whatever array of authors, should not be bound together or alike. Giving your library very much the effect of a barrack on review day, your loved volumes might be mistaken for a company of inanimate "regulars" in government clothes. We have often wondered, how it is possible for a taste-guided book fancier, to be blinded by a blaze of sameness; to have a complete "ῥι αὐτοῖ" on every side of him. 'Tis bad enough to see all the Delphin Latins in the same leather, and nothing but an occasional view askant, stolen at an Horace of Milman's editing, or Talbot's luxuries of classic text, could console us. Of course such issues as the Abbotsford Waverleys must have identical covers; and "complete works" the same, generally speaking,—which though, however useful for reference, should seldom crowd shelves. One's chosen beauties, hidden hopelessly beneath an accumulation of

led pages,—a mass of matter “nothing wherefore” (*wherefore* by direct conversion) cools his fever of monomaniacal enthusiasm to the indifference of a cynic.

Curbing a further expression of our desultory likings, it can be necessary to allude to the world-accepted axioms, touching the g of books, which the good sense of almost every one will prevent from disregarding. No one needs reminding, that what becomes a mass of Sermons, does not a volume of humorous Essays; or that *se* *Lost* and *Hudibras* wear different fashions. It is readily apparent none other than a sober, quaker-colored garb, suits Bernard. So yellow calf immediately suggests itself as the appropriate for Histories; the gilding being all on the back, and none on the or leaves. When, and on whose, half calf should be used, and not, is a matter to be decided by the relative estimation you hold thors in. But as a parting word, let us beg you not to make the on mistake, of buying many books cheaply printed, instead of a few; done in the best style. Having the best is not to be regarded terary luxury, for as Ancillon wisely said, when accused of purg the most elegant editions, “the less the eyes are fatigued in g a work, the more liberty the mind feels to judge it; and as we re more clearly the excellencies and defects of a printed book than in MS., so we see them more plainly in good paper and clear type, when the impression and paper are both bad.”

W. T.

The Maiden Listening to the Murmur of the Shell.

I.

FAIRY being, witching mortal,
Lingering at Life's rosy portal,
Graceful, guileless, artless, winning,
Art thou not too pure for sinning?
Never parted lips most surely
Smiled more sweetly, more demurely,
While, those silken lids from under,
Steals a glance of childish wonder,
Eyes that mirror every feeling,
Half delight, half awe revealing.

II.

With thy dimpled hand enfolding,
To thine ear a shell upholding;

Rapt, entranced thy very being,
 Some blest vision art thou seeing !
 May it last with thee forever,
 Eye hath seen a fairer never.
 Art thou listening to the whisper
 Of the distant hymn at vesper ;
 Or the sounding chant of ocean,
 Swelling in its grand devotion !

III.

Back are pushed thine auburn tresses
 By the hand which gently presses
 That same shell, whose murmurs blending,
 Like the surges' roar unending,
 In their solemn tones and mystic,
 Breathe a meaning cabalistic.
 Sure some spirit there is dwelling,
 Ever musically telling
 Some wild tale to thee, so sweetly
 That thou seem'st entranced completely.

IV.

Soft thine eyes with pleasure glisten,
 Still in pleased entrancement listen ;
 Self-forgetful, all unheeding
 Struggles of thy captive, pleading
 Not for freedom, but some token
 Of thy love, some word low spoken,
 From thy hand a kind caressing,
 To thy breast his pinion pressing.
 Maiden, with thy bird and shell,
 Winning maiden, fare-thee-well !

J. K. L.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

Centralization.

BY WILLIAM P. JOHNSTON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

SOCIETY is a necessity of man's nature. The State is the legitimate form of Society. To preserve the form and fulfill the conditions of the State, a supreme authority must exist. The Government is the proper representative of this authority. Governments are classed in reference to the depositaries of their power, as despotisms, monarchies, aristocracies, and democracies ; in reference to the manner of their administration, as centralized and (if the use of the expression may be allowed) localized governments.

Every government which pretends to permanence and vigor, must retain in its own hands the superintendence of general interests and the enactment of general laws. The necessity of the case requires these functions to be exercised at some center of action. When, in addition to this, it professes the power of directing local laws and particular interests, and concentrates in one place the administration of business peculiar and sectional in its character, it is properly called a centralized government. When, on the other hand, this power is diffused, and the administration entrusted to the local authorities, it may be styled, or want of a better term, a localized government. The former is manifested in the control and supervision of all subordinate interests by the central administration; the latter, by the development of municipal institutions. The former government transacts by its functionaries, all those affairs, which in the latter are carried on by provincial officers. By centralization is meant, the principle of a centralized government. The spirit of municipal institutions is expressed by the term localization; and in this signification it will be used.

In order to understand the fact of centralization, its progress must be traced, in a country, which exemplifies its effects. The history of France affords all the phenomena which attend its origin, development, and results; and will reveal the philosophy of its application to government. The causes and progress of an event or principle constitute history. Social conditions are the offspring of circumstances and of laws. French centralization is eminently the product of circumstances. Its causes are comprehended in the condition of European Society, at the period of its origin. The depravity and misrule of the Roman empire had been obliterated in the anarchy of the dark ages. In the turmoil and violence, the incoherency and confusion of that period; all clear distinction of rights and duties had been lost, all general ideas and interests had perished, and nationalities had expired in the animosities of provinces. Society was disorganized, and Chaos was king. Amid this disorder, the forms of government still lingered. From the wreck of Society four elements were developed; four systems intimately connected, yet independent; interwoven, yet antagonistic and discordant. First, among them, powered the hierarchical church, learned, subtle, and ambitious. Second, the feudal nobility, lordly, valiant, and tyrannical; yet stricken with decay, and tottering to its fall. Third, the free towns, which had bought with gold, or wrested with the sword, their charters from king and barons. Some of these charters had been granted as early as the beginning of the twelfth century. Charters were the basis of their rights;

but turreted walls and mailed burgesses were the guardians of their freedom. The free towns, favored by the king against the feudal nobility, possessed within their own limits absolute authority. They managed their internal affairs, elected their magistrates, called out their militia, and levied their taxes. But though brave, powerful, and rich, they retained timidly and exercised shrinkingly the liberties they had won. Intelligent in the acquisition of wealth, earnest in enterprise, patient in labor, they sought only security and repose. They lacked definiteness of purpose, and a full knowledge of their true interests. They lacked pride, enthusiasm, and that feeling of personal independence, which lent to the horrors of feudalism, the grace and glory of chivalry. Humble in thought, suppliant in language, crouching in manner; they offered tribute and adulation, until oppression roused them to a sturdy resistance. Besides these, their elements, was another—the king; who, as suzerain, exacted a nominal submission and homage. Feeble in means, yet aspiring and adroit, he wielded well the slender advantages he possessed, of a central capital, feudal privileges, and singleness of aim. He availed himself of the weakness, the errors and the enmities of the other three.

The situation of the cities was anomalous. Incoherency was no longer possible. The social condition demanded decision. The cities were able by a solid, just and permanent confederacy, to transmit to their posterity municipal rights and progressive freedom; or, by accepting the proffered protection of the central government, to obtain present peace and sudden security. It was the dilemma of the youthful Hercules, when Pleasure and Virtue solicited him in the desert. The cities paused. They could not at one draught drain the poisoned chalice, still it was their final and resolute choice. An examination will prove the causes, which plunged them into centralization, to have been manifold. The factious strife between the rich burghers and the licentious rabble, made both an easy prey to the court. The magistracy of the towns was irresponsible; the multitude, ignorant and indolent; so that popular leaders, more ambitious than patriotic, frequently sacrificed the good of the State to their own selfish gratification. Jealousies and feuds prompted neighboring cities to invite foreign aid, until "Macedonian gold" leveled their gates of steel. The metropolis by its magnificence and luxury, its schools and shows, and the rich rewards it held out to the triumphs of genius and valor, attracted to its vortex, the ardent, the ambitious, and the gifted—the rich, the chivalric, and the gay. There, the smiles of the sovereign and the fascinations of the court, secured their allegiance; so that, when they returned to their provincial homes, they ever sighed for the de-

lights of a capital, and entered into a ready alliance with the king. Foreign wars and military organization under a national monarch, excited a common feeling, and completed the consolidation of the kingdom. Baron, burgher, and peasant, freely surrendered their established rights to avoid the odious alternative of foreign subjugation.

These different causes silently set in motion, proceeded to the same end. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, a monarchy arose, with unity, strength, and cohesion. It soon accumulated a disciplined military force, and assumed an unrestricted power of taxation. It usurped the administration of justice, the superintendence of a general police, and the direction of diplomatic relations. The causes which first produced the consolidation of the monarchy, stimulated the growth of centralization. Force was added to persuasion. Action and reaction accomplished the rest. It became a mere system of absorption. The Bastile, the Parliament, the secret trial, the gendarmerie, and the soldiery worked out the problem. Charles the Eighth, advanced it by force; Louis the Eleventh, by treachery. Richelieu and Mazarin smote down the old nobility. Louis the Fourteenth, centered in his person all the functions of government, and powers of Society. Supported by vast treasures and mighty armies, he demolished without resistance, the last vestige of popular rights and local interests. Louis and France were one. The king was the State. Despotism and centralization were synonymous. The French revolution was a struggle of classes, in which, first the people, and then the aristocracy, strengthened for their own purposes, the hands of the central power.

It consummated the scheme of centralization, and manifested its importance in the French government. Subsequent events have proved that neither the representative of a royal race, nor the ephemeral idol of the mob comprises the idea of the State. Neither national assemblies, nor military chieftains, neither kings by legitimacy, nor kings by election, equal its conception. The image of the supreme authority, the representative of Society, is the government—a centralized unit, whether shadowed forth under the symbols of autocracy, republic, or mobocracy. Monarch or Anarch is indifferent.

Besides the causes which produced it, many circumstances impart vitality and vigor to the principle, in its present condition. The pernicious influences of a metropolis and a bureaucracy, assist the centralizing proof. A national debt aggravates the evil. By a series of loans, government accumulates a vast amount of capital. The control of this, the payment of the interest on it, and the management of funded stocks, contrast the

government and nation, as capitalist and laborer. The private charitable establishments of former times, having failed to relieve the mighty misery, the stupendous poverty of modern civilization, have been superseded in most countries, by general poor laws. The immense patronage to agent and pauper, strengthen still more the government. Manufacturers have the same tendency. The fluctuating character, labor, and wages of the population which they create, demand more watchfulness from government, than an independent yeomanry. Distant and populous possessions require the coercion of a strong central power. The standing armies of Europe point their own moral. England presents a complex combination of the two principles of centralization and localization. Her position is ill-defined from the complication and irregularity of her governmental theory. This peculiar condition is found to be a result of the history and structure of the British government. Originally it comprised four nations, distinct in manners, laws and language. Each of these was divided into numerous counties or clans, with different customs, of tribal origin. These they retained in spite of a gradual assimilation; so that three separate national parliaments, and many provincial assemblies, for a long time existed. These supplied a check to the central power. Since their absorption the strong national spirit and marked characteristics of the Scotch and Irish, have militated against centralization. The tie of clanship, and the influence of the Irish Catholic and Scotch churches have also made opposition. Ireland, forever struggling in her bonds, and shedding over her misery the mournful radiance of poetry and eloquence, is subverting the centralization which crushes her. Scotland possesses her Edinburg, the literary capital of the world, towering above the metropolis, in the achievements of mind, opposing the centralization of political power at London, with a centralization of intellect and taste in her own bosom. British colonies erecting provincial institutions, and clamoring for popular rights, increase the extent, but diminish the intensity of the power of government. The municipal and representative institutions of England, have always proved a bar to the march of centralization. Under the Plantagenets, they acquired a strength, stability and influence, which neither the constitutional tyranny of the Tudors, nor the arbitrary attack of James the Second upon the corporations, could destroy. She is still in the process of centralization. The government is composed of individuals, having powerful local influence, and peculiar local rights. The ministers, lords, and commons, are generally landholders, who pass a portion of the time upon their estates, where wealth and other advantages confer a local and tem-

porary sovereignty. They are more anxious to exalt this hereditary honor, than to concentrate means in the hands of a bureaucracy, in which they are more transient tenants. They prefer the permanent dignity of their families, to the hazard of a struggle for inordinate power. All patronage is bestowed upon the descendants and retainers of this local aristocracy. Hence, they form a grand element in the municipal conservatism of the nation. The people, on the other hand, who feel the inequality and burden of local and peculiar privileges, have struggled to destroy them. To obtain equality of condition, and uniformity of legislation, they have appealed to and strengthened the central power. The immense moral influence they wield, has been directed to the same end. If progress in general intelligence and enlightened statesmanship is parallel with these results, a fair equilibrium may be established, and neither principle will be subverted. Gaunt famine and insulted poverty are burning for vengeance, as well as right; yet hope is not lost, that Wisdom may yet lead England to the security of political, as well as civil liberty.

It is an interesting study to contemplate the causes, which have combatted centralization in the United States. They are not clouded with myths, or embellished with the legends of traditionary lore. The early history of the settlement and institutions of the country is open to philosophical scrutiny. Our forefathers generally settled in small colonies, unconnected save by the ties of a common ancestry and common sentiments. Their political establishments, although essentially similar, were entirely independent. The association of small towns for the protection of general interests, was the foundation of the chartered colony. Equal in intelligence, wealth and rank, accustomed to the operation of representative government, in the mother country, they readily gave Society this form, only with a more liberal basis. The earliest efforts of a youthful people for organization are manifested in local assemblies and institutions. Municipal institutions are spontaneous, not legislative in their origin. As the diamond is crystalized by the hidden progress of nature, so they are the result of latent action in the bosom of communities. Its influence must be the subject of feeling, not speculation. It is daily imperiled; for aggression may overwhelm, intrigue undermine, dissension subvert it. It must first be a part of the birthright and education of a people, and then be systematized. Its maxims must be cherished, its principles proclaimed, its authority established. To the American people, it was a fact, and convenience, before it was a creed. It was thus that they effected that in which the French towns so signally failed.

Localization had been wrought into their nature, before the idea of a national government was presented. The existence of a limited centralization in our scheme of government dates from the formation of the Constitution. It is a matter of law. Its bearings were known and its phenomena studied, before it was admitted into our theory. It seemed impossible to model a feudal government, which could reconcile the energy, stability, and power, requisite for the preservation of Society, with localization and liberty. Yet the framers of the Constitution adjusted these antagonisms, by establishing their central government, with an invariable reference to the municipal institutions of the country. The spirit of localization and unfederated municipalities, could not be trusted to resist the operation of a great central power. Therefore, sovereign and independent State governments were erected, as barriers to the sweep of centralization. These became the depositories of large portions of political power and strength. They share with the general government the allegiance and affection of the people. They possess the general and usual administration of justice, the control of the militia, and the collection and distribution of the State revenues by their own agents. They exercise a direct State action, in Presidential elections, and the appointment of Senators by the local legislatures. The county and town administration exerts a like influence. The officers of the Federal government, from their early training, feel more attachment to local institutions, than the local authorities to the Federal government. The actual power of the national government has increased, yet relatively it is no stronger. Instead of thirteen, thirty-one sleepless sentinels oppose usurpation by the central authorities. The National and State governments have spread with equal growth. Anxious vigilance against encroachment, is the duty of the local sovereignties; and while this is exercised, fears of the general government are chimerical. A knowledge of the value of the two principles, has systematized and strengthened them. In their fortunate combination may be realized that social progress, that individual happiness and freedom, and that national grandeur, which are the legitimate end of human effort.

The influences which the administration exerts upon the character of the nation, are even more important than the results of a particular form of government. The form of government is but the perishing type of the supreme authority, while the spirit of the administration is the soul which pervades it, and addresses itself to the consciousness of a nation. The relations of centralization to the character of a nation are manifold. Let it be considered in the reciprocal effects of government and people. The objects of

government are self-preservation and social progress. The requirements of these are fourfold ; protection against foreign insult and aggression, the preservation of internal order, the development of national resources, and the individual happiness and progress of the people. These requirements demand efficient prosecution of the necessary wars, the maintenance of foreign relations, the administration of justice and repression of disorder, the moral and intellectual illumination of the people, internal improvements, and the advancement of industry. Does a centralized government perform these duties to better advantage than a localized? In war, diplomacy, and the superintendence of the police, the elements of success are the same. They are, ample resources and an accurate knowledge of their situation, execution, vigor, and vigilance, secrecy and rapidity of operation, and implicit obedience in the agent. Centralization bestows unity of design, velocity of action, and a superiority in the other requisites of success. Hence the immediate results are victories in war, domestic order from the certain enforcement of law, and great advantages in the management of foreign affairs. While the same elements are generally necessary for success in a system of education, military training and internal improvements, certain practical objections arise which render a central administration less efficient than local management. Where the diffusion of knowledge is the object, the latter have better opportunities to test the qualifications of a teacher, a greater incentive to vigilant economy, and a deeper interest in the welfare of the pupils. Where the cultivation of science and the progress of discovery and invention are the objects, popular applause and contributions afford higher motives to action, than the pensions of a civil list. The education imparted in a centralized government, however perfect its system, inspires no thirst for knowledge, no activity of thought, no loftiness of soul. The martial training is a compulsory and unintelligent discipline. The internal improvements consult rather the convenience of the government, than the prosperity of the people.

The immediate benefits of centralization arise from the order and uniformity of the State. These very advantages carry the bane in their own bosoms. Ultimately the sources of strength become sources of weakness. The precision of detail, the minute regularity, the absolute obedience in all departments, enervate the moral and intellectual tone of the people, rob existence of its energy, destroy the opportunity and ability for individual coöperation, and convert society into a creature of the state. Mere physical bravery may not depend upon the government ; but that higher courage, which gives a meaning to every action, arises

in a measure from the feeling of personal independence, and is blasted by blind obedience. A centralized government, by its munificent bounties, may give to industry a temporary luxuriance; but it ultimately deprives labor of its dignity, diminishes the stimulus to exertion, and banishes the spirit of enterprise. Contempt of honorable toil, engendered by the lavish indolence of a court, demoralizes a nation. The centralized government, intervening in everything which can affect the public order, learns to regard religion as an expediency, and assumes the authority to prescribe its forms and wield its influences. The religion doled out by a pensioned priesthood, is not of a very elevating character; while the evils of an union of church and state need no comment.

A centralized government, if just and judicious, may afford a fair distribution of the necessities and comforts of life and physical well-being; yet that state of society must be fearful, in which these are dependent on administrative goodness and ability.

Localization makes good rulers. The training of municipal institutions, fits men for governing. While the concentration of power confers upon government strength and permanence, it renders insecure the possession of the occupants. In localized governments, the slow assent of remote municipal or provincial assemblies, is necessary to effect a change of administration. Where centralization prevails, it is a mere transfer of the badges of authority; and the removal is as violent as rapid. A conspiracy, a revolt of the city troops, an insurrection of the palace guards, a midnight mob, effect in a few hours an abdication and an usurpation. The government still performs its accustomed routine. It matters not who wears the purple; the essence of power is still the same. What cares the herdsman what stars twinkle by night, if the same heavens hang their draperies of darkness; or what orb rules by day, if earth receives a genial light. Government becomes the arena; the shifting crown the prize of the most successful wrestler for power. Centralization proposes to the aspiring the possession of power as the end, with fraud and violence as the means. The glory of conquest and sovereignty, not the common weal, becomes the aim of the ambitious. Without the forgetfulness and sacrifice of self, passion and vice usurp the throne of the heart. The virtue of the ruler is blasted by the blandishments of luxury, and the excesses of sensuality. He is devoured with a lust of power. He is gorged with greatness. He is sated with self.

It is now necessary to consider the subject in relation to the form of government, and its tendencies to free or arbitrary rule. It is brought forth and encouraged, not only by arbitrary governments, which necessa-

rily absorb all the functions of State to preserve their own vitality ; but also by democratic nations, unversed in true liberty. Democracies, as well as despotisms, tend to centralization. They delight in three things, equality of condition, uniformity of legislation, and simplicity in the construction of government. Centralization complies with these conditions. Its simplicity, order, and effectiveness, are powerful seductions to a people intent on security and gain. The citizen, conscious of his individual insignificance, magnifies the majesty and might of Society, and bestows the attributes of perfection upon the idea of the State. In war or intestine commotion, a trust is often reposed in the central power, which is never restored. Hence the almost irresistible impulse of democracies to centralization. Centralization, in whatever way produced, in its special application to government, results in the most vigorous despotism ; a despotism which encircles, insinuates and stifles ; a despotism which enters into the national character, and supplies its place ; like those mineral solutions, which, without altering the form or aspect of a plant, petrify its substance.

In order to illustrate more fully the relations of centralization to government, it will be necessary to deduce some general reflections, from the foregoing special applications and conclusions. Society is without form. Municipal institutions spring from the chaos. The radical defect of these is incoherency, exclusiveness and individualism. Confederation is mistrusted. Hence centralization up to a certain point is a necessity, because it is the only power which can reconcile animosities, introduce enlarged ideas, and establish general relations. Centralization may temporarily benefit a country, but ultimately it retards its social and moral progress. Besides, it is a self-accumulating power, and when once it has gained the ascendancy, the nation becomes the creature ; the ruler the image and personification of its spirit. If a tortured people wreak vengeance upon their tyrants, they but trample upon blind symbols. The dark, intangible and shapeless Destiny still broods over them, ready to transfer their iron crown to any reckless usurper with an audacity akin to genius. Centralization refuses that silent and steady influence of the people in their primary assemblies, which falleth like the dew from heaven. Swollen with greatness, it listens not to the voice of the masses, until their hoarse cries are heard at the palace gates, and pikes bristling with human heads are seen in the crimsoned streets. The voice of the people comes in tones of thunder, and their words are words of doom. When centralization has wrought the ruin of a nation, it is hopeless in its degradation ; and, like the inebriate, when utter destruction scowls at

him, drowns its woes in the excesses of its vice. It is vain to attempt to resuscitate it by the introduction of an artificial system of municipal institutions.

When the spirit of liberty has departed from a nation, and it lies torpid in the embrace of centralization, legislation may flash in its face, the sunlight of localization, but it will meet no response from its dumb, cold lips—no glance of intelligence from its dull and leaden eye. It is becoming then for a free people to cherish the spirit of localization which animates them; and jealously to restrict that centralization, which, while it flushes with a hectic brilliancy the present prosperity of a country, breeds within it the seeds of national disease, decay and death. It is especially becoming for the American people, blessed as they are in their peculiar system of government—a system which may be emphatically termed, “the christianity of political philosophy,” to guard against the insidious approaches of that principle which would bedew their smiling land with the tears and sweat of toiling millions. Let them but bind to their bosoms the amulet which protects them, and every cottage which now gems the valley, will continue a fortress of freedom, an abode of comfort, truth, and manly independence.

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Ode to Pastoral Romance.

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

The Tempest.

I.

QUEEN of the mystic page!
 Thou of the fairy spell and wondrous lay!
 Sweet Romance! breathe upon my way,
 Not with the breath of this degenerate age,
 But of that time when life was summer play—
 When nature ever wore a roseate hue,
 And earth kept holiday;
 When on the ground the Chaldean shepherd lay
 Gazing all night, with calm, creative view,
 Into the over-hanging blue,
 And found, amid the myriad twinkling stars,
 Warriors and maidens fair—
 Heroes of marvelous deeds and direful wars,
 Serpents and flaming hair,
 The Dragon and the Bear,
 A silvery Venus, and a lurid Mars,

II.

Come at thy votary's call !
 Thou that, with embraces kind,
 Throwing thy tendrils round the human heart,
 Like thine own ivy on the Gothic wall,
 A stronger influence dost impart
 Than can stern Reason on the haughty mind !
 And therefore, Romance, would I greet
 Thee by the fairest of fair names—
 Calling thee debonair and sweet;
 For sweet thou art—inspiring manhood's dreams,
 When all aweary of the actual life;
 And sweet thy influence seems
 To woman—shrinking from the strife,
 The sordid tumult of the wrangling mart ;
 But doubly sweet thou art,
 Leading the tender child by gentle streams,
 Among the lilies of our flowery youth,—
 Filling his all-believing heart
 With thoughts that glorify the common truth,—
 Building before him, in the morning air
 Ethereal palaces and castles fair.

III.

A glory hovers round the wondering boy ;
 Here revels in his joy !
 And with like innocence the Earth
 Received thy blessings at its birth ;
 For, in the ivied days of yore,
 To man's enchanted gaze,
 Nature was beautiful far more
 Than in our wiser days,
 And every forest—every stream—
 The mountain and the valley, then did seem
 Bathing in golden rays :
 Visions of Deity, with beauty mild
 The longing heart beguiled ;
 And in that lovelier hour,
 Thy spiritual power
 Reared a fair Heaven on proud Olympus' height,
 And, with celestial fire,
 Kindling the grand desire
 Inborn with man, displayed before his sight
 An ever-beauteous store
 Of mythologic lore,
 Till poets and sages told, with rare delight,
 Of shadowy realms forever calm and bright.

IV.

Then Jove, omnipotent, enthronéd high
In the empyrial sky,
Breathed in the wind, and thundered in the storm;
And Heaven's dread artillery
Was but the awful presence of the God—
The earthquake but the tremor of his rod!
Then Poesy gave birth,
While yet the hearts of men were young and warm,
To Deities in many a sylvan form,
Who roamed, like mortals, through Arcadian groves,
Whispering the maids of earth
Sweet legends of their loves:
Then Cupid and fair Psyche breathed their vows,
He with the feathered darts and bow unstrung,
And garlands on his brows;
She, folding gently to her bosom, doves
Snow-white, forever—as their mistress, young;
Oh! many an olden bard has sweetly sung
How whiter than their plumes that bosom seemed,
While through the golden hair that softly hung
Adown her neck, two liquid mirrors gleamed;
And, as they sighed together, peerless Joy
Enwreathed the maiden and the raptured boy!

V.

Yes! on romantic pilgrimage,
To the calm piety of nature's shrine,
Through summer paths thou led'st our human-kind,
With influence divine.
In the orient, elden age,
Ere man had learned to wage
Dispassionate war against his natural mind,
Thy voice of mystery—
Reading aloud the earth's extended page,
Bade human aspirations find,
In the cool fountain and the forest tree,
A sentient Deity;
The flowing river and the murmuring wind,
The land—the sea,
Were all informed by thee!

VI.

Through coral grottoes wandering and singing,
The merry Nereid glided to her cave;
Anon, with warm, luxurious motion, flinging
Her sinuous form above the moonlit wave,
To the charmed mariner gave

A glimpse of snowy arms and amber tresses,
 While on his startled ear
 The sea-nymph's madrigal fell clear;
 Then, to the far recesses
 Where drowsy Neptune wears the emerald crown,
 Serenely floated down,—
 Leaving the mariner all begirt with fear!
 In the under-opening wood,
 What time the Gods had crowned the full-grown year,
 The Dryad and the Hamadryad stood
 Among the fallow deer;
 Bending the languid branches of their trees,
 With every rose-lipped breeze,
 To view their image in the fountains near,—
 The fountains! where the white-limbed Naiads sang—
 Pouring upon the air melodious trills,
 And, while the echoes through the forest rang,
 The white-limbed Naiads of a thousand rills
 Took up the song, and wide the chorus spread.
 Led by Diana, in the dewy morn,
 The Oread sisters chased the dappled fawn
 Through all the coverts of their native hills;
 Home with the spoils, at sultry noon they fled—
 Home to their shaded bowers,
 Where, with the ivy and those sacred flowers
 That now have faded from the weary earth,
 Each laughing Oread crowned an Oread's head;
 The mountains echoed back their maiden mirth—
 Rousing old Pan, who, from a secret lair,
 Shook the wild tangles of his frosty hair,
 And laid him down again with sullen roar:
 The frightened Nymphs like Parian statues stand!
 One balancing her body half in air—
 Dreading to hear again that tumult sore;
 One, with an elvish twinkle in her eye,
 Waving above her head a lily hand;
 Till suddenly, like dreams, away they fly—
 Leaving the forest stiller than before!

VII.

Such was thy power, O, Pastoral Romance!
 In that ambrosial age of classic fame,
 The spirit to entrance.
 Fain would I whisper of the latter days,
 When in thy royal name
 The mailed knights encountered lance to lance
 All for sweet Romance and "fayre ladies" praise!

But no ! I bowed the knee,
 And vowed allegiance to thee,
 As I beheld thee in thy golden prime,—
 And now from thy demesne must haste away ;
 Perchance that of the after-time—
 Of nodding plumes and chivalrous array,
 In after-time I sing a roundelay :
 Yet from my sight meanwhile,
 Take not thy cheering glance, thy orient smile !

VIII

Fair spirit, of ethereal birth !
 In whom all mysteries and beauties blend,
 Still from thy purer dwelling place descend,
 And idealize our too material earth ;
 Still to the bard thine aid celestial lend,
 To robe his thoughts in gauze of brightest hue.
 Round every image grace majestic throw !
 Till rapturously the living song shall glow
 With inspiration, as thy being true,
 And Poesy's creations decked by thee,
 Shall wake the tuneful thrill of sensuous ecstasy !

E. C. S.

Mistakes.

THIS is a world of mistakes, as the most defective vision cannot fail to discover. Of mistakes in religion we need say nothing, except that every system of human origin has proved a grand mistake ever since that first great error in the garden. Omniscience alone never mistakes. But everything else, how prolific of them. Even being right generally comes by accident ; certainty is always a mistake.

Mistakes in Science are the only stepping-stones to Truth. Philosophy had its foundation in misconceptions, and the lesser fallacies of all knowledge since have served only as approximations to the reality. Who knows that the grand principles, which we now think to lie at the foundation of all truth, are not mere errors which the quick puff of a progressive intelligence will one day scatter like chaff to be replaced by others as plausible, as false. Newton may have been wrong, and Galileo may have given birth to a chimæra. Conviction goes with their princi-

ples now, but it may be hereafter a conviction that they and we were mistaken.

Mistakes in Literature are more evident, perhaps, than any elsewhere. How many an author has hugged the fond hope that the offspring of his brain-throes should go down the ages to lend immortality to his name, lied in the illusion, and been with his works forgotten! How many caustic critics, who had condemned to the frost of their censure the blossoms of youthful genius, have seen those flowers nourished to a full expansion beneath the smiles of popular favor, while their strong denunciations have withered only themselves! It is a great mistake to suppose that the old foggy-dom of letters is to reign over all minds and that all pure thought is to be cramped within its iron rules. It is a great mistake to think that Antiquity has furnished the only examples of pure thought and chastened diction, either in poetry or prose; a great mistake to think that the tide of Literature is constantly beaten back by the rushing stream of knowledge, instead of harmoniously uniting in one flashing current.

Mistakes in Government most numerous and fatal. All decayed Kingdoms, all crumbled Republics, are but sad examples of this fact. The old dynasties that long ago flourished, built cities and monuments that they vainly thought imperishable, and are now so lost in oblivion, that they are unthought of in the very home of their splendor, were but grand mistakes. And so with modern powers. The stern despotism of Russia, where the demon of centralization, cased in triple steel, sits upon an iron throne, is but a fallacy, that the surges of progress will soon overwhelm in their resistless tide. Poor, fickle, deluded France, drowned in anarchy and steeped to the very core in madness, is a terrible example of governmental self-delusion. And even England, proud and almost free, is an illustration of this seemingly inevitable error. The external prosperity which adorns the state but cloaks the rottenness within. Like the ivy which twines its graceful arms in beauty round her sturdy trees and massive towers, it but increases the chill dampness which consumes its vitals, till the tottering structure thunders to the earth, crushing tender vine and green foliage beneath its massive ruins. And may we not fear that there are within our own State the seeds of that decay which shall prove this experiment a failure? It is but too possible that sectional strife and party differences may rat-like gnaw at the joints and eat away the timbers, till some storm more severe or more lasting, shall wreck the ship and plunge the hopeless mariners in a foul sea of discord and confusion.

But it is not to nations or communities alone that we are to look for proof of our theory of mistakes. Individual instances, too, exemplify it

strongly. Death is often an accident, Life too often a mistake. We see it often in our own little world. How many who come here with fresh hearts and pure affections, adorned with the fairest gems of home-love and youthful hope, sacrifice all these sweet influences on the foul altar of an useless, nay, almost ludicrous ambition! How many find, when too late, that they have led a College life which was one long continuation of errors and fallacies in action and belief! The crown may be won, but the heat of the contest has shriveled laurels at best but short-lived. The deluded adventurer finds too late, that those whom he had fancied friends, were but tools which could cut the hand that used them, that the gold he thought he was treasuring, proved but dirt and pebbles. And the pang of youthful disappointment, though trivial in itself, is keener than the sharpest thrust at the man's heart, for the portals are unguarded by the half-despair a world-life engenders.

But such views as these would signify that all mistakes are sad, all fatal. But it is not so. Half the pleasure of fallible humanity is in the uncertainty of the hopes and the fears which attend it. The mistakes of the lover fill the full cup of his happiness which the bitter knowledge of his maid's inconstancy would dash from his loathing lips. He

“—————believes her true
And he is blest in so believing,”

and if he has afterward occasion to

“—————mourn that ere he knew
A girl so fair and undeceiving,”

the present pain cannot destroy the past pleasure. And even in this case, the joy is all in the mistake, the sorrow in the truth. If he had not been undeceived he would not have been unhappy. The dream was sweet. We came only with the waking.

Is not the pride of the patriot too often but a mistake that gratifies the deluded? He exults in the fond thought that his is the blest, the favored land where truth and learning, freedom and subordination move harmoniously together. For him no cloud lowers athwart his country's destiny, and he discerns no blemish on her proud escutcheon. Others may speak to him of deeds done foully in the midnight, of secret stabs, of a broken faith, of a perjured King. But he indignantly hurls back the charges and rejoices in the glory of his country. He is happily mistaken.

And the tyrant clings to a delusion which lays a flattering unction to his soul. He sits in fancied security upon his tottering throne and thinks

the guards that clash their armor in his presence invincible, incorruptible. Mistake blinds him to the snaky tread that stealthily reaches to his very knee, and renders him deaf to the murmurs of mutiny that swell like night winds around his couch. He sees not the dagger in the hand of Brutus, and hears in the hoarse cry of subjects rising in terrible manhood for redress, only the fickle clamor of a childish mob. Happy mistake! Horrible reality to him, when reddening sky, piled barricade, and shrill song of vengeance shall rouse him from his dream, to find his bed in flames, his crown a bauble, and himself a slave. What but a mistake gladdened the heart of a Loyola as he battled bravely to sustain a sinking Church? The sad knowledge that he was founding an order which should in after years become synonymous with all crimes, to support a Church cōextensive with enslaved superstition, would have been a poor incentive to the failing strength of his devotion.

The knowledge that his son was to lose his Kingdom, and the hated Stuart was to scatter his ashes to the winds, would have illy soothed the dying couch of Cromwell, whose proud heart went out in death sustained by the mistaken thought that his crown and name might go down to a long line of prosperous Sovereigns. And it might have been little cheering to the heart of Washington, and flashed feeble sunlight through the cloud that environed his hopes, had he known how far the nation he had rescued would depart from his principles; how the demagogue would usurp the place of the patriot, and the profound Statesman be set aside for the brilliant epaulet on a general's shoulder. And we, when we hope that our country may be eternal and prosperous, may be mistaken. If so, God grant that we see not the reality.

Kind Providence, which has given us the privilege of mistaking, the uncertainty of expecting, the bliss of ignorance! Mistakes, how benevolent! gilding all youth with the bright hues of a sky brighter than manhood even dreams of, blinding the eye of the deceived lover, making the patriot forget his present misery in the future good, veiling all coming evil in a cloud of hopes that seem realities. Heaven forefend that we should ever be of those miserable, precise few, who are never mistaken. Let us dream of joys to come, let imagination give us pleasant groves and joy-murmuring rills to adorn the future. Let its soft music come to our ear on perfumed breezes, luring us to pleasant shades and cool arbors. If these may be realities, thank Heaven for them; if they may not, oh! let us forever be mistaken.

P.

Thoughts on Naturalization.

It is said that foreigners will not have acquired sufficient intelligence for the exercise of the right of suffrage, within the time of previous residence prescribed by our present laws.

It is not they that primarily elect our Presidents and great officers of State. It is the press, the Congressional cliques, the Tammany Hall meetings, the National Conventions. These are the huge locomotives that propel hither and thither the long trains of immigrant cars. These National Conventions speak right out and tell the nation whom they must elect as President and Vice President. They are perfect Jupiters sitting on high Olympus and nodding their "ambrosial curls." The men that they may chance to nominate, are the favored sons of fortune who will attain the highest honors.

The native may vote from enlightened principle, the naturalized foreigner from mere caprice; but should they both support the nominees of the same National Convention, we should apprehend no more danger from the vote of the one than from that of the other. If it is admitted that the Union is safe in the hands of the great political parties of the day, it could not be jeopardized, though the native and naturalized foreigner should give different suffrages, by voting for the nominees of opposite National Conventions. It is the *Conventions* that we should fear, and not the men that speak French, Spanish, Dutch and broken English. Ulysses, "the man of many arts," is more formidable than the blundering giant, old Polyphemus. These Conventions too are convoked on every occasion, to nominate the humblest township officer as well as the chief magistrate of the Union. Should foreigners officiate before such presences, they would be treated like lame Vulcan, when he attempted to do for the gods the offices of the graceful Ganymede. It might be that those thundering old Jupiters would get mad, take them by the foot and cause them to describe very nearly the curve of a parabola from heaven to the island of Lemnos.

Foreigners want sufficient intelligence, indeed! Strange though it may seem, they that talk thus, will make long congratulatory speeches to Kossuth, and shed tears of joy in anticipating the nearness of time when Hungary will be free. They will pass resolutions in favor of the liberation of Smith O'Brien and John Mitchell, and wish them god-speed in their efforts to establish republican institutions in Ireland. If the Hungarians are sufficiently intelligent for the exercise of the right of suffrage

in Hungary, and the Irish in Ireland; by what kind of argument can it be proved that they both are too illiterate to vote in the United States? Indeed, a less degree of intelligence will suffice here than there, by reason of the many pillars of iron, and brass, and steel, that support the structure of this great government.

Again, it is said that foreigners will not have become sufficiently patriotic within the time of previous residence prescribed by our present laws. We repel the charge as a slander, and appeal to the records of the past. They have always proved themselves worthy of citizenship by their good behavior in peace, and secured special commendation in the despatches of our generals for their bravery in war. They have always manifested the same spirit that distinguished Lafayette at the Brandywine and De Kalb at the battle of Camden. We know no people more patriotic and regardful of law than these self-same sturdy immigrants. They may manifest an impatience of illegitimate and unrighteous control, in other lands; but as such a cause of ebullition of feeling does not exist here, the effect does not follow. They are as proud of their adopted country, as was he in ancient times that could say, "I am a Roman citizen!"

But it is said, particularly should the patriotism of Roman Catholics be doubted. We believe that there exists in the popular mind an unjust prejudice against these men. They are charged with all the sins which their forefathers did. They are objects of apprehension now, because they were such centuries ago.

It is true that Roman Catholics were formidable at certain periods in history. One of the Plantagenets humiliated himself to the earth in the presence of the Pope. A queen of England is known by the name of the "bloody Mary." Conspiracies were formed to take the life of Elizabeth, and blow up with gunpowder James I, and the Houses of Parliament. It is no wonder that the Test Act was passed, and the Exclusion Bill warmly discussed. These persecutions are attributable to the moral and intellectual darkness of those ages. Protestants as well as Catholics were guilty of bloody intolerance, and are less chargeable than they by reason of a mere deficiency of power. In the early history of our country, where the reverse was true in respect to comparative strength, it was Protestants that persecuted, and Roman Catholics that first proclaimed universal toleration. Recent developments have proved that however much they love their pope, they value their civil and political liberties more. Pius IX was deposed from the throne of his temporal dominion, and compelled to flee from Rome. It was French bayonets,

borne by the mercenaries of Louis Napoleon, and not the will of the Roman people, that subsequently replaced him in authority. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a Roman Catholic, subscribed the Declaration of our Independence. He pledged his life, his fortune, of "a few millions," and his sacred honor, to be true to his country. Of those great men that had sat in the memorable Congress of 1776, he was spared by Providence to be the last to die. Roger B. Taney, a Roman Catholic, is the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. *His name is all the eulogy that he needs.* We like much that old legislation of 1795, when the probationary time of residence, that at present exists, was first established. It was during the Presidency of Washington, the father of his country. The men of that time were greater in thought and word and deed than the present generation. They were the missionaries of progress, and left huge "footprints in the sands of time." Of all men they most remind us of those heroes in the Iliad, that figured in the council and field at the siege of Troy. "Hail! fellows well met!"—our Agamemnon, "the king of men," and our Achilles, "swift of foot;" our Menelaus, "good at the war-cry," and our Nestor, "sweet of speech;" our Ajax, "the tower of the Greeks," and our Ulysses, "the man of many arts." Although our republic was at that time weak, in the mere beginning of its growth; yet these guardian sires, with all their love and tender concern for their bantling, were willing to trust their foreign brethren.

It may be said that during the presidency of the elder Adams, the experiment of requiring a longer time of residence was tried. This was one of the measures that were passed by the Federalists of that period. But after a brief existence of four years, it became a dead letter in our statute books, and was superseded by the length of previous residence required in the enactment of 1795. Since 1802 the changes in these laws have been made mostly with a view to the prevention of fraud, in obtaining the requisite certificates. At the present day an immigrant may be naturalized within the same time as that within which he might have been, during the presidency of Washington. The glorious history of our past under this portion of the present laws, and the sanctities associated with its origin, "will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of its taking off."

These immigrants too have a *right* to demand a speedy naturalization. Our ancestry and the ancestry of many of them were old friends, and fought to the death side by side. They cooperated at Runnemedede and compelled John to sign "The Great Charter." They had rejoicings and

gala-days in honor of the enlarging liberties of England. They withstood the exactions of the brave and haughty Plantagenets, the despotic though cautious Tudors, the faithless and effeminate Stuarts. They took up arms with Hampden and Cromwell, and shed their blood at Marston Moor and Naseby. They rejoiced to see Charles the First decapitated, for violating the Petition of Right, and endeavoring to seize the leaders of the Opposition. Whilst they believed that he battled for the rights of Englishmen, they were the strong adherents of that rude, great Oliver, who made England the glory and the terror of the world. They extorted from Charles the Second the Habeas Corpus act, and thus secured his subjects against capricious and arbitrary imprisonment. They sympathized with Argyle and with Monmouth, and were routed at Sedgemoor. They excited the mirth and pleasantry of Kirke and his "Lambs," by their dying agonies and groans. They were tortured and scared to death by the *Devil*, when he held "the Bloody Assizes" in Somersetshire and Dorsetshire. They participated in the rejoicings at White Hall, when the Prince and Princess of Orange were proclaimed the sovereigns of England.

These liberties which the ancestry of many of these same immigrants coöperated to acquire, are valuable heritages from the past. Our forefathers brought them hither when they immigrated to this new land. They loved them with an ardor and a tenderness proportioned to the price that had been paid. They took up arms to defend them when attacked by the mother country. In that great struggle, the American Revolution, which followed, our forefathers were materially assisted by foreigners. This is the way by which we have acquired the Constitution of this Union. The ancestry of many of these same immigrants paid much of its cost, with their groans and convulsions, their shrieks and tears, their sweat and blood. Our civil and political liberties have been developing steadily but gradually from age to age. They may be likened to Hercules, doing the mission of the Tirynthian Eurystheus. They put bits into the mouths of the anthropophagous horses of Diomedes, and led Cerberus from infernal darkness, snappish and growling, to the light of day.

These immigrants, too, exercise a powerful influence over their countrymen whom they leave behind. They describe to them at full length the nature and operation of our free institutions. They make particular mention of the period when it is allowed them to exercise the right of suffrage. They write with much laudation concerning that social equality, which binds together the members of the Union. They depict

in glowing colors their present enjoyments, and the hopes that they entertain for themselves and their children. They pray that the coming time may hasten with these blessings for their own native lands. The father on the banks of the Elbe, or the heights of the Pyrenees, gives full belief to the statements of his son, in the vale of the Mississippi, or on the Rocky Mountains of Oregon. It is these letter-writers that are spreading republican sentiments throughout Europe, and stirring up the nations from their torpid state.

We would not wish to see our country great in waging offensive wars, and all stained with innocent blood. We would not wish to see her the arbitress of the sword, and holding nations in thralldom. Nor would we wish to see her taking steps backward in legislation, and turning a deaf ear to the lessons in her past. We would rather see her what she always has been, and what we pray to God she always may be, *an Asylum for the Oppressed*.

G. A. J.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

THE day was as usual cheerless and stormy, yet at the proper hour a large audience was present at the College Chapel. The number of speakers was quite large. Of the excellence of the Exhibition we shall dare say but little lest we expose ourselves to the unjust charge of an odious Class partiality. If, however, our judgment is not warped by such sentiments, and public opinion renders us confident that it is not, the display of eloquence and thought has never been excelled. The pleasing variety of the subjects, and the almost total absence of any lack-a-daisical phraseology and sentiment, added not a little to the pleasure and interest of the occasion. The music of the day was furnished by a selection chiefly from the College Choir and seemed to most, we think, far more appropriate than the brazen din which is usually furnished at our Exhibitions. The applause was loud and hearty, especially toward the close of both the morning and afternoon exercises.

We are confident that few of the audience left unsatisfied with the intellectual treat spread before them. It is only a deserved compliment when we say that every member of old '53 feels that the speakers did ample justice to themselves and to the Class. We subjoin the Programme of the subjects and speakers.

MORNING.

"Roma Direpta," Latin Oration, James M. Whiton.

Oration, "Radicalism in America," Benjamin F. Baer.

Oration, "Ignatius Loyola," Charles G. McCully.

Dissertation, "Civil and Religious Liberty, the Ultimate Result of Civilization," Hiram Bingham.

oration, "The Distinguished Stranger," James McCormick.
 oration, "Traits of Indian Character," Joel Smith.
 Dissertation, "The Power of Mystery," Joshua Anderson.
 Dissertation, "Youth, a Probation," Cornelius Hedges.
 Dissertation, "New England," George Palfrey.
 oration, "The Scholar, the True Exponent of Freedom," Oliver E. Cobb.
 oration, "The Refinement of the Sensibilities," Kinsley Twining.
 oration, "Passive Obedience," Theodore Bacon.
 Philosophical Oration, "The Higher Law," Isaac H. Hogan,

AFTERNOON.

Greek Oration, "Ἡ τῆς παλαιᾶς πόλεως ἐξοχή," Thomas F. Davies.
 oration, "Independence of Character," James M. Gillespie.
 Dissertation, "Julian, the Apostate," Edson L. Clark.
 Dissertation, "The Ancestral Glory of New England," William T. Gilbert.
 oration, "Change," by Charles H. Whittelsey.
 oration, "Thoughts on the Mediterranean Sea," Samuel M. Capron.
 oration, "James I, and the Puritan Party," Sherman W. Knevals.
 oration, "The American Soldier," Henry C. Robinson.
 oration, "On the Alleged Degeneracy of Literature," Benjamin K. Phelps.
 Dissertation, "Patriotism in the Universities," Andrew D. White. ✓
 Dissertation, "On Knowledge of Soul as Derived from Reason and Revelation,"
 Andrew J. Willard.
 oration, "National Characteristics," Chariton T. Lewis.
 Philosophical Oration, "Form of Political Organization," Edward C. Billings.

THE SPOON EXHIBITION.

THE resurrection and reformation of the "Spoon" was, we think, a labor of love
 the part of the Class of 1852, quite unparalleled, and they certainly deserve the
 hearty thanks of College and the "Spoon"-going portion of the community.
 The character of the Exhibition is now fully established. Henceforth it is to afford
 opportunity for the display of the wit and ingenuity of those whom chance or
 inclination may have excluded from a participation in the Junior Exhibition, and is
 to furnish an annual resort for all lovers of humor.

The Exhibition took place at Brewster's Hall, on Tuesday Evening, May 25th.
 The day was necessarily, though unfortunately we think, fixed at a period some-
 what later than usual. The Hall was crowded at an early hour with the intelli-
 gence and beauty of New Haven, to which numerous accessions from abroad were
 added.

The Chair was occupied by Mr. RANDAL L. GIBSON, of Louisiana, whose grace and
 dignity as a Presiding Officer, certainly added much to the pleasurable effect of the
 exhibition.

The Spoon was of rosewood, about the usual size, and certainly inferior to none
 which have been presented in past years, either in design or execution. The usual
 inscription, "Dum Vivimus Vivamus," was cut in deep characters upon the surface of
 the handle, while that opposite, was ornamented by a heavy silver plate, on which

was engraved the name of the recipient, "JOSEPH A. WELCH, Presented by the Class of 1853."

The exercises of the evening opened by waiting in breathless suspense for about twenty minutes. The Committee having discovered that the cause of this unwarrantable tardiness on the part of the "Hornicines," was an unintentional neglect on their part to face the *music* in monetary matters, the cause was at once removed, and the Exhibition proceeded. The music during the evening was excellent.

Our limits will not allow us to comment upon the merits of each speaker. We think, however, that the Colloquies have never been surpassed. The "Aria et Romanza, et," &c., of Beethoven was generally well received. The exquisite ridiculousness of the whole performance could not fail to excite the mirth of any, and more especially of the members of College. Personal delicacy forbids any specification of individual excellence in the execution of the music.

The "Strophes" were well designed, appropriate to the nature of the subject selected by the Poet, well executed, and added in no small degree to the amusement of the evening.

"A Leaf from College Life," was too full of fun, and too enthusiastically received to need any comments from us. We hope future Cochleasureati will beat it—if they can.

The "Phi Beta Kappa Initiation," was perfect. The fact that the "Incog" of "Grand-Cometary-Theory" notoriety, was its author, was sufficient to prepare the risible muscles of all who know the Gentleman, for vigorous action. The "four-cent" system will not soon be forgotten. The songs were written in a popular, easy style, just appropriate to such an occasion. They did great credit to their absent author, whose poetical ability is too well known to need any eulogy. May he never be less successful.

The Presentation of the Spoon, by the Chairman, and the Reception by Mr. E. Walden, in behalf of Mr. Welch, were excellent. As many of the audience left while they were speaking, on account of the lateness of the hour, the speakers were much annoyed, and their addresses were deprived of much of their legitimate effect.

Two faults were observed, which we are certainly pardonable in noticing, as they may serve as valuable hints to succeeding Classes. First, the number of tickets was too large, and the house was so crowded as to render it exceedingly uncomfortable both for the audience and the speakers. Secondly, the exercises were too much protracted by the great length of the speeches. This fault cannot be too carefully guarded against in future. The same error was noticed last year, and we hope that its repetition will prove instructive. Not "Too much of a good thing," should be the motto upon all such occasions.

The evening was passed, we think, very pleasantly by most, and the prevailing opinion seems to be, that the "Spoon," though widely different in its character, is not a whit behind its sister Exhibition in its merits, or its share of popular favor.

PRESENTATION DAY.

The exercises of this interesting Anniversary were not interrupted, as is too often the case, by rainy weather. The day was unusually pleasant and the city seemed to have donned her fairest robes to say Farewell.

The exercises commenced at about ten o'clock, A. M., with the usual ceremonies. It came the Poem by WM. W. CRAPO of New Bedford, Mass., followed by a Latin ode written for the occasion by FISK P. BREWER of Middletown, Conn. Next succeeded the Oration by HOMER B. SPRAGUE of East Douglas, Mass. The exercises were concluded by the singing of the Parting Ode, written by ALBERT BIGELOW of Buffalo, N. Y. Of the merit of these performances we need say nothing. Criticism we cannot, praise we need not give. The reputation of the authors is a sufficient guarantee of their worth.

The dinner, with the "powers that be," was, we presume, as good as usual; not admitted behind the scenes however, we cannot say, certainly. About two o'clock, the members of the Graduating Class came hastening from behind the screen into the circle on the grass in front. "Numerous tobacco" (imported from New York direct, expressly for this occasion,) and "plentiful pipes" soon appeared under the command of the indefatigable Seropyan. The afternoon was consumed in the usual number of songs, jests, and kind words, showing warm and full spirits. When the shadows began to lengthen across the grass, the old fashioned procession was formed with the music in front. On account of the recent affliction of the President, the visits to the houses of the Officers were not made. But the usual last look and last cheer was given to the old halls that have for four years witnessed to their joyous or mournful footsteps. At the foot of the southern tower of the main front of the Library was placed an ivy vine, upon the roots of which each man cast a handful of earth as the procession moved slowly by, that each might assist in planting that which shall remain here after them to tell of their affection. As the bell rang for evening prayers, the departing Class crowded the galleries to take a last glance at the places which shall know them no more. They are gone, but we still remember them and, in the name of those they leave behind them here, bid a hearty "God speed" to the class of '52.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The usual time having arrived, the Brothers and Linonian Societies, preparatory to the coming campaign, have selected from among their members those who shall represent their interests at the next Statement of Facts. The election resulted in the choice of the following

ORATORS FOR STATEMENT OF FACTS.

From Linonia,

ANDREW J. WILLARD, *President.*

J. W. McVEAGH, *of the Senior Class.*

J. K. HILL, *of the Junior Class.*

From the Brothers,

ALFRED GROUT, *President.*

BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, *of the Senior Class.*

JAMES C. RICE, *of the Junior Class.*

VALEDICTORY ORATIONS.

On Tuesday evening, June 15th, the usual Valedictory Oration was delivered before the Brothers Society, by COOK LOUNSBURY, of the Graduating Class, upon the subject, ENERGY OF CHARACTER AS AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESS. On the same evening a similar Oration was delivered before Linonia, by W. F. HUMPHREY. His subject was MANLINESS OF CHARACTER.

CALLIOPEAN PRIZE DEBATE.

At the Prize Debate of the Calliopean Society, in the Freshman Class, held May 26th, the Judges—Jas. Donaghe, Professor J. Hadley, and H. D. Wells, Esq.—awarded the 1st Prize to HART GIBSON of La., and the 2d to JOHN W. SWAYNE, of Ohio.

OFFICERS OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

LINONIA,	BROTHERS IN UNITY,	CALLIOPE,
	<i>Presidents,</i>	
Andrew J. Willard,	Alfred Grout,	Randal L. Gibson.
	<i>Vice Presidents,</i>	
Edward W. Seymour,	Thomas F. Davies,	Thomas P. Nicholas.
	<i>Librarians,</i>	
Theodore J. Holmes,	Samuel M. Capron,	George A. Johnson.
	<i>Treasurers,</i>	
Asa B. Woodward,	Timothy D. Hall,	George A. Johnson.
	<i>Secretaries,</i>	
Luzon B. Morris,	Henry E. Howland,	Luther M. Lee.
	<i>Vice Secretaries,</i>	
Lewis E. Stanton,	Stanley T. Woodward,	William Allison.

PREMIUMS AWARDED JUNE, 1852.

DEFOREST PRIZE.

Class of 1852.

Homer B. Sprague.

CLARK PREMIUM.

Class of 1852.

William P. Johnston.

WOOLSEY SCHOLARSHIP.

Class of 1855.

John E. Todd.

TOWNSEND PREMIUMS.

Class of 1852.

W. W. Crapo,

D. C. Gilman,

J. H. Dwight,

W. P. Johnston.

H. B. Sprague.

PRIZES FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

Class of 1853.

	<i>1st Division.</i>	<i>2d Division.</i>	<i>3d Division.</i>
1st Prize.	G. A. Johnson,	A. D. White,	E. C. Billings.
2d "	H. H. McFarland,	J. K. Bennett,	J. W. McVeagh.

Class of 1854.

	<i>1st Division.</i>	<i>2d Division.</i>	<i>3d Division.</i>
1st Prize.	Y. Wing,	L. S. Potwine,	J. K. Lombard.
2d "	G. DeF. Lord,	W. C. Flagg,	O. Cutler.
2d "	J. M. Smith,	A. S. Twombly,	A. Van Sinderen.

BERKELEY PREMIUMS.

Class of 1854.

1st Prizes.

W. B. Dwight,
W. H. Fenn,

S. T. Hyde,
L. S. Potwine.

2d Prizes.

E. P. Buffet,
C. Cutler,
C. A. Dupee,
H. E. Howland,

R. L. Keese,
T. G. Ritch,
O. C. Sparrow,
A. S. Twombly.

Class of 1855.

1st Prizes.

C. J. F. Allen,
H. L. Barnes,

J. W. Harmer,
J. E. Todd.

2d Prizes.

H. N. Cobb,
W. M. Grosvenor,
G. A. Kittredge,
C. R. Palmer,

G. Talcott,
L. Tallmadge,
W. Wheeler,
A. Whiteside.

MATHEMATICAL PRIZES.

Class of 1855.

2d Prizes.

1st Prizes.
W. M. Grosvenor,
J. W. Harmer,
J. E. Todd.

N. W. Bumstead,
C. R. Palmer,
G. T. Pierce,
G. Potter.

3d Prizes.

L. D. Brewster,
S. L. Bronson,
H. R. Slack.

TRANSLATION OF LATIN INTO ENGLISH.

Class of 1855.

1st Division.

1st Prize. H. N. Cobb.
2d " W. H. L. Barnes.
3d " S. T. Woodward.

2d Division.

C. R. Palmer.
{ J. A. Granger,
W. Wheeler.
N. W. Bumstead.

3d Division.

{ G. T. Pierce,
C. M. Tyler.
W. C. Wyman.
L. D. Brewster.

SENIOR APPOINTMENTS.

ORATIONS.

J. F. Bingham, *Valedictory*, Andover.

W. A. Reynolds, *Salutatory*, New Haven.

F. P. Brewer, *Philosophical*, Middletown.

M. W. Allen,
J. G. Baird,
G. E. Jackson,
F. Miller,

Lowell, Mass.
Milford.
Newton, Mass.
Alexandria, Va.

W. B. Ross,
C. C. Salter,
M. Smith,
H. B. Sprague,

A. Terry, New Haven.

New York City.
Waverley, Ill.
Hebron.
East Douglass, Mass.

E. Buck,
L. C. Chapin,
J. Cooper,
J. Elderkin,
C. D. Helmer,

Orland, Me.
Wattsburg, Pa.
Somerville, O.
Colchester.
Buel, N. Y.

H. McCormick,
D. O. Morehouse,
B. C. Moulton,
E. D. O'Reilly,
W. L. Rowland,

C. E. Vanderburg, Marcellus, N. Y.

Harrisburg, Pa.
Fairfield.
Lower Waterford, Vt.
Lancaster, Pa.
Augusta, Ga.

DISSERTATIONS.

D. C. Gilman,
D. B. Green,
H. C. Hallowell,
C. Lounsbury,

New York City.
Reading, Pa.
Alexandria, Va.
Wallingford.

W. H. Odell,
G. B. Safford,
H. S. Sanford,
G. A. Wilcox,

Tarrytown, N. Y.
Boston, Mass.
New Milford,
Madison.

DISPUTES.

R. E. Day,	Hadlyme.	J. L. Noyes,	Windham, N. H.
L. Howe,	Greenwich.	J. S. Parsons,	Amesbury, Mass.
C. L. Ives,	New Haven.	G. G. Sill,	Windsor.
A. W. North,	Louisville, Ky.	M. Storrs,	Westford.
J. Atwood,	Huntsville, Ala.	R. Hall,	Philadelphia, Pa.
D. S. Bigelow,	Westchester.	E. Houghton,	Holliston, Mass.
W. W. Crapo,	New Bedford, Mass.	G. E. Hurd,	Dover, N. H.
H. E. Dwight,	Portland, Me.	W. Stanley,	Bridgeport.
	J. F. Waring,	Savannah, Ga.	

COLLOQUIES.

J. B. Hendrickson,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	L. McCully,	Oswego, N. Y.
S. Lawton,	Springfield, Mass.	E. Sterling,	Bridgeport.

Editor's Table.

HERE we are, upon the brink. We must leap. The time has come, and gone, when the Magazine ought to have appeared, and our Editor's Table is all unwritten. The voice of the Printer, crying, "Copy," is truly Stentorian; besides, there is a still, small voice within. The question comes up, "What kind of an Editor's Table shall we write?" The *Devil* guesses it will have to be short. The Printer says it *must* be; so it must, and thus far the question is decided. Then again, shall we leap into "that great Ocean" of tolerable and intolerable puns, "which rolls around all the College world." Editors generally have an unmanageable passion for punning. Perhaps it might suit some of our subscribers. But then, Dear Readers! you really must excuse us. It is our pride that we never pun. In fact we are principled against it. Our plea is "Not Guilty." So you are to have a punless Editor's Table—a real literary phenomenon—a prize for Barnum, which would fairly rival Miss Fejee.

We are sadly behind the usual time in issuing the "Lit." Two or three causes have made us so. We have, like everybody else, had other business on hand. We are inexperienced, and have been delayed through our ignorance. We are novices in everything connected with publishing. For instance, when we asked our Printer some question the other day, and he told us to "go to the *Devil*," we thought him not very complimentary at first, but have become reconciled to such insults. Here we are at last, however. You have waited, and we thank you for your patience and shall endeavor hereafter to call for a less protracted exercise of that virtue. The other numbers for this term will be ready very soon. As time and space fail us, we shall be obliged to defer our acknowledgments of Exchanges and Contributions until the next number.

ERRATA.

Page 224, line 18, for *books and money*, read, *and books*; line 22, for *just read nearly*; line 30, for *grandson*, read *great grandson*; line 38, for *difficulties*, read *differences*. Page 225, line 15, for 1780, read 1720; line 40, for 1623, read 1723.

VOL. XVII.

No. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



*"Dum meo gremio pueri, natus legitime TALENTUM
Candidum Puerum, nuncupat Patrem."*

JULY, 1852.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. B. BALDWIN.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAPLETON.

WOODHULL

CONTENTS.

The Evening of the Massacre,	277
TOWNSEND PRIZE POEM:	
Night,	285
TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY:	
The Moral Element in True Greatness,	293
The Young Dreamer,	300
CLARK PRIZE ESSAY:	
"Abstractionists in Political Science,"	301
Light,	308
A Winter Visit to the Catskills,	309
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA:	
The Yale Navy,	311
EDITOR'S TABLE,	315
NOTES TO CONTRIBUTORS,	321

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

JULY, 1852.

No. VIII

The Evening of the Massacre.

"All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause,
Save where the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers." * * * *

"Within yon forest is a gloomy glen ;
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb."

Shelley.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, while at home British historians were shuddering at the barbarous warfare of past ages, and the British pulpit rang with praises to the God of battles that men were growing more humane and more Christ-like ; in this western world were enacted, under the guidance of British warriors, scenes of blood, uniting all the skill of civilization with more than savage cruelty. Of these, the far-famed "Massacre of Wyoming" unquestionably holds the first place, whether we consider the number of murders, the terror of the scene itself, or the utter desolation which succeeded it. It is not my intention to speak particularly of the battle—far abler pens have told the story—but to select one of many similar incidents which marked that day of slaughter and that night of despair ; and in one to convey, though faintly, some conception of all. Suffice it to remind the reader, that on the morning of July 3d, 1778, a band of devoted freemen left "Forty Fort," an old stockade on the western bank of the Susquehannah, to oppose an army of British and Indian invaders ; but were totally routed, and most of them slain in fleeing from the enemy.

"Five hundred of her brave that valley green
Trode on the morn in soldier spirit gay ;
But twenty lived to tell the noon-day scene." * * *

Henry bore a weary, way-worn maiden in his arms, as he stole stealthily down a deep ravine, which guided a mountain torrent on its path from the home of its birth to its ocean world ; and whose bottom, roughly paved with water-rounded fragments of the shelving rocks above, told of a once mightier stream. Each side was a high precipice, and the pale gloom of the twilight shadowed them with a solemnity which could be increased only by the fear of immediate death ; and this too was added. That on the right exhibited all the variety of geological formation, which nature could compress into a perpendicular face of one hundred feet so that the rocks and earth assumed a new color at every imaginary step upward—for none would dare to attempt real ones—and all together, in the "darkness visible," seemed to be the pallet of the giant, who, with the parting rays of day, paints sunset clouds upon the western sky. But on the left, as if universal variety were too monotonous for nature's works, one face of jet-black rock extended upwards, until darkness and projecting crags cut off the view.

On he went, anxiety made the burden light, and wherever the way was clear, he ran, like a bold warrior, bringing a brave brow and stout arms to the battle-field ; but amid the underbrush which netted much of the little valley, creeping like the coward who craves refuge from victory ; for pressing haste and more pressing secrecy were striving each to sacrifice the other. It was for her sake ; he had long since ceased to act with a view to his own welfare or happiness. When the first libation of blood was poured in New England to the God who made men free, he devoted himself to that service, and swore, aye, reverently swore, that his first king should be death, his only prison-house the grave. He had fought faithfully under that vow through years of toil ; and through years of anguish, to which the most grievous toil would seem a harvest-home ; for the bleached bones of three brothers were in his memory of the battle-field, and the broken hearth-stone of a desolate home haunted his hopes of peace. But the loss of all else on which to rest his affections drew him closer to the orphan girl, to be whose guide and protector through a lonely life was now his only prospect of happiness. Long had the chain which united their hearts been strengthening, until adversity had softened youthful passion into a full stream of sympathy and confidence ; long had they wished that their names and fortunes might follow their feelings into union ; but they did not wish to be merry when

all else was mournful, nor could they sing the bridal song of festivity in a land where every house contained a "Rachel weeping for her children."

So Henry had said farewell, and started with the forlorn hope which left Forty Fort in the morning; promising that if it came to the worst, if all should be lost, and he be alive at sunset, he would endeavor to meet her at the head of this ravine, about four miles from the scene of the battle. It came to the worst indeed. He fought, not only until defeat was inevitable, but until it was consummated, and then sadly turned his thoughts from his country to the loveliest of its daughters; and as he fled from the fiendish foe, to whom victory without blood was but a feast without wine, the long line of his circuitous path was fragrant with the incense of prayer for her safety. He found her safe, and made known to her his plan for the future. It was his intention to visit the nearest house—which was probably not yet occupied by the enemy, as this part of the valley had been unmolested up to the time of the battle—and take enough to support them in a foot journey over the mountains to the east of the valley, expecting there to find a cordial welcome. He would leave her meanwhile at the head of the ravine. But if he could not return, should Cora starve? Better perish with him though it were by the tomahawk. She must accompany him even in this danger. Besides, her deep "Must we then part again?" was stronger than any reasoning could be. She was weary, and had climbed many rocks and pierced many tickets in her lonely flight thither; so he bore her in his arms as they hastened down towards the mouth of the ravine. Let us leave them for a moment where we found them,—on the way.

A less pleasing party now appears to us,—half a score of warriors beneath a clump of chestnuts. Their muskets were *stacked* at a little distance from the trees, under which they lay, enjoying the cooling breeze of evening, the most refreshing boon of heaven, but caring more for man's most accursed bane, of which many a bottle then and there was drained. Yet not carelessly, but watchfully they lay, as if something yet were needed to complete their brutal joy. They were a motley assemblage, with strange and various thoughts. Some were fighting for loyalty, some for plunder, some for revenge. But they were of two races, between which was a more marked distinction than that of motive, a wider gulf and difference of feeling. Some were children of the forest, from that branch of the human family, the thrilling notes of whose fearful war-song we had their last echo in the hills of Pennsylvania; the mouldering bones of whose many warriors now sleep on the banks of her rivers, till

the Great Spirit of their fervent worship shall call them forth to face their murderers. But these were no more than blood-thirsty savages, the worst types of their race. Some had crossed the sea as emissaries from a so-called Christian people to their Christian brethren, offering in the one hand death, in the other slavery. And one, who, though born in America, seemed to differ not in blood from these ruffian teachers of love, these cruel followers of the cross, had given up his hopes of Freedom, his own manliness, all that the patriot holds dear, for a traitor's life and a traitor's grave. And yet James Henderson loved, and loved truly.

Henry and Cora at length reached the end of the ravine, opening out upon a gentle slope, whose summit overlooked the beautiful valley of Wyoming. Here their path took a winding course downward; but half-involuntarily they paused to glance at the magnificent scene before them. It was nearly dark, but the western sky had not yet ceased to blush at the awful deeds of that morning, and the reflection made the enchanting valley seem, if possible, tenfold more lovely, and changed its tears to smiles, as in every rock, stream and tree, it seemed to be etherealized into the very spirit of beauty. And above was the maiden, budding, like the valley, into beauty, the full bloom of womanhood, under the better influence of her brighter sun, the sun of true affection. It seemed to Henry like an angel's dream, as he turned from one to the other, and the first bright hope of many dark years flashed upon his mind. To him it was night and morning.

But the morn had not yet dawned; or its dawn was shrouded in a deeper gloom. For as Henry gazed upon Cora, in her white garments, seemingly a disembodied soul hovering over the darkening valley, he little thought how soon the maiden would be *all* soul, the valley *all* darkness.

Not far to their left, south from the mouth of the ravine, was a little waterfall; where the brook which we saw above poured playfully down a smooth rock, and threw a bright and cheerful glance all over the valley. But on this night the water fell like the snow-white tresses falling on an old man's brow, and that glance was his dying smile. No, this is mere fancy; the stream played on as ever, though its sister streams were changed to blood; and the rock smiled as ever, though its brother rocks were spread with the vulture's feast. Still farther to their left, and more concealed by its proximity to the mountain heights behind them, was a *clump of chestnuts*.

There lay eight beastly-looking wretches in a drunken sleep, but rest-

less, starting at the rustling of a leaf, though hardly able to rise. And there stood James Henderson, the traitor, with one companion; both on tiptoe, for something white is dimly seen fluttering in the wind at the mouth of the ravine to the north, and it is now too late to recognize the form of man on the background of dark rock.

"A rebel signal of distress," muttered Henderson to himself. "Let us fire on them from here," he added, in a somewhat louder voice; "how it'll astonish them, and then what fun to see them tumbling with their flag over the hill!"

"Take care, there may be more of them than we can manage," replied his companion, a young Briton, the only one of the party who had refused to drink, and who, by his air of command, even more than his rich regimental uniform, seemed to hold a high rank for one so young.

"No danger of that. There's not a square mile of the valley that can number five of them."

"But they may be women or children," replied the Englishman, hesitatingly.

Henderson had already seized a musket, and raised it to his shoulder.

"In God's name, Jim, don't fire," continued the other, in a tremulous whisper, seizing Henderson's arm. "We've had nothing all day but blood, blood, until these savage red-faced beasts themselves are sick of it. Their eyes glare like a hungry tiger's, and every thing looks red to me, like the blood of that woman Manaho scalped this morning; and her last shriek seems to ring in my ears yet, calling me to judgment. Don't you hear it, Jim?"

As he uttered these last words, his voice rose to a sharp, wild cry, like a maniac's, and his grasp was that of a drowning man. The ruffian shook him off with violence, and he ran, madly reeling, down towards the broad Susquehannah, which seemed to him a river of gore—while the pale ghosts of an army of slaughtered patriots kept pelting him with their own bloody scalps, and driving him down to the brink. This was the wild fancy of the *madman*; for the sight of so much cruelty and we had driven reason from the child of Christian parents—the once kind hearted student of the Bible. The blow, though sudden, had long been threatened; and the appearance of the deadly weapon renewing its work of slaughter, but hastened the ruin which was already preparing; as the iron rod draws the charged thunderbolt. And the beautiful river bore his corse far from the valley.

Henderson took deadly aim, for the angel of death pointed the drunkard's weapon, and fired. The report rang through the valley, and as if

making merry over misery, Echo playfully caught up the sound, and threw it from rock to rock, and from mountain to mountain, while all her children vied in carrying it back most fearfully to the murderer's heart.

Henry and Cora heard the young Englishman's cry, but thought that some poor wanderer from Freedom's broken fold had been driven by despair, or chased by death, up to the mountain-side. They had always looked upon the invaders as givers, not as sufferers of misery; nor knew that the giving implied the suffering. And they listened, secure of observation in the darkness, to know whether the wailing one was alone, or could be assisted by them. All sense of their own danger was lost in sympathy with a seemingly deeper distress; the minute was multiplied by anxiety; and warmly Henry clasped the maiden's hand, as he resolved to go in search of one to whom their bond of common desolation had given a claim upon him. He clasped the hand of a lovely form, instinct with living beauty. 'Twas a precious casket, but precious only for the sake of its jewel; a beautiful cage, but its beauty was only for the inspiration of the prisoned warbler. At that moment the jewel shone most brightly, the bird sang most sweetly, the heart throbbed with love and hope. The next, and he bent over a mass of clay, lifeless, useless, whose awful stillness *felt* of the grave.

What is a broken heart? When all that once was dear, shrouded in love and confined in memory, sleeps with the past; when the finger of Hope, which after sunset points to the east, awaiting the dawn of the morning, points him to the grave whose sun has set forever; when every faculty of the mind, and every feeling of the soul, from outward perception to inward consciousness, is destroyed, and there remains before the spiritual eye an infinite circle of darkness surrounding a picture of death; *then* we say that the heart is broken. Such was Henry's. They say, indeed, that the broken-hearted cannot weep, but I have never seen a cloud too black for rain, nor known a grief too deep for tears; and if the terrible shock forced an unconscious tear from his eye, I cannot think that it belied either the warrior's spirit, or the lover's sorrow.

Henderson lighted a pine torch, and hastened up to his victims as fast as drunkenness and exhaustion would allow. The pale, fitful glare startled Henry, and as he looked up, James recognized his successful *rival in love*, but unfortunate foe in war, and the corpse of the only being for whom he had ever felt disinterested affection. Cora was dead—he was her murderer: the last faint glow of sympathy with humanity faded from his breast, and without it man cannot live. But we know not, nor care to know the traitor's grave. We see him for the last time, as with

in a cry of utter despair, he follows his English friend away from the scene of his most awful crime, and its speedy retribution.

Then came up slowly his companions, who had been roused from the regions of their dreams by the report of the musket; and without opposition seized and bound Henry. They carried him to the spot since known as the "Bloody Rock," where, with fourteen of his companions in arms, he fell a victim to the unnatural cruelty of a woman. They were placed in a circle around the rock, and Queen Esther slew them in succession with the tomahawk. And thus, throughout the night, the whole valley reflected, in the darkness, the presence of the angel of death, and

"Sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream,
To freeze the blood in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rattle the ear assailed,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed,
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed."

But nature had already drawn the veil of night over the valley, and we must take refuge in its shadow, before imagination assumes the hue of the grave.

To a visitor at the present day, Wyoming presents no scene of desolation. Many indeed among the living well remember

"A woman, widowed, gray and old,
Who tells you where the foot of battle stepped
Upon their day of massacre. She told
Its tale, and pointed to the spot, and wept,
Whereon her father and five brothers slept,
Shroudless, the bright-dreamed slumbers of the brave."

But now she too sleeps with her kindred, and the willow waves over her. And when the bright sun shines upon the valley, no spot on the green earth is more attractive, for it seems like Paradise, and we cannot think that misery finds a resting-place there. But when the night comes, and the clouds build an unbroken dome of darkness from mountain to mountain, it seems to be one vast sepulchre. For then the beauties of its present are dissolved in gloom, and memory, always most active in the night, recalls the sad associations of its history. Then the nightshade opens its venomous flower, the tree-frog croaks to the shrieking blast, the lonely white owl drearily flaps its wings, and Death, if we may believe the story of many an eye-witness, dances heavily with the pale ghosts of his victims, while their dry skeletons rattle in fitting chorus from a common grave.

TOWNSEND PRIZE POEM.

Night.

BY WILLIAM W. CRAPO, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

NIGHT—dark, unfathomed, mysterious night !
 Within thy kingdom lies some potent charm ;
 For thou, twin sister, yet the foe of light,
 Thou only canst the power of day disarm.
 Thy realms are wide, and infinite thy sway,—
 O'er half creation's far-extended bounds
 Thy sceptre rules, pursues the track of Day,
 O'erwhelms his brightness, and his might confounds.
 Thine is the silvery pomp of Heaven serene,
 The clear refulgence of the full orb'd moon ;
 In beauty shines thy shadow-mantled queen,
 And fills the world with Night's illumined noon.
 Thine, too, the stars, which blossom in the skies,
 The shining flowers of still, secluded grots,
 Which pierce the mist their brightness beautifies,
 By angels prized—their own "Forget-me-nots."
 And thine the cricket, chirping on the height,
 The murm'ring nightingale, in leafy tree,—
 These sing thy endless praises, Queenly Night !
 And breathe a soft, delightful melody.

O Night, of sable melancholy hue !
 Of all the charms that cluster 'round thine hours,
 Refresh the heart, the thirsty soul bedew,
 By far most precious are thy healing powers.
 Thy magic balm which, soothing, lulls the breast,
 Assuages sorrow and the pang of grief,
 Puts pain to flight, bestows delicious rest,
 And brings, from care's corrosion, sweet relief.
 Each tone is hushed in silence, deep, profound,
 All motion ceased, each look, each quivering glance ;
 Close 'round our hearts thy potent spells are bound,
 Which calm the passions and our souls entrance.
 Like as the fluttering bird enchanted sits
 Beneath the serpent's clear, bewitching eye,
 And, charmed beyond resistance, quite submits,
 Snared in a net from whence it cannot fly ;

So gaze we on thy sombre, shadowy face,
 So hear thy birds in melody condole,
 Drunk with our dreamings, thy delights embrace,
 And own the night—Enchantress of the soul.

With wonder gazing do we strive to trace,
 O, crescent form, that rul'st the starry host !
 The reason thy serene and placid face
 Can drive old Ocean's waters to the coast ;
 Why, at thy mute command, the billowy flood
 In steady phalanx rides the hoary main ;
 Why rise the waves at thy majestic nod,
 Impetuous move, nor yet their freedom gain.
 More strange and awful far than even this,
 The power thou hast to rule the human heart,
 Subdue its passions, and its fears dismiss,
 And quiet, peace, and gentleness impart.
 Mysterious influence, Night, thou hast,
 To quell fierce spirits which in strife engage,
 To smooth the troubled breast with clouds o'ercast,
 And bid the stormy passions cease their rage.
 Mysterious indeed this power of thine,
 Which e'en man's wild, impetuous nature soothes—
 Which melts to tenderness, with strength divina,
 Which captivates, delights, enchants, subdues.
 Thy breath avails to cool the fevered brain,
 To heal the injured, wounded, bleeding heart,
 To dry the tear affliction sheds in vain,
 Dispel the gloom, and bid sad care depart.
 And thou canst bind us with a noble spell,
 Which, silent, secret, prompts to holy deeds,
 Which guides the heart where Truth and Right impel,
 And opes a listening ear when virtue pleads.

Thou hast been called the image of despair,
 Thy gloom and darkness some interpret thus,
 And to thy clouds and silence they compare
 Whate'er is frightful, foul, or villainous.
 But ever while one solitary star,
 With twinkling beams lights up the darkened gloom,
 There speaks a voice from out the heavens afar,
 Bids Hope revive, her smiling reign assume.

We hail thy magic, bless its glorious might,
 In meek submission bow beneath its sway ;
 Yield to the influence of the dusky night,
 Enjoy its blessings, and its laws obey !

Night, clothed in mantle dun, or sombre gray,
Thy power is not upon the heart alone,
Nor yet dost thou thy num'rous charms array
Only to soothe, restrain and guide the soul.
Thou art the ruler of the mind as well,
The mistress and the nurse of pensive thought—
The gentle influence of thy magic spell,
The power and majesty of truth has taught.
Thine is the sought, the cherished, favorite hour,
When Contemplation leaves her sunless haunts,
Within the grotto or the shady bower,
And the world's bustle for a time supplants.
Thine is the hour reflection loves so well
To feed on thoughts unripened in the sun ;
To nurse on truths the light of day dispel,
Pursued with pleasure and with profit won.
In the deep stillness of the midnight hour,
Thought finds its tranquil and propitious noon,
While Wisdom, in a fresh and plenteous shower,
With kind profusion yields its priceless boon.
This too the time when Fancy loves to roam,
Roused by the influence of these witching hours,
With wild and fearless step through tracts unknown,
All decked in garlands gay of rosy flowers.

The many glories of thy realm have oft
By thine enraptured worshipers been sung ;
By rural bards, in numbers sweet and soft,
Which from the heart's own melody have sprung.
Oft have thy beauties been the golden theme
In moonlit walks beside the shady rill,
Where 'neath the smile of youth's fond, hopeful dream,
The lover's heart has gushed with joyous thrill.

'Tis not thy glorious praises we would sing,
Nor yet the sweet enchantment of thy shade ;
But to thine altar we would humbly bring
Some little token of our homage paid.
A lowly, simple offering we bear,
No fancy picture, stained with spots of truth,
No labored images of glittering glare,
No costly gem, no brilliant thought forsooth.
Ours is a lay both easy sung and plain,
The brief recital of a by-gone day,—
Scenes witnessed while the mild and gentle reign
Of Night poured forth its purest, holiest ray.

Full many a day and many a wingèd year
 Have sped, with blooming Spring and Autumn sere—
 Full many a lengthened age of hoary Time
 Has passed away, as evening's vesper chime,—
 In slow succession filled its measured space,
 Wrought its still work, and left its silent trace.
 Full many a bright, revolving sun has shone,
 Full many a star has gemmed the heavenly zone,
 Since that blest day when forth from Judah's plain
 Light sprang, to save the world, from sin reclaim:
 From Judah's plains, her rich and sunny hills,
 Encircled by a hundred warbling rills.
 O! when we hear that ever sacred name,
 How burns the inmost heart with holy flame!
 How throng bright visions of a former age,
 Sweet musings from the oft-read, sacred page!

O favored land, blessed by Eternal God,
 Thy fields are holy, hallowed every sod!
 The murm'ring brooks which gird thy hills around,
 Are blessed streamlets kissing sacred ground.
 With awful rev'rence on thy plains we gaze,
 Land of the faithful, from the earliest days!
 Subdued in soul we venerate each spot
 Which teems with mem'ries never yet forgot.
 Thy consecrated soil to us is dear,
 Thy sunny, blooming vales, thy mountains dear!

Of all the Earth thou wast supremely blest,
 When first at Heaven's command and high behest,
 Thine was the chosen spot from whence should flow
 Its choicest, richest gifts to man below.
 'T was there, amid thy hills of perfumed flowers—
 There, 'mid sweet olive blooms and vine-clad bowers,—
 There, 'round thy rocky grots and rude retreats,
 Thy caverns dark, which sunlight never greets;
 'T was 'neath the shade of thy majestic pines,
 Thy cedars, circled 'round with ivy vines;
 There, 'neath thy dark, blue mountains' gloomy shade,
 Behind whose western brow the sunbeams fade;—
 'T was there, beside the riv'let's gentle waves,
 The warbling streams which echo through thy caves,
 Beside the shore which girds thy sea of death,
 Exhaling odors with its pois'nous breath,
 Whose briny vapors, reaching to the sky,
 Are mingled with the bird's expiring cry:—

Yea, it was there, O land of Judah's pride !
Upon thy fruitful soil and valleys wide,
Where, in those awful days of olden time,
God, in His wisdom and His might sublime,
Oft showed to feeble man's astonished view,
Marks of His kindness and His anger too.
'T was on thy blest and consecrated plains,
The prophets sang divine and heavenly strains ;
A race of holy men of God inspired,
Who in a humble, lowly garb attired,
Dwelt 'mong the sons of earth, their mission, love,
And lived in sweet communion from above.
'T was from thy blooming fields of living green
There sprang a fire divine, whose brilliance seen
Illumed the earth two thousand years ago,
Its work, to cleanse the world from sin, its foe.
Two thousand years ago in brightness burned
That kindling beam, and darkness ne'er returned.
That holy flame with lustre glistens still,
Its rays the same glad, cheering warmth distill.
'T was 'neath the clear, blue sky extended o'er
Thy dark and narrow vales and winding shore,
Where in a lowly hut, of comfort shorn,
God's own incarnate Son on earth was born.
Thus was thy last, thy greatest trophy won,
Earth's richest triumph since the world begun.

In queenly splendor reigns the beauteous night,
Naught but one still, one grand, harmonious sight.
High up the heavens' transparent, crystal walls,
The full moon climbs, and in her silence calls
The starry myriads that wait to light
Her journey through the clear and solemn night.
'T was such a night as oft in Eastern tales,
Enchanted, we have read of perfumed gales ;
Of sighing breezes laden with a freight
From roses stolen, and the lofty date.
When the bright moon with silver tips the trees
Which gently quiver in the ev'ning breeze ;
When o'er the meadows and the pallid sea
The stars like diamonds shine, whate'er they be.
'T was at a time as beautiful as then ;
'T was night upon the plains of Bethlehem.

The shepherds stood upon the grassy hill,
Their nightly charge to keep their flocks from ill ;

With watchful care they guard, protect, and guide,
 While danger might their fleecy charge betide.
 Perchance alone, unconscious all they stood,
 With heavenward eye, or else in thoughtful mood;
 Or yet perhaps in groups they gathered near,
 And each in turn attends with listening ear
 To oft told tales of ancient shepherds there,
 Whose deeds of valor, or whose courage rare,
 Long hours of midnight watch had wiled away,
 E'en till gray morning told the coming day.
 And standing thus, or seated on the ground,
 The stars o'erhead, their snow-white flocks around,
 Lo! through the clouds afar their piercing eyes
 Discern a form fast sailing through the skies:
 Nearer it comes—while they more eager gaze,
 Spell-bound each lifeless limb, no cry they raise;
 Still nearer comes—high beat their pulses warm,
 As steady onward moves that angel form.
 'T has gained their midst, and now around them spread
 A holy radiance, divinely shed.
 With dread unnerved, each limb was marble made,
 Speechless they stood, for they were sore afraid.
 Then from the deep, oppressive silence broke
 Winged words of sadness, sweetly, kindly spoke.
 And in the stillness of that lovely spot,
 Night echoed back the thrilling tones—"Fear not."
 "Fear not"—the heavenly visitant exclaims,
 "No evil purpose mine, no hostile aims;
 Good tidings of great joy to you I bring,
 This day a Prince is born—your Lord and King.
 Heed ye my words, that I may show the place
 Where ye can see the infant Saviour's face,
 Where, in a manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes,
 The lowly Jesus rests in sweet repose."
 The angel ceased, and in the stillness there,
 A sudden chorus filled the perfumed air;
 Loud rung the anthem of the heavenly throng,
 And echoing earth and sea the strain prolong:—

Night on thy winds the news convey,
 Let praises shake the trembling sky—
 A Saviour's born to man this day—
 Glory, glory be to God on high!

With joy above and peace on earth,
 Loud will we swell the deaf'ning cry;
 All hail! we sing the Saviour's birth,
 Glory, glory be to God on high!

Again 't is night,—beneath whose dusky shade
 The stars shine dimly and the moonbeams fade.
 The busy world lies hushed in slumbers deep;
 Man yields his senses to refreshing sleep.
 O'er all the earth a holy stillness reigns,
 Which e'en the buzzing insect scarce profanes.
 The winding Kedron murmurs in its flow,
 As if its roll were muffled—gliding slow;
 While, from the bank which bounds its sluggish waves,
 The mounts of Olivet their summits raise.
 There, in the shadow of its western slope,
 Beneath whose arching trees in darkness grope
 The prowling beasts, or slumber in their lair,
 Or birds with carols break the silent air,
 Entombed, and deeply sunk, a valley lies.
 Eastward the heights of Olivet arise,
 The Northern bound is formed by ridges bare,
 With gloomy tombs of princes buried there;
 While on the West from temple, tower and wall
 Of David's seat, colossal, shadows fall;
 There, 'midst the rocky cliff and olive tree,
 Lay hid the garden of Gethsemane.
 To this secluded spot the Saviour came,
 The man of sorrow, suffering, and shame,
 To shun awhile the brutal shout of foe,
 The sneer of scribe, the curse, and threatened blow;
 He came, 'neath orange and pomegranite trees,
 Whose leaves stir gently in the evening breeze,
 Concealed from cruel men to sit alone,
 Where none could mark the falling tear or groan.
 Here, when his heart was full, he used to stray,
 Here came the King of kings to pray.

Behold Him now, as on that fearful night
 Which marked the eve of Earth's redeeming light!

God's holy messenger submissive begs
 Some way to shun the bitter cup of dregs.
 Behold Him now;—upon His face He falls,
 And in the agony of prayer He calls;
 We listen, and in accents of despair,
 To Heaven the Saviour breathes His fervent prayer:
 "O, Father, if within Thy power it be,
 Let this full cup of sorrow pass from me;
 And yet if feel I must Earth's greatest guilt,
 Not as I will, O, God! but as Thou wilt."

O, what a scene to stir the dullest heart,
 And to the coldest spirit warmth impart !
 Well might the moon, then smiling through the night,
 Have paused awhile to gaze on such a sight ;
 Well might the trees have started from the ground,
 The rocks have left their resting places 'round ;
 Well might the earth in terror then have shook,
 Have trembled to its base with frightened look.
 Had nature paused at such a scene as this,
 Not one could wonder, lifeless as she is.
 But sinful man, he who was born to feel,
 Can gaze, and every pitying thought conceal.

Around the hill of Calvary there stood
 A mixed and motley throng, in angry mood ;
 The haughty priest was there, with taunting word.
 The soldier and the lowest rabble, stirred
 By blinded rulers, filled the noon-day air
 With curse and imprecation scattered there.
 Upon the summit of the hill from whence
 Was seen the noisy mob and turrets dense
 Of that lost city, once the pride of God,
 Whose well known streets the ancient prophets trod,
 Was placed, in sight of all, a Cross of wood,—
 While near, on either side, another stood.
 Upon the middle cross the Saviour hung,—
 The Saviour, aye, God's own incarnate Son :
 He who in mercy left His bright abode
 To take from us the heavy, galling load
 Which crime and folly heaped upon our race,
 Doomed by our sins to endless, deep disgrace.
 No friend like Him will mortal ever know,
 Though man but proved His blackest, vilest foe.
 Around His head a crown of thorns they fit ;
 Above—"Jesus, King of the Jews"—is writ.
 'T was noon, and to this hour in brightness shone
 The king of day, rejoicing on his throne ;
 But now, o'er all the earth was darkness poured,
 And day its half run course to night restored.

An hour passed on—while o'er His frame there stole
 The sure, mysterious grasp of Death's control.
 He spoke while deeper darkness 'round Him grew,
 "Father, forgive, they know not what they do."
 A moment more, loud o'er the angry blast
 He cries—"T is finished now,"—and breathes His last.

Earth knows no darker, blacker night than this ;
No blacker night is found in Hell's abyss.
No moon shone forth to light the wicked deed ;
And from the sick'ning sight the stars recede.
Well did'st thou hide thy pure, unsullied face,
O Sun ! from this foul scene of Earth's disgrace.

Night is a sacred time, a holy hour,
A space for pure and heavenly thought,
Around which clustering hang with magic power
Sweet memories of bliss unbought.

Night is a sacred hour,—the chosen time
When through the expectant earth,
Were heard glad shouts of joy in strains sublime,
Proclaiming loud a Saviour's birth.

Night is a sacred hour,—'t was 'neath the shade
Which gathers 'round the midnight hour,
The Saviour in the silent garden prayed,
Hid by the gloomy vine-clad bower.

Night is a sacred hour,—the place of Day
At that sad, woful time it took,
When man in anger sought God's Son to slay,
And 'neath the blow Earth, heaving, shook.

Night is a sacred hour,—'t is not the time
For reveling, or wanton mirth ;
'T is not an hour to plan the wicked crime,
Nor give the fiendish plot a birth.

No, 't is an hour when o'er the mind should steal
Pure, holy thoughts of sacred things ;
And man's full soul in sweet communion feel
The blissful peace night ever brings.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Moral Element in True Greatness.

BY HOMER B. SPRAGUE, EAST DOUGLAS, MASS.

GREATNESS, either in abstract ideas or in concrete forms, enlarges the souls of men, both by the appliance of passive facts and by the infusion of active power. It is always a phenomenon peculiar in its nature, and carries in its bosom a multitude of new facts, or of old facts in new relations. But it also quickens thought as if by electric induction, inspiring the gifted and awakening common minds to new life. Its influence on the world is real, palpable, continuous, and the investigation of any of its characteristics is always interesting and instructive.

Human greatness always acts under a limitation of force that contracts the range of its operations. It may also act under the restraint of moral principle that gives it a direction to lofty ends—that ennobles it and makes it conscious of responsibility. It is to vast powers acting under this restriction that we apply the term *True Greatness*. We propose to consider briefly the *nature* of this restricting element in greatness, its influence on the *Individual* and on *Society*.

Whether our idea of right and wrong be original and simple, or derivative and complex, the fact of such a distinction is certain. It is the foundation of all positive law, human and divine, and it remains unmoved by all controversy as to its origin, and all ridicule as to its existence. Extending throughout the realms of thought and traversing every field of action, it subjects the great, no less than the small, to its imperious sway. The human soul is not and ought not to be an assemblage of equal and coördinate elements. There should be no republic, no democracy here, but a sovereign and absolute power, the moral element; not annihilating other elements, but pervading, impelling and controlling all;—a soul within the soul, playing at will the sinews of the mind;—a central heart pouring irresistible tides of magnanimous feeling into every channel of thought. The perfect supremacy of this element is not so much a realized fact as a desirable goal. Few of any class have attained it; fewer still of the highest order of intellect. When exhibited by men of otherwise common endowments, it imparts a dignity to their character from which we can never withhold our admiration. For though they may not sway the reason, they can yet win the heart; though they may not sur-

pass in creative genius, they can yet display heroic endurance; though they may not soar with the philosopher, they can yet illustrate the sublime devotion of the martyr. But it is when this morality consecrates the mightiest intellect, that we behold the highest perfection of which human nature is capable. Our reverence for genius is then mingled with our reverence for integrity, and the sentiment deepens almost into adoration. History pictures no scenes of more intense interest than those in which truly great men have fought with superstition and tyranny, when the noblest intellects have had to deal with the basest passions, when spiritual has grappled with brutal force, and the shining weapons of truth have clashed against the helmet, the spear and the battle-axe. It kindles in us no deeper joy than when it paints the victory of ethereal souls, like that of Socrates in this unequal conflict with fiendish malice, and even though physical tortures may have forever sealed their lips, we still exalt in that undaunted spirit which seemed to exclaim with Massinger's Virgin Martyr, in tones that should ring through all time,—

"The visage of the hangman frights not me!
And all your whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings on which my soul climbs up
To an eternal habitation."

From this consideration of the real existence, the true position, and the high dignity of the moral element in true greatness, let us turn our attention to its influence on the *Individual*.

The energies of great men are constantly liable to aberration from the line of duty or to settled perverseness in wrong-doing, for strong intellect is constantly stimulated even to its appropriate work by strong passions. And these passions do not cease when their work is accomplished, but ever urge onward with irresistible impetuosity, and there is no point at which they are permanently satiated. There is a fascination in their objects that seems to enslave the will, to fix the bewildered glance, and to draw the man nearer and nearer with preternatural power. And while this strong magnetism enchains the mind, there is too often a fearful disregard of duty in the choice of means. Who doubts that Napoleon's "proud precipitance of soul" hurried him to the commission of many deeds, from which he would have shrunk with horror, if the bewitching spell of his fierce passions could for an hour have been completely broken? The peculiar temptations of great minds, therefore, especially call for the *restricting, conservative* element of conscience, under whose guiding power character is ever ennobled by a consecration to the highest aims, and is never degraded by the use of unjustifiable means. Thus their life becomes straight-forward and plain. Howard

was troubled by no fears as to his consistency, by few doubts as to the future, by few regrets as to the past. Thus too, their life becomes one of heroic self-denial; for high-moral excellence, by tolerating only noble ends and just means, often throws obstacles in the way of ambition. The path which is walled on either hand by eternal principles, often leads away from riches, dominion and fame. Moreover, the very disinclination of a truly great man to trumpet abroad his actions, while it enhances his merit, strongly conspires with the restricting force of the moral element to withdraw both deed and doer from sight. How much magnanimity and self-sacrifice, worthy to be graven in letters of fire on the tablets of the world's history, have thus eluded the search of the historian, we may not estimate. Yet when we read the long list of gigantic minds with dwarfish consciences, of patriots who have darkened into traitors, philosophers who have dwindled into sophists, divines who have sunk into bigots, we may still be cheered by the thought that numberless benevolent, grand and heroic deeds, never chronicled by man, are forever registered in the "book of life;" and that the glory of the noble few, who, though regardful of conscience, have yet wrought out an earthly immortality, is not mere electric flashes of intellect illuminating the dark cloud of a corrupt character, but is as serene and constant

"As the morn,
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world!"

But it is not as a restraint, a mere negative force, that the moral element in true greatness exerts the most important influence on the individual. It is a *positive, impelling* power. It brings great and inspiring truths before the *mind*, and it assigns the man his solemn mission to *perform*. Whatever furnishes exalted subjects for contemplation and creates a necessity of gaining distinct conceptions of them, gives an impetus to the intellect, calls out its energies, and arouses enthusiasm. The world is not all common-place to him who acts under the inspiration of high aims, conscious of his true worth as a human being, and struggling into the light of that divine truth which brightens and glows as he approaches its center and source. It puts on new appearances of beauty and grandeur, and suggests new, interesting and instructive topics of thought. Nor is this all. Cold, passionless intellect does not furnish every truth of which we are conscious. There are others and those the most important, which come to us from another source, which escape the most searching intellectual analysis, and which afford the strongest motives that can operate on the will. They are the truths of feeling and the truths of religion, which are realized by the heart rather than measured

Millennium"—all evince how little they appreciate men and things. The difficulty is increased by the arts and impositions which even a Napoleon could stoop to employ with a dexterity that would do honor to a magician. The effect is obvious. Prominent men are seen through chromatic lenses, in glorious colors and colossal proportions. Their greatness, genuine or counterfeit, with or without morality, rules the world of mind. It grooves channels through which thought flows for ages, to enrich and beautify like the Nile, or to waste and blacken like melted lava. Standing above and beyond the masses, it beckons them forward, and, for safety or for peril, they obey. Sometimes acknowledging the supremacy of conscience, it fills them with its own intense love of right and abhorrence of wrong, its lofty thoughts, its fervent devotion. Sometimes enlisted against conscience, it implants principles of which the fruit is atheism, violence and moral death. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that the great teachers of mankind be themselves "taught of God."

Imitation of great men is either unintentional or designed. Whether we will or not, we *insensibly* become like those we admire, and catch the spirit of the god we serve. Few escape this unconscious imitation, for few do not idolize some great man. The tones of passion or of sentiment which are poured forth from a master's heart, throw into sympathetic vibration the universal chords of feeling, and call up a thousand responsive strains. Myriads of satellites circle round a sunlike soul, reflecting its light, and resembling it in all save its magnitude and splendor. Thus, whether the object of homage be a Plato or an Alcibiades, a Chesterfield or a Brummel, his admirers grow imperceptibly into a resemblance of his shape. But the soul, instinctively longing for some model in which centers every excellence, and towards which it may ever aspire, also *designedly* imitates its favorite hero. In its enthusiasm it is prone to conceive him as the embodiment of all that is worth possessing. Imagination gilds even his misdeeds with alluring charms, and fancy paints them in the richest and most deceitful colors. His grace and deformity, his symmetry and distortion, are alike faithfully copied. Even when the most glaring crimes insult the confidence and mock the devotion of his followers, they still cling to their idol, and can be hardly torn away. His wickedness infused into their breasts, becomes an intoxicating poison, obscuring the old landmarks of right and wrong, unfixing, confounding, or shutting from view, those great principles, which should be lighthouses before the mental vision. And though the enthusiastic resolve to imitate him should at last vanish, the deep impression which

has been made upon their character cannot be obliterated, the tinge it has received cannot fade entirely out. The mold may be thrown aside, but the shape it has given remains.

This consideration of the power of greatness in fashioning the character, in teaching truth or error, and in building institutions, shows that it controls the destinies of multitudes, and that whether it be the vicegerent of God or the vicegerent of Satan, depends upon the sovereignty or subjection of the moral element.

It were an interesting task to trace the effect of *Christianity* on the moral element in true greatness, but at present we can barely allude, in general terms, to some of the advantages it has brought. In the summer of Grecian and Roman glory there were some whose intellectual and moral power justly entitle them to rank among the truly great. Their renown is the more deserved, because they strove against a tide of superstition, and were good and great in spite of fortune. Their established religion was to a great degree divorced from conscience, and faith in their gods was a hindrance rather than an auxiliary to morality. They were, therefore, launched at once on the sea of speculation—a sea that afforded no anchorage, because its bottom was but a shifting mass of conjecture. Their moral firmament was overspread by a thick haze, on which the dispelling beams of Revelation had not yet shone, and through which the rays of natural religion but faintly struggled. Charity, then, to the many who sank in the depths of immorality, when no arm was miraculously outstretched to save, and triple honor to the few who were buoyed up by a faith which no prophetic pen nor evangelical voice had inspired! On this ocean of doubt and gloom the light of Christianity at last broke. The rocks and whirlpools, the shoals and havens were now distinctly revealed. The great nebulae which obscured the firmament were now resolved into congeries of shining points. Immutable principles became beacons to the soul, and truths resplendent as the stars illumined its pathway. This, therefore, is one great effect of Christianity; it affords fixed points where there were none before, to which, in the midst of all perplexities, the mind may recur for guidance, and from which it may draw conclusions of vital importance as rules of action. It thus imposes a weightier responsibility, and awakens a higher inspiration than fell to the lot of Grecian or Roman genius.

It lifts the mental gaze above life's every-day baubles to glories unseen but by the eye of faith, and draws down Promethean fire to rest upon the soul like cloven tongues of flame pouring a flood of radiance into its dark recesses, and fusing thought, passion, will, into one glowing mass of enthusiasm, which joys in opposition, scorns danger, and smiles at death.

The Young Dreamer.

DREAM on, while Life's young morn is bright ;
Too soon will Sorrow's starless night
O'er all thy visions cast a blight,

And bring a sleep that knows no waking :
Dream on, ere yet the weight of care
Shall shadow o'er thy brow so fair,
And leave its furrowed impress there,

Or clouds arise that know no breaking.
Dream on ;—the time may never be
When dreams shall come so sweet to thee
As now, from every trouble free,

When high thy heart with hope is beating ;
Dream on, while yet no troubled past
May round thy dreams its shadow cast,
And, counted not, the moments fast

Are hurried by like rainbows fleeting.
Dream on ; and may an unseen band
From some far distant, blissful land,
As softly round thy couch they stand,

Their watch about thy pillow keeping,
Bring dreams to thee, sweet, peaceful dreams
Of meadow green and winding streams,
Where through the trees the sunshine gleams,

And willows o'er the wave are weeping.
Dream on ; thou hast a world within
Where yet the blighting touch of sin
Not oft, with its frail mark, hath been ;

The storms of passion never knowing :
Without is strife,—within is peace,—
Would that thy dream might never cease—
To wake would bring of toils increase,
Nor add to pleasures overflowing.

J. K. L.

CLARK PRIZE ESSAY.

"Abstractionists in Political Science."

BY WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

POLITICAL Science is a branch of morals aiming at the happiness of communities, and the development of Society, by determining the relations, causes, and destiny of government. Political Science is composed of general principles, and particular applications. It therefore requires a division of labor, by which the discovery of elementary principles shall be entrusted to one class of thinkers, and their application to another. The former may be designated as abstractionists, the latter as politicians. The politician, enlightened and patriotic, is a statesman.

Abstractionists have followed two forms in developing their ideas; the one poetical, the other logical; and these forms, as well as the object in view, nearly coincide with distinct historical periods. The rise of modern political liberty, marked the beginning of the second period. The scope and object of political speculations in these two eras, have their distinctive characteristics. In the first age political science was a fine art, the grand aim and feature of which was, beauty—beauty, robed in romance, gilded with genius, and hymned in strains of sublime melody. Government was a magnificent temple to the Gods, and not the abode of men. The earlier theorists were poets, not philosophers. Distrustful of their design, and fettered by circumstances, they affected to please the imagination rather than to satisfy the reason; and offered their productions, adorned with the flowers of fancy, and the richness of rhetoric, as studies, not as models. Plato, in spite of his clear perception of first principles, and his practical genius, education, and experience, arrayed his "Republic" in the splendor of beautiful imagery, and the magnificence of elegant diction. Sir Thomas More, whose pursuits, disposition, and mental discipline, whose wisdom in measures and maxims might have tempted him to practical effort,—marred his work with absurdities, to amuse the jealousy of despotism. Evils scarcely felt in the ancient world, force themselves upon the attention of the moderns. Society is distempered, and demands relief. In its haggard, hungry look can be read the misery, disease, and crime which are preying at its heart. The pathos of reality has banished the poetry of fancy. The philosopher is a physician, for his aim is amelioration. The mainspring of his speculation is utility. Anxious for this end, and desirous of in-

vesting his plans with an air of truth and practicability, he presents them systematized in logical form. Of this kind were Harrington and Hume, Mill, Bentham, and Fourier. A comparison of the merits of these two classes will show, that while the poetical class attracts students and admirers, to garner golden fruit amid a lavish luxuriance of blossom, the logical wins disciples and advocates, to adopt the belief, and preach it, and die for it. The former pleases as a fiction, the latter proselytes as a faith.

Abstractionists may also be classified according to the means adopted for effecting their objects, into rational and mechanical. This distinction runs through all forms and designs and eras. The mechanical abstractionist hopes to redeem society from the outside, to effect the ends of political science, by perfecting forms of government. The rational abstractionist looks through this external film to man's inward nature, and the rudimental conditions of society; and relies on moral and mental agencies only. The former appeals to mechanism. His machine is government, whether mob or Leviathan be his motive power. The latter appeals to natural forces. The human soul is his lever. The former believes that perfect virtue and legitimate progress will follow a favorite form of government; the latter thinks that improved national character will produce more perfect political establishments. They are both right—both wrong. Together they are a power in society—apart an insufficient force.

A mighty tendency to speculation prevails among men. They love abstractions; and a great truth, or a great plausible falsehood, simply enunciated, has a wonderful effect upon the mind. Besides a longing to comprehend the infinite, the mind possesses a love of simplicity, which grapples generalities, and dislikes exceptions. Hence men rather rest their faith upon a formula, than a complete system; and love, with a phrase, to cut the Gordian knot. But this reception and application of elementary truths, is sometimes modified by a desire to discover and systematize their necessary connections and relations.

There are certain periods which develop such a tendency to an extraordinary degree. Political speculation naturally thrives most in revolutionary times. In the mad struggle for glory and power, the actors abandon petty expedients, trust to first principles, and work with elements,—they cast away the old compass of state, and look to the cardinal points alone. Plato wrote amid the turmoil of the Athenian democracy; More lived at the crisis of the Reformation; Harrington shared in the affairs of the Rebellion; the Encyclopedists and the French Rev-

lution were coincident; and while the American Revolution was changing the destinies of humanity, Jefferson was assisting to rear upon a basis of abstract formulas, a political fabric, the embodiment of the practical.

Certain national institutions and habits of study, create this tendency, and modify its results. Democracy, stimulating mental activity and freedom, gives an abstraction significance and range. Theories seeking realization most cautiously avoid extravagance, and hence fall into a logical form; and if they are good, do good, but if evil, are doubly dangerous. Under other governments, contrary causes produce contrary effects. The studies which especially urge men to political speculation, are metaphysics and morals. The mind bent upon abstract conceptions, and on the invisible, yet active part of man, learns to appreciate the inherent power of thought, and the value of an idea. The study of government and a share in its administration, is apt to impel a mind otherwise speculative, to political abstraction.

Success in speculative politics requires great genius, characterized by simplicity of thought, by laborious patience, by sedateness of soul, by enthusiasm for knowledge, and by a power of generalization, which eliminates truth from the rubbish of particular facts. The representative abstractionist has a mind constructive rather than inventive; working by rule always, by intuition never; destitute of expedients, and shunning compensation and contrivance, like subterfuges.

The struggle of a soul in the darkness of life, to wrest perfectness from the bosom of chaos, is thought, and out of it is born an abstraction, which assumes, to the abstractionist, the vividness of reality. Imagination endows it with vitality; it becomes a life and a being; personification yields to incarnation. The abstractionist worships his own creation, and sacrifices himself to it; death is nought but meeting his ideal face to face. Thus are made the martyrs of a political abstraction.

As natural causes are few and simple, so the laws by which the progress of nations is guided, are general and comprehensive. To govern without them is to incur the penalty of their violation; to decide what they are, generalization is demanded. Generalization is mastery; Napoleon generalized the art of war, and adding strategies to tactics, beat all Europe. Assayers of thought are wanted, who, testing systems, shall simplify governmental science to the comprehension and appreciation of mere observers, until it becomes a popular science, and is conformed to a perfect standard. A thinker, a nation, a civilization, in the problem of its existence, may add no more than a single truth to the power of human knowledge, yet it has not existed in vain. The abstrac-

tionist solves and enunciates these problems. Ages manifest in races certain movements of mind; the world moves to a measured rhythm; the abstractionist catches this cadence, as the sound of distant music. He expresses the vague, undeveloped thought of the people—what the huge, dumb world feels, but cannot speak. Like Daniel, interpreting Belshazzar's dream, he reads alike the mystery and its meaning. The chief merit of the abstractionist lies in this cabalistic skill, in settling the axioms and definitions of politics, and simplifying the properties of government to elementary propositions. He is like the mountain peak first illumined with the morning sun-light. Thus More, in his *Utopia*, recommended religious toleration and milder penal codes, when toleration was thought a heresy, and humanity a weakness. Harrington first introduced the ballot-box—the lever of liberty. The commercial legislation of England was an impoverishing drain, until Adam Smith announced that "all property is wealth," and further developed the great principles of commercial reciprocity.

Political abstraction which offered so rich a harvest to the thinker, is hedged with dangerous consequences. Whilst tempting prizes reward success, error incurs the most terrible penalties. The visionary who once plights himself to fallacy, nevermore knows respite: like the perjured Knight of the Legend, when rejoicing in the silent forgetfulness of renounced folly, the spectre upstarting clasps him in its fleshless arms, and whirls him away to the house of the dead.

The first danger of the political abstractionist, is precipitate generalization. His duty is to say what is law, and not to make laws; he is a commentator, not a legislator. Generalization is a Titanic struggle of mind against the limits of time and space, which are vincibile only by labor. To assume elementary principles, and jump at conclusions, is wrong, and leads to infinite fallacy, but especially to the neglect of new causes, which may subsequently arise. To direct the future, man must not only know its general outline, but its accidents, which constantly change the course of humanity. Among these are individual influences, which the abstractionist neglects, and with two brief formulas, "The force of circumstances" and the "Feebleness of man," obliterates from the scheme of Providence. Yet the human will is the lordliest thing in nature. A man who is a man, in all his godlike strength is too strong for fate, and can arrest it. England and wearied nature clamor for monarchy, but sturdy Cromwell bids them halt—and they obey. Anarchy seizes France, but Napoleon dethrones anarchy, that he may reign. Destiny predicts subjection and dependence for America, but Washington, with

his strong army of thinkers, reverses the oracle. Thus men arise who thwart theory and spoil speculation.

The second source of error, is the effort of the abstractionists to secure too perfect a simplicity and unity of system. He forgets that simplicity in enunciation does not forbid complexity in operation; and cannot comprehend the prerogative of divinity, to express one idea with a thousand forms, to combine numberless sets of means for the accomplishment of one end. The human soul is insatiate of completeness and harmony. The finite thinker painfully elaborates a system, and exultingly exclaims, "This is perfection." But he mistakes the shadow for the substance, as one who gazes in a rippling stream, will see distorted imagery of bank and tree and overarching sky; he mistakes the seashell's mimic music for the ocean's mighty roar. These causes led to a violation of the *unities* of political science. The unities of time, place, and action, are violated, when the theorist forgets, that happiness is the end of government, and adaptiveness of institutions the main agent in securing it—that perfection is an attribute of deity alone—and when he introduces the properties of Paradise upon the earth as a stage, unmindful that celestial light must dazzle mortal eyes, and celestial raiment be too fair for mortal form, that earth-born Semele perished in the terrible embrace of the lightning-mantled Jove.

The third cause which leads astray the abstractionist, is the union of untutored reason and over-wrought imagination. His characteristics are too often a reason, which appreciates a fact, but not its consequences, and an imagination, somnambule, day-dreaming, and rioting in extravagancies. In this unreal light, perception is blinded, and judgment ceases to be a guide. The theorist becomes a fanatic. Brilliancy of expression supersedes just thought; and ingenuity outweighs utility. Hence arises a disregard of consequences, and a tendency to Ultraism. Hence originates the effort to carry out, to their fullest extent, in practice, theories which should pretend only to guide. Hence springs the attempt to secure the immediate adoption of immature plans. Providence, more wise, develops the designs by a slow and gradual process. The husbandman casts abroad the seed in the autumn, and waits for revolving seasons to bring him the harvest; the abstractionist alone demands a sudden return for his labor, and cannot bide the time which will crown his system with success.

The whole character of the abstractionist may be thrown into its strongest lights by a brief contrast with that of a fellow-laborer in the political field. The same depth of thought may belong to each, but the

Statesman must also possess passion and operative energy. The one is a man of meditation, the other a man of action; the one deals with the possible, the other with the existent. The great merit of the former is in the justness and moral sublimity of his thoughts; of the other, in the excellence of his results. The most common fault of the former is in looking at things too little as they are; of the latter in looking at them too little as they ought to be. The abstractionist regards men as pawns on a chess-board; the Statesman as powers in society. While to the former falls the golden meed of future glory among the enlightened few; the latter wins the rich reward of present power, and survives in the souls and imaginations of endless generations.

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## Light.

### I.

MYSTERIOUS essence! Sunborn child!

Unknown companion of the day!

We mortals love to see thee play  
Throughout creation, free and wild.

Yet would we better love to trace  
Thy path, when, leaving far behind  
The thoughts that flow from human mind,  
Thou springest o'er the bounds of space,—

The victor of eternal night,—  
To drive the powers of Darkness back,  
And pierce the drapery of black,  
Which hides them from the angels' sight.

But no; the eye of God alone  
That distant battle-field commands;  
To whom the suns are golden sands  
That sparkle round His chariot-throne.

### II.

And what art thou? A holy veil  
To shade the ghost of Deity,  
Lest darkness-loving man should see  
Essential Light, and manhood fail.

A shroud of glory, and a tomb  
Where lies that "Unapproached Light,"—  
The dwelling of the Infinite,—  
Secreted in sepulchral gloom,

And waits till He in sorrow born  
Shall ope the gates of Paradise,  
And to its own eternal skies  
Call up the resurrection morn.

He is the life, and thou the blood  
That brings the life to every part,  
Of threefold essence one thou art,  
Bright emblem of the triune God.

## III.

Some say thou art an ocean wide,  
And on the fast retreating shore  
The angels hear thy breakers roar,  
While onward rolls thy restless tide.

Thy waves dissolve the star-strewn sky,  
Or melt the one bright orb of day ;  
Then dash to Earth their radiant spray,  
And pour it in a human eye.

Mysterious, all encircling sea !  
How blest is many an islet world  
On which thy thronging waves are hurled,  
To be forever bathed in thee.

O may thy fertilizing power  
That god-like grace of soul impart,  
Which makes a garden of each heart,  
Of every word it breathes, a flower.

## IV.

Some say that floods of glory dart  
In endless course from every star,  
Illuminating worlds afar,  
Else dark and cold ;—that such thou art.

Bright river ! whence thy primal spring !  
What shining orb first gave thee birth,  
And sent on wings of love to Earth  
This fragrance of God's blossoming !

Thy source was one. When He, who died  
That guilty man might ne'er become

The tenant of a hopeless tomb,  
 Had beckoned nearer to his side  
 The feeblest of those shining ones  
 Who sing His praise before the throne,  
 He tore a jewel from his crown,  
 And broke it into countless suns.

## V.

The dazzling glory of the day—  
 The gently twinkling eyes of night—  
 The lily's garb of spotless white—  
 The rose that blushes at thy ray—  
 The night lamp of yon church-yard mist,  
 That dances with its flickering glare  
 About the grave-stone of despair,  
 And frights the ghastly exorcist,—  
 That brightest pledge which God has given  
 Of care for every erring child,  
 The bow in which seven angels smiled,  
 The wedding ring of Earth and Heaven—  
 The radiance of the inner shrine,  
 That gilds the holy cherubim,  
 And shines on those that worship Him  
 Between them shadowed ;—*all are thine.*

## VI.

Excluded from the tainted tomb  
 Are all we love and all we fear ;  
 Even thou ; for naked came we here,  
 And naked seek its lampless gloom.  
 O that thy vivifying breath  
 Might reach th' unconscious, slumbering soul,  
 And break the sullen grave's control,  
 And conquer the destroyer, Death !  
 It shall be done. A power to save  
 Will spring from thy pure Fount above.  
 Its dungeon walls confine not Love,  
 For there is LIGHT beyond the grave.  
 Who wins and wears that wreath of thee  
 Which crowns the expiring martyr's head,  
 Will leave entombed the ages dead,  
 And grasp thine own eternity.

## A Winter Visit to the Catskills.

STROLLING about the streets of Hudson, while waiting for the boat which was to take me to Catskill, one cold December day, I happened to glance down the river, and beheld what at first seemed a high bank of clouds. Something whispered that those were the Catskills. Every fibre thrilled as I gazed again, and *felt* that those huge clouds were indeed the "everlasting hills!"

The sky had that dingy look which it often wears in winter, and I, who had never seen any mountains before, did not think at first that those misty piles in the distance could be mountains. Why, they seemed to reach half way to the zenith! I stood gazing at them for several minutes, wrapt in silent admiration and wonder, until a cold gust from the river warned me to return to the comfortable stove at the hotel.

Those then were the Catskills! The mountain land of imagination—the last strong-hold of the Fairy folk—the enchanted regions where the charming superstitions of earlier years still linger, hid in some shady glen at the foot of protecting mountains, undisturbed by the "sun of the 19th century!" The Catskills, peopled by the genius of an Irving—have they not a hold on the heart and imagination of each American reader? Well, there was an appropriateness in my first supposing them to be clouds, for they are the veritable cloud-land.

As I sat by the fire, memories of Rip Van Winkle and his long sleep, of the funny little men bowling at the foot of the mountain, and of the many wild tales whose scenes are laid among those mysterious hills, passed through my mind, and I felt eager for the morrow to come, when I should be among them. Yes, strange as it may seem at such a season, I was then "en route" for the Catskills. A dear friend of mine was spending a year in the small village of H., which lies embosomed among them. Just before my winter vacation, I had received an urgent invitation to visit him, and had now reached Hudson on my way. I had written an interesting account, dear reader, of my ride to Hudson, especially of the last sixteen miles, which were traveled by the cars, at the rate of eight miles per hour—but want of space compels me to omit it, to your great loss! Towards evening I crossed the river to Catskill, and having ascertained that H. was but twenty miles distant, and that a mail wagon would carry me there, I retired to dream of taking dinner the next day with my friend.

The morning came, clear and bitter cold. After a substantial breakfast, we started. I found that I was the only passenger—fortunately the driver was pleasant and communicative. The roads were good, and the horses in high spirits, and as we rattled out of the town, and flew by the pleasant looking farm-houses, I felt all the exhilaration which rapid motion and the speedy prospect of meeting a dear friend, could give. As we approached the mountains, their appearance changed. They no longer seemed like clouds, but like massive pyramids, piercing far above the clouds, and defying the storm and the lightning. Far up at our right, was the "Mountain House," resting upon an immense crag, and overlooking the river and the far-extended country, like an eagle from his eyrie. Leaving that on the right, and going farther south, we entered a gorge between the mountains, and commenced our ascent. Now toiling up steep hills, hemmed in on either side by gigantic walls which shut out every thing except the strip of blue sky directly overhead—now winding around projecting rocks, or looking down steep precipices, over which every moment it seemed that we must be dashed—now descending a little, only to climb again still higher than before—slowly, very slowly, but surely we kept on our upward way. At times, the road seemed cut through the solid rock; at others, it was built on the trunks of huge trees directly over the edge of precipices, over which it made one giddy to gaze. Far down, at the very foot of the mountain, we saw a little stream which seemed filled with all the waywardness and wantonness which such a wild mountain life must needs give—now leaping down some little precipice, boiling and gurgling and foaming from the fall, it would dash away, tumbling over the stones which fill its bed, and laughing in its mad glee, till the rocks on either side gave back the echo, and the grim wood rang with its cheerful music—further on it flows very demurely at the foot of some high gray rock, or beneath the gaunt branches of old hoary trees, whose tangled roots are laved by its refreshing waters—now resting in the dense shade of overhanging pines, it mirrors the clouds floating across the blue sky above, and seems to be piercing into the mysteries of the heavens. As some frolic girl, who ever surprises by new exhibitions of the exuberance of her sportive nature, with her clear ringing laugh and merry glances falling everywhere, making gladness like the sunlight,—sometimes is seen sobered, showing by the quiet, earnest light dwelling in those deep blue eyes, that a *soul* is living under all this thoughtlessness, and that the spirit which catches and reflects every surrounding object, also mirrors in its depths the blue of heaven! I felt a sympathy with this brook, for it seemed the only liv-

ing thing there. The trees, stripped of their leaves, stood like grim sentinels frozen to death upon the mountain's side—the pines scattered here and there, forming the only contrast to the otherwise pervading gray of rock and tree.

At last, after toiling a long time, we reached the top of a very high hill, from which, winding far back in the distance, we saw the road we had just ascended; on one side, still farther below us than before, the little brook still played around the foot of the mountain, which still towered high above us; for we seemed no nearer its summit than when we began to ascend. Before us, nestled down at its very foot, were clustered three or four houses, to which the driver pointed, saying that there we should stop a while to rest the horses and warm ourselves. What! go down there, when the hills beyond seemed to be even higher than those we had already climbed? Even so, and away we went down the hill, rattling through the little street—thundering over the bridge, and stopping at a little red Dutch tavern. Here, much to my satisfaction, we found a fire, on which the driver piled logs whose bright glow made the little bar-room seem really pleasant and comfortable. But soon I strolled out to see what kind of a place it was; and found it as romantic and picturesque as it could be—at the foot of a very high mountain, with scarcely room for the road between the door and its steep rise, and the little brook on the other side, and mountains all around.

Here appeared one of the most beautiful phenomena I ever witnessed. The trees were cased in ice, the effect of a previous cold rain, and as the sun shone through them, the effect was magical; every twig and bush stood out bright and dazzling; it seemed like exquisite *flagree* work in silver! Often again during the day, I was charmed with the same vision of beauty, as the hills intervened between us and the sun. I was quite vexed to find my free mountain brook here compelled to do the drudgery of a saw-mill; and as it lay above the bridge, dark, and sullen, and still, I could not recognize the clear, laughing stream which had been talking to me all the day, for the charm of freedom was gone! On the other side of the mill, it went leaping and dashing away, shaking itself like a spirited horse when freed from the bit, then sweeping around some large rocks, plunged into the shade, as if it would hide after its disgrace.

We soon commenced toiling up the hill again. Almost every turn exhibited some new feature of wildness and beauty. To me every thing was so strange and startling, that I could do nothing but *look*. The driver seemed to enjoy my evident *greenness* in such scenes, and took great pleasure in pointing out every thing of interest,—often stopping to

let me view at leisure some fine bit of scenery. And then he had his horrid stories to tell at every particularly dangerous place. Here a man fell over, or there a team dashed down the mountain, and fed the crows. And one scene which he had witnessed himself—a loaded team backing over a precipice, and dragging down the driver, who was trying to stop them. As he described it, pointing out the very spot where it happened, I must confess it was rather startling; and when we whirled round some projecting rock, where the road made a sudden turn, and the wheels would slide on the icy path almost to the edge of the hill, I felt somewhat of curiosity to know how the story of our fate would read in the next paper's paragraph of accidents!

High above us we saw occasionally frozen waterfalls pouring over rocks some twenty or thirty feet high. But they had been stayed by the hand of Winter, and now were throwing back the rays of the mid-day sun. Saying how much I should like to see them in summer, with the green leaves contrasting with their foaming waters, I was surprised to learn that they were no waterfalls, but only small springs which would be unnoticed in summer, but which, overflowing, had been gradually frozen, till the ice had so far accumulated as to give the appearance of cascades.

At length we reached the highest part of the road, three thousand feet above the river.

The driver pointed through the gorge to some hills, misty in the distance, and said *that* was Connecticut! After this the road was less romantic and rather descending. About five o'clock we reached the village of H——, stopping at the only tavern, which stood at one end of the little street. I left my valise and rode on to the Post Office to find the whereabouts of my friend. A little street of small houses, separated from a high mountain by a small stream, constituted the village of H——. At the other end of the street from the tavern stood the large buildings of the *tannery*, which was the *nucleus* of the town; near this stood the Post Office, and opposite it was *The House* of the place; half way between tavern and tannery stood the little church. I found my friend employed as foreman in the tannery and living at his uncle's, in *The House*. Receiving a hearty welcome from him for my own sake, and a cordial greeting from the family for his, I began to feel satisfied with myself and the world in general, and as we were all gathered around the table, the cheerful conversation, the smoking tea urn, the blazing fire, and the creature comforts before us, induced a happy state of body and mind. That night we talked many hours, as only heart-friends after a long separation can talk! The next day I was introduced to all the mysteries

of the tannery—the sweat pit, the drying loft, the bark mill, the vats, and the mammoth trip hammers, that all the day long lift their ponderous heads with monotonous regularity ; all were visited, and for the first time, I had a somewhat clear idea of the manner in which flesh is made *sole*.

My friend had one fair cousin, the light of the house, whose presence served to relieve the monotony of an otherwise dreary winter, for there was no society there. Books, too, were not wanting, and I found refinement and education not incompatible with “A home in the woods.” Here, for the first time, was I introduced to that great work, of England’s greatest living poet—“In Memoriam.” And as I listened to the mournful eloquence of his sad story, I felt that poet needed no better interpreter than a true-hearted woman ! And often since, when my spirit has been soothed by the mournful melody of that touching tribute to friendship, my thoughts have gone back to the time when first I heard those words, and sweet remembered tones have thrilled a chord of memory’s lyre.

The next day was Sunday, and in the morning we attended church. A stranger in the Colonel’s pew at that season was of course an object of interest. I tried to support my position with dignity and grace, but for a modest young man like myself to be made the mark for all the eyes of a congregation, was indeed trying.

At the usual time the minister read the hymn. I had just settled myself in my seat to enjoy it comfortably, when I became aware, by the rustling around me, that the congregation were rising ; hastily jumping up I “faced the music” and waited in silent expectation ; ranged in a double row on one side of the gallery were a number of *shock-headed* men ; on the other, were an equal number of the gentler sex ; in the center, armed with an enormous tuning fork, stood the *leader*—he was a singular looking man, tall, gaunt, and with a nose of Brodignagnian proportions. Behind him was the instrumental music, a violin and base viol. Striking the tuning-fork he applied it to his ear ; then holding the wide-extended singing book in the other hand, he commenced. How shall I describe the sound that followed ? Rising far above the gruff bass of the male portion, or the sweet tenor of the ladies, rang the clarion notes of the leader ! Louder and still louder sang the choir, but still high above them all were heard his trumpet tones. What should I do,—I was beginning to suffocate,—laugh I must, but *how, where ?* My first impulse was to make for the door—but that was impossible. I caught the eye of one female, who stood next the leader, gazing intently on me, stretching her skinny mouth to its utmost limit. She fixed her eyes upon

me—I bit my lips till I thought the blood would betray me. Will they *never* stop!—"Still poured the full tide of song!" At this moment I saw one or two younger singers glancing under the edge of their bonnets at the stranger—happy sight! I lost the full sense of the leader's voice and was enabled to restrain myself through the whole seven verses.

The next day my friend took me some miles below to see a singular gorge between the mountains, called the Clove; it seemed as if some giant had rent the hill asunder. A little brook runs through it, and recently a road has been constructed along its bank. On either side the mountain rises perpendicularly to an immense height, so high indeed that—as it was snowing a little—I could scarcely see the summit. Hemlocks and pines line the sides of the mountains; the sun never penetrates some parts of the Clove, and the snow has been found there in mid-summer. I felt a sense of oppression as I stood looking at those mighty walls—they seemed about to crush me! Indeed, though nothing is more exhilarating than to climb lofty mountains, to breathe the pure air, and gaze upon the wide expanding scene, yet I question whether it is well *always* to live among the mountains, or at least at the foot of them. Hemmed in from all the outward world, it would seem that the soul must become narrow and contracted, seeing nothing beyond the slopes and ridges of its own neighborhood—gazing only upon a narrow strip of sky—it knows nothing of the boundless heavens stretching everywhere around us; of the wide-rolling rivers, the far-extended plains, and the mighty, ever-moving, yet changeless Ocean.

Rather would I live upon some of the boundless prairies of our western land, where the eye gazing far in the distance, scarcely distinguishes its earthly home from its hoped for heaven. The waving grass undulates in the breezes, spangled with gay, colored flowers—earth's stars. The shadows of the shifting clouds roam across the plain; the seasons come and go, bringing endless variety; and all *nature* rejoices in the boundless sunshine and the free air. And at night, when the mighty constellations come out in the heavens, sweeping in their eternal circles, naught impedes the gazer's eye,—but he watches the wonderful machinery of the heavens, and listens to the eloquent story of Creation, which the burning stars hymn, moving in their nightly march. How the mind wanders!—from mountain gorges to far-stretching prairies! It snowed violently before we reached home, but once by the cheerful fire-side we cared not for the howling storm. The morning came bright and cold, and brought with it the hour of my departure. It was a sorrowful one for me, for three days had taught me to love all the family, and as I

heard their heartfelt "good bye," and cordial invitation to return again, I felt as if I was leaving *home*. My friend, on bidding me farewell, threw a thick cloak over my shoulders, and though I thought it needless at the time, I had reason to be grateful for his thoughtfulness long before we had crossed the mountains. The ride was a very tedious one; the snow flew so that it was almost impossible to see anything; however, when under some hill it was comparatively calm—the effect was very fine. The snow seemed like a protecting mantle which some kind spirit had cast over the naked mountains; drifted by the wind it assumed most fantastic shapes, now piled high over some projecting rock it hung peering down the chasm below, like the ghost of some miserable suicide condemned to guard the cliff from which he made that last, terrible "leap in the dark!" Falling on every old tree it clung to each branch and twig, and seemed like the soft cheek of youth, pressed close to the wrinkled brow of age. Wreathing the bold foreheads of the bald rocks, resting on the thick hemlocks as if to give better effect to their leaves of glossy green; far down in the valley, high up on the mountain, the snow rested everywhere like the *light*, embracing and beautifying all things.

The stars had come out and the cold grown more intense when we entered Catskill, and the red-hot stove in mine host's bar room was hailed as a friend.

I intended to cross the Hudson in the morning and return home by the cars, but learned that the ice had closed the river so that it was impossible to cross, and also that the last boat of the season for New York would leave that night at ten o'clock. We went then to the dock and waited there in a little bar room till two o'clock, A. M., which was the time the boat finally started.

I felt no inclination to sleep, and going to the furnace room sat by the open window watching the scene. All around us was a vast field of ice, through which the Steamer was striving to force her way. High above us towered the Catskills in their gloomy grandeur; above them the quiet moon looked down upon the scene, while over all was stretched the dark blue of the infinite heaven, through which the stars seemed to burn with intenser glow as the night grew colder.

I could not withdraw my gaze from the mountain wedging the sky with its dark ebon mass, and I sat there leaning upon my hands, gazing at it in silence as the hours flew by.

There it stood—so calm, so still, so majestic!—pointing to the hieroglyphics of the Heavens, reposing in the calm serenity of knowledge, communing with his mighty heart. Careless of the storms which wasted

their fury upon its granite cliffs, or the changes of life, which passing left it *still the same!* While at its feet, the little steamer toiled, and struggled, and contended with her stern foe; battling with all the energies of life, and *forcing* her way through the almost impassable barrier. There was no one near me except the swarthy firemen, who kept piling the fuel into the glowing furnaces. Everything was strange and exciting, the ice crashed under us as at each revolution of the wheels the Steamer dashed against it, till sometimes the whole vessel shook. Sometimes unable to proceed we would go back, and then with new vigor return to the attack; in our wake was a string of Barges heavily loaded. We seemed like a forlorn hope contending with an overwhelming force. The crashing of the ice, the play of the machinery, and the loud commands of the pilot, broke upon the stillness of the night, but yet they came with such monotonous regularity that I ceased to notice them, and continued to gaze at the mountain undisturbed, till the scene sunk deep into my heart, and bore with it impressive lessons. The gray of the early dawn was creeping over the western sky when I went below.

Towards the next evening we reached the *Highlands!*—And as those majestic cliffs came in sight I hailed them with joy, for I had so often heard of them that they seemed like friends. As we came up to those grim walls of stone they seemed to frown at us for our presumption, but as they gradually fell back in the distance they assumed a milder aspect. I went to the stern of the boat and watched them as we passed, changing their hue from gray to dark blue, then growing lighter and lighter, till finally, in the distance, they seemed but clouds. As we proceeded, the bold outline of some near cliff would shut out those that had past, and gradually receding would itself be lost to view. I watched them, half-dreaming, as they glided by us, like the actions of our lives: first, filling all our thoughts, and then gradually slipping, ghost-like, into the past!

L. E. C.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

Is things preëminently notable our last Number reveled. Such a surfeit of Yale news occurs but once in our Editorial life-time, and sorry are we that the glorious chance afforded to veil our sins, by presenting a vast array of College asperants with their names in print, thereby interesting themselves, and their friends, is given only to the first editorial effort of a Class. There is, indeed, but one thing left to the present Number, but who will not read a short notice and catalogue of

### THE YALE NAVY!

To see the boats of our different Classes dressed for a holiday, and manned by crews in neat distinctive uniforms, shooting the bridge at "Riker's," or buffeting the waves off Fort Hale, is as pleasing a sight as any the College affords. Some of the crews go through their exercises with a precision which, to such a decided landsman as ourself, savors almost of the marvelous. True, when one meets the same fellows left by the falling tide on some bar up the river, and striving with their might to get clear, there seems hard labor demanded; but considering the interest manifested by the dwellers at Fair Haven who, on these occasions, invariably congregate on the banks to bellow good advice, and the physical training which must follow, we cannot help considering the labor well repaid. No matter what may be the opinion generally of our delectable Anglo-American, Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, he at least speaks to the point on this subject. In his description of a Cambridge boat race, his statistics of the comparative health in English and American Universities, are anything but flattering to the latter. He proves that the former send out an infinitely better set of broad chests and compact muscles, as well as at least an equal number of scholarly minds. He also proves that the best physical training is not at variance with the best scholarship. He also proves that boating has had perhaps the greatest share in this glorious result. So much for navigation in the abstract. Here you have the Catalogue for 1852.

The Shawmut, eight oars, built at Boston in 1842, now owned in Class of 1853.

*Flags*, for bow, red, with white "S;" for stern, American Ensign.

*Light*, Red.

*Uniform*, red shirts with white facings, with "53" and letter "S" on the breast; Pantaloon white.

R. Waite, *Captain*,  
J. Hamilton, *Mate*,  
J. W. Blachley, *Purser*,  
W. T. Baxter,  
H. R. Bond,  
A. C. Dulles,  
J. S. French,  
R. L. Gibson,  
J. M. Gillespie,  
J. R. Goodrich,  
E. Harland,  
W. L. Hinman,

A. F. Heard,  
T. M. Jack,  
J. A. W. Jones,  
A. E. Kent,  
— Kayr,  
J. McCormick, Jr.,  
J. Olds,  
A. E. Skelding,  
J. G. Thomas,  
J. Warren,  
W. R. Webb,  
R. Young.

The *Excelsior*, six oars, owned in Class of 1853. Built by Brooks, New Haven.

*Flags*, Tricolor, with "E" inscribed, and American Ensign.

*Uniform*, blue shirts, white facings; letter "E" on breast.

*Orew* not reported.

The *Undine*, eight oars, owned in Class of 1853. Built in 1852 by Brooks & Thatcher.

*Flags*, for bow, blue, with "U" inscribed; for stern, American Ensign.

*Lights*, larboard bow, blue; starboard, red.

*Uniform*, white shirts with blue facings, letter "U" and "53" on breast; belt, black; pantaloons, white.

J. Catlin, Jr., *Captain*,

S. W. Knevals,

E. Walden, 1st. *Lieut.*,

T. P. Nicholas,

G. W. Smalley, 2d do.

E. W. Seymour,

B. K. Phelps, *Purser*,

Geo. Shiras,

B. F. Baer,

S. H. Tobey,

D. R. Empson,

C. Townsend,

F. W. Fellows,

T. Weston,

D. A. Goddard,

A. D. White,

W. M. Hudson,

J. M. Whiton.

The *Halcyon*, eight oars, built at Boston in 1850, and purchased of a Cambridge Club by Students in Yale Class of 1854.

*Flags*, at bow, red, with gilt name; at stern, American Ensign.

*Uniform*, blue shirts with "H" on breast and white pantaloons.

F. H. Slade, *Captain*,

J. C. Parsons,

A. H. Stevens, *Lieut.*

W. R. Plunkett,

A. Van Sinderen, *Purser*,

W. S. Potts,

J. S. Barkalow,

G. W. Reily,

J. Brownson,

E. Russell,

T. Egleston,

J. F. Sciler,

W. Gordon,

W. S. Shurtleff,

A. H. Gunn,

J. Sims,

G. D. F. Lord,

L. L. Weld,

W. S. Maples,

C. A. White.

C. Pardee,

The *Atalanta*, six oars, built at New York, 1851, now owned in Class of 1855.

*Uniform*, blue shirts with white facings, and letter "A" on breast.

N. W. Bumstead, *Captain*,

A. B. Fitch,

D. L. Huntington, 1st *Lieut.*,

A. McD. Lyon,

J. A. Granger, 2d *Lieut.*,

W. L. Morris,

G. A. Kittredge, *Purser*,

R. S. Neil,

W. H. L. Barnes, *Clerk*,

A. P. Rockwell,

C. G. Child,

F. A. Seely,

E. Corning,

T. S. Strong,

M. B. Ewing,

W. C. Whittemore,

### Editor's Table.

READER:—The die is cast, the Rubicon must be crossed, another number beautiful Maga. must be sent forth alone into "the wide, wide world." And business now is to write for it a letter of introduction to thyself; who art a part, trust no small part, of that world. We request for it thy protection from assault, and desire that if possible thou wilt give it employment in some place where it can be useful to thee. And, finally, any favors which thou mayest upon it will be gratefully acknowledged by ourself. That is, if we ever be able to acknowledge anything again. For a strange event has happened and we fear for—for Maga.—for ourselves—for all the world and its contents. We are cozily dreaming—on the ides of June—of our pyramidal, monumental and unlike honor, in being in the state of having been chosen to be about to be an Editor, when a sudden and fearful "change came over the spirit of our" But the *moral* of the apparition we have since (in a *waking state*) tried to embody in the following

#### VISION OF CHANGE.

##### I.

The all embracing sea, so calm and deep  
 In blooming summer's sunshine hours of rest,  
 Its rippling waves seem dreaming, as they sleep  
 Subdued, upon her softly throbbing breast;  
 And those whom evening's gentle breath beguiles  
 Look up to Heaven with "many-twinkling amilea."

Roused by the startled storm God's angry cry;  
 Lashed to the strife by Tempest's raging blast,  
 With lightning wreathed, they climb the blackened sky,  
 And roll in foam athwart the boiling waste;  
 While Heaven's artillery, battling high and loud,  
 In thunder echoes from each passing cloud.

##### II.

A pale, cold midnight in a forest glade;  
 Majestic oaks, with solemn stillness crowned,  
 And pendant icicles, whose light is made  
 Of frozen moonbeams, guard it; while around,  
 Clad in her maiden garb of spotless white,  
 Reposes Silence on the breast of Night.

But sleeps in death, as now arrayed for war,  
 The legions of the cloud-king sweep along;  
 The forest giants bend beneath his car,  
 And the forest giants bend beneath his car,

That rolls in wrath their rattling spires among ;—  
 A child of darkness, whose appalling form  
 Broods o'er the Earth, and cries the approaching storm.

## III.

A crowded city, with its bustling mart,  
 Whose wharves are piled with merchandises untold ;  
 Where thoughts of *traffic* rise in every heart,  
 And every eye keeps restless watch for gold.  
 When *mind* is sallow like the miser's cheek,  
 And human souls with yellow lustre reek.

But hark! A breath, as from the voiceless dead,  
 Creeps through each quivering nerve, each shrinking brain ;  
 Unseen the clouds of pestilence o'erspread  
 The busy sea of men ; and e'er again  
 The solemn bell above one coffin tolls,  
 Their floods of death have quenched a thousand souls.

## IV.

Bright Erin ; home of Cupid and the flowers,  
 Sits robed in beauty, on her emerald throne,  
 And plenty smiles amid her moonlight bowers,  
 Whose joyous revelers *wake* grief alone ;  
 While sweetly Day, escaped the world's alarms,  
 Rests, veiled with blushes, in the Sun-god's arms.

For one fleet month mad Merriment holds sway ;  
 Then, sudden as a summer's storm, appearing,  
 Stands stern Starvation staring at his prey,  
 Then, wildly on his death-shod steel careering,  
 Tramples alike the strong, the brave, the fair,  
 And leaves a broken remnant to despair.

## V.

Thus we have seen Old Yale, our Alma Mater,  
 Enthroned beneath her canopy of green ;  
 Her sons endeavoring to accommodate her  
 With Editors of this, our Magazine.  
 When chosen, how with joy they almost wept !  
 And then how gratefully they all accept !

One long, long year has slowly *oozed* away  
 In minutes, seeming days, of thankless toil ;  
 Their last proof-sheet become the printer's prey ;—

And now huge *bills*, from which their hearts recoil,  
 Arise to hail the approaching July Kalends,  
 When they must cast that awkward little *balance*.

## MORAL.

The moral upshot of this wondrous dream  
 Is simply—"All that glitters is not gold;"  
 Or, if you like, "Things are not what they seem."  
 Who trusts fair faces will be often *sold*,  
 For nearly all exteriors are spurious.—  
 But since our printer, who has tried to hurry us,  
 So long, in vain, is growing rather furious,  
 We leave these *new* discoveries with the curious.

Yes, the profits of Maga., like the prophets of the world, are generally veritable children of Humbug! But, *as yet*, these visions belong rather to our predecessors, who have recently been *appointed* members of that *diploma*-tic corps which old Yale annually sends to Court—the world's favor. And now having given a sketch of the editorial dream—which you should regard as a rare gem, since sleeping is a luxury scarcely known to Editors—you will of course expect an account of the Editorial *posture*, usually so prominent in (upon, under, or around) the Table. Well, we are at our post, sitting bolt upright in an uneasy pseudo-rocking chair, which is firm and inflexible as a rock; or as our *chairitable* Puritan ancestors, one of whom was probably its manufacturer. It was once painted red, like a *cherry*; but is now covered with *scratches*, (John Gilpin had but one!) which might be mistaken for the down on a cherub's wing. At any rate, the chair is old, and why should it not be *o-pinion-ated*? 'Although it would *craze us* to sit in it much longer, it is doubtless more comfortable than the golden throne of *Cræsus*. And it requests a *cheering* reminiscence of our childhood, when we saw the picture of a Chinese king, a man of oilcloth skin, catgut nerve, and intense general appearance, seated in its counterpart. Is it not success enough in life for one to be a king's successor, especially if he can *out-shine his Chinese ante-sedent*? A resolution of the Board, passed at their last meeting, has just been presented to the present Editor, who was not present on that interesting occasion.

"*Resolved*, That all puns shall be permanently laid on the Editors' Table, and excluded from the *Editor's* Table."

The vote upon it was as follows:—Yea, our honest Editor, our "Grand, gloomy and peculiar" Editor, and our lazy Editor. Nay, our facetious Editor; who, after having pondered it a long while, said that he could not see the *punctum* of the Resolution. This, it will be observed, was probably owing to some difficulty in the punctuation. The weather is oppressive; *some*, and a friend at our elbow is dreading an oppressive *summer*. We wish we were in a well—but perhaps our condition would be still more *pit-i-able*. Neptune, shake thy dripping locks over us, until Hecate's cold serene smile take the place of Apollo's withering glance! We are off to the Harbor.

—The world is full of improper applications; in fact, of improprieties in every thing. "Absence of mind" is a prevalent trait, from the subscriber who reads the magazine and forgets to pay for it, to the Editor who lights his cigar with a proof-sheet, and sends rejected articles to the printer. But of all perversions of things from their original purpose, the worst is that of which we have been accused. A glance at our title will remind you that this is an Editor's table. Now we, i. e. the Editors of *Maga.* for many years past, are said to have abused this title, and "turned the tables" from their prime object, which was to serve as a support for the several courses of thought, with which its readers may be entertained. For it has frequently been used to spread before the public a "feast of reason and flow of soul" actually amounting to intellectual dissipation. If this charge be well founded, you cannot think it strange that, in attempting to proceed to business, we find ourselves in a great *dessert*—or rather dearth, of contributions, correspondents, &c. They are few, and generally useless. College seems blind to its duty of supporting us in our laudable efforts for *Maga.*'s prosperity. Month after month we cry, "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!" and month after month the echo—forever fallen—comes back to us. But we must stop preaching. Our thanks are due each of the few who have permitted their warm hearts to thaw the icy bonds of custom, and have written for us.

To the author of "A Winter Visit to the Catskills." We shall be glad to hear from him again.

To the author of "Lines to Marie Antoinette"—which, like flogging in the navy, are under consideration.

To the author of "A smile;" which, however, is hardly bright enough to be very attractive. Try again, with more spirit, and more self-reliance.

To the author of the "Biennial" verses—whether intended as an epic, a war-song, or a tragedy, we know not. Your versification differs from your puns, in being original; and your hand-writing from both, in being tolerably good. You are confined.

We call your attention, dear readers, to our last page—the "Notice to Contributors." One object in establishing this premium was, to fill the pages of the magazine with articles worthy of its Alma Mater. We trust that you will each and all make a great effort, and send us contributions, which will, at least, be useful. Success to you all.

Don't omit to read the Clark and Townsend prize pieces in this number. They will all amply repay perusal.

The ninth and last number of this volume will be issued as soon as possible—before Commencement. Communications intended for it must be sent in immediately.

#### EXCHANGES.

We have received the April number of the "Stylus," published at Bethany College, Virginia—the April, May and June numbers of the "Randolph Macon Magazine"—the June number of the "North Carolina University Magazine"—the "Nassau Literary" for June—and the "Knickerbocker" for May, June and July.

ir thanks are due to the Hon. James Brooks, of New York, for a copy of his  
ch in the House of Representatives, on the 15th ult.

e are also indebted to Robert E. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, the Publish-  
for the first number of "The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Amer-  
." It contains portraits of General and Mrs. Washington; the former taken  
an original by Colonel Trumbull, belonging to Yale College.

The Genius of Youth;" (previously abundant with the Editorial board;) "The  
cal Review," and "Norton's Literary Gazette," have also been received.

me fellow, who never had mind enough to go mad himself, has sent us a Re-  
of the Officers of the Retreat for the Insane, at Hartford, Conn. ! But per-  
he was right. If we continue to be hurried as we have been for a week or  
we will inquire more particularly about this "Retreat."

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE PREMIUM FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION, established in 1850, and placed at the disposal of the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, is again open for competition. It is a gold medal, of the value of twenty-five dollars, to be awarded for the best prose article, not exceeding eight pages of the Magazine in length, and written by an undergraduate of this College, that shall be offered for publication on or before the fifth Wednesday of the first term of the collegiate year. There shall be no restriction as to subject, any farther than the known character of the Magazine requires. The essays sent in for competition must be signed with assumed names, and accompanied with sealed letters containing the true names of the authors; which, except in the case of the successful competitor, shall be returned to the Post Office unopened, and inscribed with the assumed names. The prize shall be adjudged by an examining committee, to consist, always, of the chairman of the board of Editors, and two resident graduates appointed by the Editors. Should none of the essays be deemed worthy of the prize, the Editors shall have the power to withhold it, for the time being.

GEORGE A. JOHNSON,  
*Chairman of the Board of Editors.*

July 16th, 1852.

VOL. XVII.

No. IX.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mea cetera mori, nomen indeque Yalem  
Cantant Rosales, amicumque Patres."

AUGUST, 1852.

NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY A. H. HATHY.

PRINTED BY T. C. STAFFORD.

SPENCER.

## CONTENTS.

|                                              |     |
|----------------------------------------------|-----|
| Our Confessional,                            | 129 |
| Song of the Sailor,                          | 130 |
| TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS:                       |     |
| The Moral Element in True Greatness,         | 132 |
| The Political Influence of Towns and Cities, | 133 |
| "Perit,"                                     | 134 |
| Rainy Days in College,                       | 135 |
| Translation of Andersen's Ode "To the Rose," | 136 |
| The Deacon's Plunge,                         | 137 |
| The Household of Sir Thomas More,            | 138 |
| MEMORABILLIA YALENSIA:                       |     |
| Alumni Obituary,                             | 139 |
| EDITOR'S TABLE,                              | 140 |
| Notice to Contributors,                      | 141 |

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XVII.

AUGUST, 1852.

No. IX.

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Our Confessional.

COME into the confessional, dear reader, and shrive us. We have no strong-armed, stout-fisted leader for you to-day, and you must play the priest, and absolve us. If, after hearing our recital, you can demand argumentative or logical articles in July, why, we will cry, "Peccavimus." But come into the confessional.

Imprimis. We confess to a delight in trifles. We love the little things that fill up the interstices between the great objects which attract the world's attention. We do not like our mind to be taken up by massive pillars, or crowded with heavy folios, either of Divinity, Law, or Medicine. It is the weakness of our mental digestion, that makes us reject the strong meats that distend the stomachs of the numerous intellectual Polyphemuses. We like the nick-nacks, the delicacies, the entre-mets of the great feast spread before us all. We infinitely prefer to stand outside the arena, and look at the combat, while more active minds raise the dust within. We like to find out little corners in the old houses that our fathers have built for us, to explore the old passages, and pull over the rubbish that years have accumulated. We don't like the confusion of building, nor the stiffness of the new furniture. Our steps in the library tend to the shelves where repose the old (or the new) authors who have used their pen in joyous yet instructive gayety, instead of exhausting themselves, and astounding others by great wind-mill blows and Quixotic attacks on some hypothetical castle. We love to linger with Jacques in the wood of Arden, picking wisdom from the fool's conceits. Hamlet is almost beyond our depth. The purpose of Richard III, is too wily, the cunning of Iago too guileful to interest us. We like our vil-

lany in smaller doses. Commend us to no greater rogue than Autolycus. The larger potion rather nauseates than works healthily in the system. We cannot aspire to metaphysics. Our poor wit is too shallow to contain admiration for the incomprehensible. One of Elia's quaintnesses is more alluring to us than a volume of Kant, and we prefer a single page of rare old Ben to a canto of the unreadable, unapproachable, mystically sublime Shelley.

Not that we object to dreaming. We cannot deny the soft impeachment of being ourself a dreamer. We must e'en admit, sub rosa, the having whilom feloniously sequestered and devoured a mince pie, before retiring, to titillate our slumbers with these airy visitants. That was in our childhood. We have grown wiser, we hope. We prefer day-dreaming, now. Reveries we particularly affect. There is a charm for us in lying under a tree in a pleasant June afternoon, watching the blue smoke as it curls from the end of our cigar. It is pleasant to let our fancy shape the clouds into figures strange and wild, as they drift through the little scrap of blue sky that the interlacing boughs have spared us. It is vastly more agreeable to while away the evening with a pleasant companion, chatting of little things, recalling old passages of some favorite author, and turning one another's attention to this or that quaint trifle in the present or the past, than to spend it in mastering some abstruse science, or exploring the hidden principles of some vast organization.

We have no particular devotion to Science. We had rather weave our own pleasing fancies and half conceived theories, the more charming to us from their very absurdity, than discourse learnedly of parallax and penumbra, or argue closely upon formations, strata or eclipses. These are useful things, we admit, but they do not interest us. Had we been Sir Isaac Newton, we should have munched the apple, and counted the seeds. We might even have thrown the paring over our head, to see the first letter of our lady-love's name, (though we know that already,) but the law of gravitation would never have struck us, or, if it had, we might have dismissed it as something not worth the thinking on.

We aspire to no great political knowledge. We have very vague ideas on the subject of a tariff, and had supposed till recently that sherry cobblers came under the head of Internal Improvements. We are conservative in our tastes. Change is no improvement, except in the signification of the trades-people. Novelty has no great charms for us, except it be in literature.

But we must mention our dislikes, for like a good Catholic, we will make a clean breast of it.

Our antipathies we can rarely account for. There are various people who "rasp against our nature," without having any one characteristic to which we can point as the offending. We dislike pretension. Nothing is more ludicrous than attemptings for an American aristocracy. It bears the mark of the mint on it altogether too freshly. Vulgarly is not improved by gilding. We have no worshipful affection for a rich fool. There is a quotation of some old author, dashing through our brain, dodging into all the corners, eluding every attempt to capture it, to the effect that "Pride is a high horse, that carries us safely over dirty places, but Vanity is a stumbling jade, that leaves us in the mire." So we think. Pompous charity is more disgusting than avowed selfishness. Sounding legacies, magnificent bequests, argue to our mind no self-sacrificing benevolence. The gift is easy of that for which we have no further occasion. We dislike bigotry and moroseness equally, and think no better of a raven because his coat is black. Hypocrisy—but soft, whispers Prudence—your antipathies may offend. The random shaft strikes often unexpectedly, and it may return to the archer. So, a truce to the shrift. And if the arrow has pierced your jerkin, my master, why, wear motley, like ourself. It's an excellent buckler.

P.

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### Song of the Sailor.

OH give to me the bounding sea,  
 And a good ship tight and trim,  
 A bold, brave crew of sailors true  
 And o'er the waves we'll skim.  
 Torrents may pour, the tempest roar,  
 The stout mast bend to the gale,  
 The sailor's heart will never start,  
 Nor in the fierce storm quail.  
 The winds may sweep o'er the mighty deep,  
 And the waves run mountain high,  
 Like panting steeds the swifter speeds  
 Our bark till the blast goes by.  
 Then hoist the sail to the softened gale,  
 And away with our lightsome craft,  
 The broad blue sea for a home seek we,  
 And the shore leave far abaft.

On every strand of every land  
Shall our roving footsteps be,  
And our beaked prow the waters plow,  
Till our sails dot every sea.  
From the balmy isles, where Nature smiles  
With one eternal Spring,  
Where the Zephyr breeze of southern seas  
Is ever loitering.  
To the blasts that roll from the Arctic pole,  
O'er a drear and frozen main ;  
Where the grim white bear from his ice-ribbed lair,  
Looks down o'er a sunless plain ;  
From the flashing east, with its gorgeous feast  
Of splendor and of wealth,  
Where the palm-trees grow by the Ganges' flow,  
And the crystal pearl in stealth  
Beneath the waves, in coral caves,  
Is sparkling all unseen ;  
Where the diamond shines in priceless mines,  
Where Bengal's fields are green ;  
To the far off west, where the snowy crest  
Of the broad Pacific's surge  
With ceaseless roar beats on the shore  
Of Utah's farthest verge.  
Where through the strait of the Golden Gate,  
The Sacramento's tide,  
The precious sand of its shining strand  
Is sowing far and wide.  
Or anon we plow our beaked prow,  
A stout and merry crew,  
Till the cliffs of Spain that guard the main  
Break forth upon our view.  
By the frowning fort and the busy port,  
By the vine-clad hills of France,  
By the classic shores where the Tiber pours  
His yellow floods, we glance ;  
Where Ætna shrouds in the misty clouds  
Her dim volcanic fires,  
And with a frown looks grimly down  
On Naples' fairy spires ;  
Where the forests lave the Aegean wave,  
As they did in days of yore,  
When Homer sang with a seraph tongue  
On Ohio's rocky shore ;

To the Golden Horn, where the ruddy morn  
 On mosque and minaret  
 You may behold, like a seal of gold,  
 Her royal signet set;  
 Where the crescent floats o'er the battled moats  
 That guard the inland sea,  
 And the Russian's way to his eastern prey  
 Cuts off like a magic key.  
 Or anon we glide by the giant side  
 Of some old and hoary pile,  
 Which huge and strong hath guarded long  
 The Portals of the Nile.  
 Thus glide we o'er from shore to shore  
 Each broad and billowy sea,  
 No heart so light, no hopes so bright  
 As the sailor's are to me;  
 And when at last, life's voyage past,  
 We reef our mortal sails,  
 Then may we reach that glorious beach  
 Where blow no stormy gales.  
 And when we die then may we lie  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 Where the sea we love, still rolls above  
 Its chant to our wakeless sleep.

L. D. B.

## TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

### *The Moral Element in True Greatness.*

BY DANIEL C. GILMAN, NEW YORK CITY.

any reasons it is hard to tell precisely what true Greatness is. It is always relative, generally indefinite, often misunderstood, and wantonly perverted. Mathematically speaking, it is a variable the value of which is determined in any particular case, by the terms with which it is connected.

Applied to human character, it has a meaning more obscure, uncertain, than when applied to any portion of the world of material things. Studying minerals, for example, you find an acknowledged scale, to which, by calling diamonds ten, sapphires nine, the topaz

eight, and so on down to two and one, you can determine the proportional hardness of every stone, and state its numerical rank. But it is not so with men. You have here no definite starting point. You can neither decide upon the rotten stone, from which to work up, nor find the diamond from which to work down; and if you should arrange a scale to suit your own ideas, and try to give men ranks accordingly, your neighbor will attack your premises, or leave them in disgust.

External circumstances, the age, the country, the station in which men happen to be placed, have often exalted the worthless, and kept out of sight the great. Men have received titles and homage from the world, much more for what they have seemed than for what they have done; and more for what they have done than for what they have been. It is not more trite than true, that circumstances alter cases. But it is wrong to judge of men from their external circumstances alone. Gulliver is a man at home, a giant at Lilliput, and a dwarf at Brobdingnag. A candle set upon a candlestick giveth light to all the house, but hid beneath a bushel, is not known to be on fire.

But while these facts should make us cautious as to the grounds on which we draw distinctions between the little and the great, they need not deter us from believing that some men would be great under any circumstances. Greatness is no chimera. There are those who, in any age or clime, would show themselves superior. Crush them, and with elastic force, back they will spring to their natural forms. All must admit that there have lived men, lofty in thoughts, eloquent in words, and noble in works, who well deserve the homage of mankind.

Moreover, however much a disappointed man may sneer at the folly of wishing to be great, and may picture to the young the constant cares and dread responsibilities which rob the lives of great men of their pleasure; however much the moralist may question whether ambition be a virtue or a vice,—there lurks in many a young man's heart a feeling, acquired by no precept, imbibed from no book, but rising spontaneously within his breast, "It is my duty to be great." It attends him like a faithful Mentor, whispering in his ear by night, dreams of his future eminence, and in the morning inciting him to renewed and earnest action.

It is as natural for mind as for matter to expand. The acorn is not more true to nature, as it bursts its shell, spreading into the oak; our bodies, as they silently and constantly expand, are not more true to the physical laws of their being, than are our immortal spirits, when of their own determination, they advance from strength to strength, ever longing to be greater.

Alas! many a man, fired with ambition, itself commendable, has from misguided judgment, ruined himself, and injured all over whom he has had an influence. Instead of becoming a great and well developed man, he has distorted himself into a hideous monster.

Difficult though it be, it is therefore well to analyze the idea of Greatness, to try to ascertain its elements, that we may be able to produce that which is true, and to detect the false. Let us then turn our minds into a sort of laboratory, and there examine the characters of great men, applying to them the tests of Judgment, Memory and Reason, and endeavoring to discover what has caused their eminence.

But first we must ask, who are the great, from whom we are to derive our abstract idea of greatness?

Ask the world,—and it will tell you *those are great who have done great things*. Examine history,—and see that the world has almost uniformly bestowed its honors, though not always its rewards, upon such grounds as these. Some great event, some important discovery, some brilliant course of conduct, enrolls the author among great men. The truth is, the world loves to have an idol, and it seldom stops to make a discriminating choice. Now it will sing, "Mighty is Baal!" and now it cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and it cares but little whether it calls Alexander, or Peter, or Louis, the Great.

I object to the principle that they alone are great who have done great things; but even admitting it to be true, the importance of the Moral element is scarcely any less. Men shrink from admitting the fact. They had rather give the credit of success to any other element. They will convince themselves that they can be great without the aid of their moral natures. They set to work to accomplish this end, and if they exercise their moral powers, as they surely will, it is no thanks to them. If they succeed in actually becoming great, it is because their work was right, although their reasoning was wrong.

One man relies on Birth. Birth, he thinks, gives all a rank, and classifies the Great, from Sovereigns down to Squires. It in his view correctly makes a man My Lord, a Gracious Duke, a Royal Highness, and even a Most Excellent Majesty. He deems himself a Noble Man. Usage, Society, and the Law, acknowledge him as such. His father was noble before him, his son will be after him. Relying thus on pedigree, he thinks that he is great, and that none equal him but those of equal birth.

But is this greatness? Does this make a man perform great actions? Does this incite his will? Does this confer perpetual glory on his name? If so, then let our books of Heraldry be Bibles, and let Nobles be our

Saints. No! more than birth is needed. Rank may assist, it cannot originate action. There must be a moral element in character which will provoke action, and enable man to devote his social rank, whatever that may be, to some specific end.

Another adores the Greatness of Wealth. He measures greatness by pounds sterling. He has heard of Croesus, and all that he accomplished. He has seen the distinction of a Rothschild and an Astor. He has learned to fawn on Dives, and to tread on Lazarus.

But does mere wealth constitute greatness? Then it is easy to rank each man numerically, and say precisely what his greatness is. Now you can arrange mankind according to a definite scale, and state their precise values. Put Croesus at the top of your list, as the greatest man the world has ever seen, and place Diogenes, the hungry tenant of a tub, among the very lowest. Let misers die no more, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," but sound their praises, as the great of earth. Let an author who prints his own works, who binds them in Turkey, and gives them away, be ranked as great; and let Milton, Bunyan, and Shakspeare, poor men, who had to sell their writings for a pittance, be never mentioned more. Bid thieves and robbers persevere, for theirs is a noble calling; they are toiling to be great!

Another thinks that in official station, the main element of greatness lies. *Videri quam esse*, is emblazoned on his arms. To be first in position, he thinks is to be greatest in fact. He would rather sit in state upon Mt. Blanc, than be the Atlas who supports the world. Not only so, but he must be called Supreme, as well as hold the highest post. He must not only rule, but reign. Napoleon, for example, dissatisfied as consul with the highest power, demands the title of Emperor. Statesmen in our land have not been content with directing the government, but envy the presidential chair.

But will mere station make us great? Then was George the Third, a monarch of inferior talents, a greater man than Burke or Chatham; and Louis XV, in his licentious palace, was superior to Newton, in his quiet study. Avaunt! such sentiments!

"Pygmies are Pygmies still, though perched on Alps,  
And Pyramids are Pyramids, in vales."

Mere station will not make us do great things. There must be something to direct official influence, or it will make us more notorious, though not a whit the greater.

Another places greatness in the intellect; and as he takes a nobler ground than those who honor merely birth, wealth, and official station, his

statements are more plausible, and therefore more generally believed. Without intellect, he thinks that everything else is useless; with intellect, everything is valuable. He forgets that many great deeds have been done by men of small minds, and that intellect is no more the cause of important action, than stores of gold, long lines of ancestry, or pages of official titles. Compared with wealth, birth, and station, which are mere instruments, intellect may be a massive engine; but all need alike the application of a force to make them efficient. That force is moral character. Why have not all scholars done great actions? Why is not Germany more famous for its men of might, than any other land? Why do the vulgar, so fond of paying homage to the great, despise the university? Why are theorists condemned, when the world wants action? Because, if the intellect alone is cultivated, the man is unfit for work. His memory may be stored with all the dates of history, he may have mastered fifty languages, he may have thought out a wonderful system of philosophy, and yet not do, nor even be able to do a single great action. What is genius, learning, or education, without a moral character to give it point and force? Why has so many a genius been drowned in the wine cup? Why have so many been impaired by vice, or ruined by sloth? Because morality alone gives force to native talents, or high cultivation.

But we may regard our subject in a higher light. The true idea of greatness lies *not so much in what men do, as in what they are*. What they do, depends, after all, too much upon external circumstances. What they are, depends much more upon themselves. The most insignificant may be placed where they will affect the world. "Give me a place to stand," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world." Give anybody the right external circumstances, and his efficiency is much increased. A grain of sand will turn a delicate balance. One spark will burst a magazine. Not only can little men thus do great things, but great men often have no chance to show their power. Bring out great men, place them in emergencies, and they will display their strength. Steam was as strong a force before the days of Watt, as it is at the present moment. Niagara, though it turns less factory wheels than many a rivulet, has not less power; nor is it now more mighty than it was before its roar had been heard, or its cataract seen by any human being.

Let this suffice to show that we must scrutinize men's characters for evidence that they are great. We must look at the man, at all which makes him what he is, at that which is inherent in his nature. If char-

acter is great, the man is great, and so he will appear in every country, at every age, and among all classes of society.

Truly then, Morality is essential to greatness, aye, like the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is its most important element, pervading and vivifying all the others. Our moral natures are essential portions of our human characters. They are not superadded to our intellectual powers. There is no ridding ourselves of their existence. No man ever lived without a moral responsibility. Indeed, it is what distinguishes us from brutes, so that without developing his moral traits, a man would develop only portions of his character. He might as well boast of having a great body, because he had a swollen limb, as to boast of being a great man, when his intellectual traits had been trained to excess, and his moral traits neglected.

It is easy to illustrate the assertion that the Moral element is essential to true greatness, by a reference to the nature of Him, who of all beings is the greatest. But it is enough to allude to his character, for all recognize in Him the full development of moral greatness.

So, too, the great men of the Bible, held up for our example, all show this moral element of greatness, not independent of intellectual strength, but superior to it. Joseph, Moses, David, Paul, and a score of others could be named, whose moral characters raised them above all adverse circumstances. But why need we name them? One has appeared, who, considered merely as a man, aside from his divine authority, has done the most, has exerted the widest influence, and has been the greatest of any who have lived.

But what were the elements of his greatness? Was it his wealth? He had not where to lay his head. Was it his birth? He was the son of a carpenter, and was cradled in a manger. Was it official station? He was despised and rejected of men. Was it mere intellect? His followers were fishermen. It was his moral force, which was the secret of his power.

We may find another illustration of the importance of the moral element in greatness, from the methods which are pursued by epic poets. Seeking to gain for their heroes the admiration of their readers, they display to them those only who are distinguished for virtuous action, and noble feeling. None others would command our interest.

Moreover, the moral element in greatness is that which is held out for the young to imitate. It is the lives of the good, and the good traits in the lives of the great, which are brought before them as examples. If Napoleon is honored, it is not for divorcing his wife, nor for loving car-

nage, but for decision, energy and perseverance. Your reading book for children does not contain the lives of Judas, Nero, and Arnold, but of Socrates, Luther, and Washington.

Such facts all indicate that whether greatness consists in doing great things, or whether it lies in the noble development of human nature,—it has a moral element which commends itself to the sober judgment and permanent admiration of all the human race; and that without morality, there is neither a stimulus to action, nor a full display of the powers with which we are created.

This element is equally essential to the greatness of the individual, the nation, and the family of man. Cull out from the descendants of Adam those whom an intelligent, impartial jury will consider great, and tell me, is it not so? Is Felix, on the throne, a greater man than Paul, arraigned in chains? He trembled, when Paul reasoned. Is Leo X, the Pope of Rome, the Holy Father, the self-proclaimed Vicegerent of the Deity, the greatest of his age? An unknown monk is soon to shake the Pontiff's chair, and spread dismay through all the Vatican. Charles II, with good reason, thought he was the greatest of his time, hailed as he was upon the Restoration, with such adulation as never man before received. Noble titles were showered upon him, but a noble moral character he never possessed. Licentious in private life, tyrannical in government, and venal in diplomacy, his honors seemed in inverse relation to his excellence. But who now calls him great? The most zealous tory, fired with hatred at the objects of Cromwell's aim, must admit that the Lord Protector was far the greater man, for he had within a moral principle, which, with all the faults that are charged upon him, made him eminent beyond any height to which Charles, with all his titles, wealth and homage, had ever thought of reaching.

The same moral elements of character have inspired reformers—strengthened martyrs—emboldened generals. They have advanced whole nations of men, elevating them far above contemporary nations in honor, influence, and power. They exert an influence strong and decided on the civilization of our race, and are hastening the day when wars and fightings shall cease, and vice and immorality be gone.

But let us take our thoughts one step beyond. There is another world, to which we all look forward, but if we would reach that happy place, we are assured that it is this moral element alone of character, that is there recognized. Let the world here give its honors as it will, we there shall find that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called, but only those who have been great and good.

## The Political Influence of Towns and Cities.

BY JAMES HARRISON DWIGHT, CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.

ALL political organizations derive their existence primarily from towns or cities ; and their permanence depends in a great measure upon the same.

In the nebular hypothesis of La Place, it is supposed that the first step towards the development of the Universe, from the indefinite expansion of its gaseous elements, was a condensation of matter around first one, and then many central, attracting points. Whether this theory be the true solution of the first processes of physical creation, or not, it well illustrates, *mutatis mutandis*, the commencement of all social institutions among men. Every individual of our race is a particle among the elements of society. So long as these remain in a state of indefinite expansion, no organization of any kind can take place. But introduce an attracting force, which shall determine them towards a nucleus of concentration, and Society at once appears—a tangible reality. Give to this nucleus its ordinary name, and the import of our proposition, with its truth, will be evident.

The old patriarchal institution, and the still ruder bands of nomadic and predatory savages, who, under chieftains of various names, now desolate some portions of our globe, are exceptions. But their instability and insignificance assign to them a grade far below all other political associations with which, in strictness, they must be generically classed. As experiments, however, they are much to the point, in giving weight to the importance which we have attached to towns.

But however great the importance of towns and cities, in giving birth to political associations, their own subsequent influence is in turn greatly modified by the form of government created. And these modifications account, in a great measure, for the wide disparity of influence which is discovered by comparing cities of different ages of history, and of different parts of the world.

To facilitate an enquiry into the nature of this disparity, I shall distinguish all forms of government into two classes. The first may comprise all the absolutely despotic, leaving to the second all those into which enters, to any extent, the constitutional or democratic element. The contrast between these two classes is in nothing more apparent than in the respective influences of their cities.

The best exhibitions of the legitimate workings of the former class,

were afforded in the earlier ages of the world, when despotism predominated, though a few specimens yet remain, wielding a fearful power over millions

An acute philosophical writer of the day, in speaking of the "ancient civilizations," says, "In their political life, (we see) absolute monarchy, the entire organization of which is only the earthly image of the great Celestial Court, of the Sun and his retinue, and of which the Chief—representative of the Deity himself—is clothed with an unlimited power like him, and like him, pronounces irrevocable decrees." \* \* \* "India and China, fossil remains of that ancient Orient which perished under the blows of the Greek, subsist as if to represent down to the present moment the antique civilization of the first ages."\* It is then to the Babylons and Ninevehs of the ancients that we must look for the most perfect types of cities under despotic rule, rather than to any that now exist, with the exception perhaps of those immense assemblages that are found in Eastern Asia.

In general, the tendency of absolute monarchies is to give great prominence to their cities, stimulating an unhealthy overgrowth, until they become magnificent inflations, fatally deficient in solid strength. The reasons are evident. Imperial cities—the abodes of royalty—must be embellished with all the refinements of art. Palaces, imposing without, and gorgeous within, will be reared. Temples for worship, and hanging gardens for pleasure, embodying man's highest conceptions of architectural grandeur, will mingle with other structures, public and private, all studiously designed to please the eye of royalty. Walls for defense are not forgotten, and these must be so massive, that royal vanity may find self-gratification in riding over their summits with a full retinue of chariots. Add to this the fascination of court ceremonial; the scarlet, the purple and the gold, that mingle in the apparel of the king's household; and the pageant that ever accompanies his person, as he moves in state through the prostrate ranks of his servile subjects; and we have a sum of attractions of great power: peculiarly so upon the minds of a semi-babbarous people, whose susceptibility to all that glitters has often been noticed. All eyes will center on the splendid pile, even from the most distant provinces. To get a glimpse of the sceptre that sways so much grandeur, will become the earnest desire of many a peasant; to live within sight of imperial magnificence, his beau-ideal of a happy life.

In harmony with these attractions, ambition and avarice will urge to

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\* "Earth and Man," p. 305.—Prof. Guyot.

the same centre every heart that cherishes their fires. The monarch's smile is rank, and his nod is gold to the lucky favorite. Hence the avenues to preferment and to wealth lie near the throne, and thither will many go.

But this is not all. The administration of the laws in despotic countries (and the existence of a form at least of justice, is essential to the integrity of any governmental system) is usually far more equitable under the immediate oversight of the supreme legislator, than at any considerable distance from him. To secure the same strictness of justice in the provinces as at the Capitol, would require honest viceroys, and armies proportionate to the extent of territory; but the former are rarely to be found, and the latter are often more needed in the purposes of self-defense or of conquest, which are too apt to absorb the royal mind. History tells many sad tales of provincial insecurity and disorder, even in the most powerful Empires. Ministers of justice have been prone to turn oppressors, when removed from the eyes of their masters; and outlaws, less legally commissioned, but with no more brutality, have combined to drain an impotent peasantry of their hard-earned substance; while Envy and Revenge have wrought many bloody deeds with equal impunity.

Surely to beings thus circumstanced, the quiet city, though subject to the immediate control of an arbitrary despot, is a preferable alternative.

With these powerful impulses to centralization in view, no one need wonder at the vast size to which the cities of ancient Empires attained in situations which, at the present day, would hardly command a single settler. When they were at once great theatres of display, arenas for the strifes of ambition, and citadels for the weak, no one can wonder at their preëminent importance in barbarous ages, when history indeed is only a history of cities.

Nor can any one wonder that these cities should have so speedily decayed, and so completely as not to leave even a hamlet behind to preserve their names. It was to have been expected. For with the overthrow of the Central government by foreign invasion or otherwise, the multitudes of an imperial city are left aimless, and must soon disperse to seek elsewhere the gratification of their desires. When the bubble bursts, the particles that form its gaudy film are scattered to the winds, and nothing remains of the beautiful sphere. Thus the decay of Babylon was rapid the moment it was degraded to the rank of a provincial town; and not many centuries had passed 'ere the cries of wild-beasts were heard within walls that had once echoed to the bacchanals of kings.

Some, in whose distorted visions the whole past is invested with a halo

of glory, are disposed to mourn that with the era of pure despotisms that of such wonderful cities has also passed by. They certainly were piles of more grandeur than will probably ever grace the world again, and the magnificence of oriental pageantry will live only in legends and romances. But if the world is never again to see such displays of wealth and power, let us hope that with them are forever banished those dark deeds of oppression, which, though invariable concomitants of the former, have had but little place in annals or song.

We turn with pleasure from the cities of Despotism, to those of a far different class.

A single limitation imposed by the nation governed upon the authority of their rulers, and legally sanctioned, creates a wide chasm between them and any pure despotism.

As an avowal of that liberty which is man's birthright, it gives to the individual a self-reliant manliness, to the nation a higher tone of feeling, modifying materially all the relations of its component parts.

It is through these modifications that we are to trace the political influence of towns and cities.

Naturally, we look for the best types of cities under this, our second class, to the nation which has most nearly approached the ideal of a perfect popular government. An estimate of the influence of these will leave us better prepared to pursue similar inquiries in reference to those of other systems more monarchical in form and in spirit.

Our Republic is rich in cities of sizes by no means insignificant. Sixty-two with populations of ten thousand and upwards, are scattered through the Union. These all strongly contrast with the cities of Despotism in that they are centres of commercial and manufacturing business, rather than of political action. Our government, in which the self-constituent unit of despotism is replaced by a multiplicity of chosen office-bearers, and the prodigal display of a court, by a studied simplicity, affords in itself no centre of attraction. The presence of its executive officers gives no special prominence to any city. The Federal Capital, instead of being the first is only the fifteenth city of the nation in respect to size. The connection then of our cities with the government is of trivial moment, and their direct political influence small.

Nor are our cities in any sense places of refuge from oppression. The sovereign power that commissions the ministers of justice is many-eyed, and the searching glance of every freeman is quick to detect the least approach to oppression. The great fact of individual responsibility, on

the part of every citizen, in the affairs of government recognized among us, is a perpetual check upon maladministration of every kind.

But while our cities have little importance as political centres, their indirect influence on the politics of the country is vast. Moral, and not physical strength is the main element of power in our land, and of this our cities possess much.

As on the sea-beach stone wears upon stone until all are rounded into pebbles ; so in the city, mind, in continual attrition with mind, must noticeably change. The intimate association of large masses of men which occurs in cities creates a corresponding contrast between the city resident and the rustic, in character and opinion. The former gains more practical knowledge of human nature in a day than the latter can in a year's theorizing over his plow. In all that concerns the nature of man as a social being he has a decided advantage. His whole life is a series of compromises with his fellow-men ; and his skill in the adjustment of conflicting rights is proportionally sharpened. The same may be said of his acuteness in calculating the *consequences* of *action*—that great distinction between man and brute, and the same quality that places one statesman above another. These being the elements of judicious and effective political action, the city resident acquires a political sagacity unknown to others.

Moreover, the circumstances of his life tend to give him more firmness of character, and to diminish his liability to hasty action. The extremes of joy and of wo—those mainsprings of human action—meet him at every turn, till he is hardened to their influence. The farce and the tragedy are enacted together in the drama of his every-day life. The bridal chariot and the hearse roll together through the streets. Passing by, he may yield for a glance under the impulse of curiosity. Envy and dread may steal momentarily into his mind, but speedily his thoughts hurry back to the business of the hour, and the altar and the grave are forgotten amid the perplexities of the counting-room. Thus is his sensibility deadened, and he becomes the less impulsive, and the more capable of calm reflection.

Thus qualified to form correct political opinions, he only needs some means of inculcating them upon the country at large ; and this he accomplishes in two ways. Personal intercourse, either by public or private address, is one, and when backed by an acknowledgement of his superiority, it becomes highly effective. The rustic is continually reminded by his own consciousness, if not otherwise, of a great inferiority

refined and learned friend of the city, and thus he is better pre-  
to adopt the opinions of the latter.

there is another instrument of far greater power in propagating  
politan opinions. It is the Press. This mighty engine, whose free-  
and whose power are the theme of every one's patriotic pride, is a  
politan monopoly. Who may measure the influence of the mill-  
of sheets, stamped with thoughts of life and words of fire, that it  
s like daily food to hungry minds? With this for his sceptre, the  
sident in our land bears a prouder, a nobler sway over millions,  
lid ever an oriental despot.

importance then of cities in a free land, as *schools of politics*, and  
*tres of political opinion*, is incalculable. To attempt to compare  
with such as are only centres of despotic power, would be like  
ring the intellect of man by a brute's intelligence.

main principles which regulate the respective influence of cities  
Despotism and Democracy are now before us. With these ex-  
well understood it is not difficult to calculate the varieties of in-  
a under the intermediate Forms of Government.

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following lines, written some twenty years ago, fell into my hands by acci-
e other day. They have never been published, to my knowledge, and I send
o you to dispose of them as you please. L.

"Periit."

Soon came the Summer hour,
With all its blooming pride,—
Then sprang full many a flower
Along the shining tide.
Ah! then decay was nearest,
When all was brightly gay,
For joys the best, the dearest—
And first to flee away.

For autumn's day of sorrow
Came sadly moaning on,
And on that darkened morrow
We looked the flowers were gone;
All gone the buds we cherished
When youth and love were new,
And e'en the storm had perished
On which the blossoms grew.

Rainy Days in College.

Do you know the perfection of all cheerlessness here in College! Perhaps you will be troubled to make a judicious selection from the great bundle of similarities. If it is not a real rainy day we are mistaken.

Think of a rainy morning! The bell half through ringing before you wake from a dream of pleasant hours, or smiles, or home. The incessant dash of many drops against the window-panes; a damp, cold chill pervading the atmosphere. Dampness is on every thing. Even the water seems to leave an uncommonly humid sensation, as you dash it hastily upon your face to arrive at a state of tolerable wakefulness.

Then there is a peculiarly uncomfortable damp feeling in ones' clothing, even to the old overcoat which has hung out of the reach of moisture for a month or two. So much for the pleasure of rising. Now for a plunge. The bell is in the second stage of a real funeral toll. The short, leaden sounds, come heavily through the rain in upon your ears. The quick vibrations which it emits, seem only to shake the rain-drops down more rapidly. You do not pause to locate your umbrella in the proper direction. You have no time to pick your steps daintily up the street and quietly saunter into Chapel. No! One vigorous plunge. A deluge of rain at once removes all recollection of any *moist* feeling, and imparts a decided impression that you are *wet*. Long strides Chapelward. You are going on from wet to wetter. No matter for that. What is a cold, a cough, the hectic flush, perhaps a fever, perhaps tears, and mourning, to an absence mark, when you have already seven, eleven, or nineteen. One may bring your friends in haste, anxiety, kindness, may be sorrow, to your bedside. The other will besure to cloud their smiles and will bring a stern rebuke from those whom you may desire to please. Well, haste has brought you to the Chapel. Bustle in quickly or you are late! Oh! the comfort of sitting down to drip on a nice, soft, board seat. But you all know that, Prayers fall like the rain-drops upon the cold earth, unfelt into many hearts. God grant that with a warm sun they may yet germinate many virtues.

You dodge from Chapel to the recitation room. The spice of variety is there. The room is a little colder than usual—perhaps a trifle damper. What six penny rushes—what 'complacent fizzles—what unmitigated flunks are reserved for rainy mornings? The Tutor tries to be brisk. The students don't care. The room is cheerless. Hearts are cheerless. Faces seem to have vowed an eternal enmity to smiles. It is a rainy morning.

The last "*sufficient*"—the next lesson—the request for some luckless fellow to remain—the final bow are the only circumstances which seem to elicit anything like a manifestation of joy. Beat a retreat to your room before breakfast. Cold, uninviting, damp as ever. The rain patters a little harder. The wind has freshened a trifle. It may be colder. There is no cheerfulness at the breakfast table. Cold coffee—cold buckwheats—a general coldness. The man who can keep up an equilibrium of spirits on a rainy morning has indeed a good disposition. Now for the day's toil. There is no real vigorous study to-day. A good fire does not warm up your spirits. There is no exercising out of doors. A glance into the street is quite sufficient to quench any such unnatural desire. The gutters are in their glory—a perfect holiday for them. People go by shrouded under overcoats and umbrellas, and with their thick boots they splash heavily and ill-natured along. One poor hack, shut up closely, with its black form glistening in the rain, a wet driver and a span of disconsolate looking horses, creeps slowly through the street. So in alternate trying and failing to study, and gazing vacantly into the rain without, the day passes. You cannot smile if you would. There is nobody to return a pleasant look. The countenances of your best friends are cheerless as the sky above, and their smiles are like to-day's sunbeams—latent in the thick cloud that sweeps unceasingly along and incessantly drops its moist treasures around you.

Oh! the delight of Evening Prayers, on a rainy day. There are as many umbrellas as there are individuals, and what drippings! How pleasant to the touch a cold, wet umbrella! Anacondas are toys to them. There is a clamminess about them which reminds one of something indescribably wet and terribly uncomfortable to the touch. Then how good natured everybody is. Did you ever have a beaver new—nearly new or old even—crushed beneath the weight of its superincumbent responsibilities, and do you know the particular graciousness with which all owners are wont to regard the operation? Perhaps you do—perhaps not. I own a beaver which was ten times a victim to the stupidity of my neighbor in Chapel. I cured him of his habit by victimizing his poor, innocent *chapeau* on the eleventh occasion. Each one of these accidents occurred on rainy evenings.

Now comes the best part of a rainy day—its exit. A smoking cup of Hyson superinduces a state of semi-cheerfulness, in which the truth that rainy days do not (or at least not usually) last always, is vividly and hopefully impressed upon the mind. A lesson is droned through early. A nice, generous fellow, who knows your rainy day humor, comes in to

waste a good Havanna and an hour with you. That man would be a martyr, only he wants the opportunity to consummate the natural promptings of his heart. The evening wears away. Your friend takes his leave. The storm is lulling. The wind has an empty, fitful sound, as if wasting strength. The rain patters more gently. Old Morpheus comes sailing down upon you on his great linen pinions, and his very jolly bolster-like phiz stares you in the face. You sleep to dream pleasantly, and wake to the joy of a fresh, clear, cloudless sky, and genial sunbeams, or to the unexpressed and inexpressible misery of a second rainy day in College. G.

Translation of Anacreon's Ode "To the Rose."

"ΕΙΣ ΡΟΔΟΝ."

Now the tender rose I sing
Of the garland wearing Spring,
Comrades, it is meet for thee
Now to sing the rose with me;
This the breath of Gods above,
Object this of mortals' love,—
This the Graces' chief delight,
And a toy of Aphrodite,
When with many-blushing flowers
Cupid rules the golden hours.
This in song the poets care,
Graceful plant of Muses fair,
Pleasant as the sunlight falls,
Joy of feasts and banquet halls.
What misfortune would it be
If, sweet rose, deprived of thee!
Rosy fingered, Goddess-born,
Brings Aurora back the morn,
Rosy armed the Nymphs invite
Rosy-colored Aphrodite.
These the names the bard bestows,
Giving honor to the rose.
Graceful to those suffering ill,
Pleasant in the sick-room still,—
This defends the dead from harm,
This can lead to life a charm;
Breathing even in decay
Fragrance of its early day.

J. K. L.

The Deacon's Plunge.

THE sun went quietly down behind the old New England hills. A few withered remnants of the varied, autumnal foliage gleamed in his departing rays. The sky was clear, and golden with the peculiar and beautiful tinge of Autumn. The few, fleeting clouds, which had during the day glided across the deep blue sky, had swept away into the now dusky east. The cool, west wind had died away, and upon Nature fell the calm of approaching night. Then the moon came climbing up from the east, looking upon earth and men with her quiet gaze, all unconscious that the little, modest stars were martyrs to her soft refulgence.

What New England country-boy does not know that an autumnal night, with its clear, frosty atmosphere and bright moonsheen, is the most unequivocally glorious time for sport or sleep? Let women and poetasters waste their extasies over Spring, with its birds and flowers, but for comfort, for fun and real enjoyment give me autumn, with its fruits and golden, rustling grain, its sunny days and moonlight nights. At any rate it was a chilly, November evening, and we were bound to have sport. Our party numbered two jovial country-boys, my classmate P., a young city millionaire whose wine and cigars were as good as they were plentiful, and warranted epicure-proof, and last and not least, myself. We were all careful to retire early, and to make the fact that we were quietly and soundly sleeping in conscious innocence as public as possible, for we were regarded with suspicious eyes, and the general impression existed that if we were not engaged in mischief, it was from no lack of inclination; and besides the morality of our expedition would certainly find many incorrigible doubters among the goodly country-people. For my own part I was careful to retire with a younger brother who was the most perfectly imperturbable sleeper since the days of old Rip Van Winkle, and to impress upon the urchin's mind the fact that I was sleeping by his side. By ten o'clock every eye in the village was closed, and I quietly left the old paternal farm house, silvered in the moonshine, and hastened to the appointed rendezvous, which was a small amphitheatre, surrounded by precipitous, wooded hills, at some distance from the village, and so secluded as to secure us against all fear of observation or assault.

In the goodly village of Q., which was the scene of our present sketch, Dea. Pip lived, and now lives, if he is not dead. Dea. Peter Pip was a deacon of the old style, and though a graceless man, in one point of

view, his position would seem to warrant the opinion that in the better qualities of the heart, he was by no means deficient. Nature had evidently sought to mortify her own pride, in designing such a pattern of humanity. Mrs. Pip was the deacon's wife, and was her husband's better part in every respect. Connoisseurs said she was even homelier than the deacon. At any rate, she was very ugly. Not plain! By no means! To have said that would have been *rather* complimentary. In short, so niggardly had Nature been in bestowing personal charms upon the venerable dame, that no one had ever been so utterly gross as to tell the deacon that his lady was beautiful, or lovely, or very pretty, or pretty, or handsome, or rather good looking, or even tolerable. It is really consoling to know that there are some falsehoods so notoriously and unequivocally untrue, that no one can be found wicked enough to utter them. Here was one. If Dea. Pip had not been a very thoughtless, as well as a good man, he might sometime in his life have entertained a very rational doubt in regard to the humanity of her countenance. If he had not been a very ugly man himself, he might have reproached her for her defects. So it was well that the deacon was good, and ignorant, and withal ugly. Now, although Mrs. Pip had all these personal defects, she had still one charming quality. She was the most skillful poulterer in the whole region. From morning till night, year in and year out, Dea. Pip's premises rang with the loud and joyous notes of almost countless barnyard domestics. The good dame's heart was ever rejoiced with an exhaustless hoard of eggs, and the discriminating tradesmen at the market-town hailed the advent of Dame Pip's chickens with epicurean glee. It was therefore accorded, by universal acclamation, that samples of the deacon's poultry must be obtained. Who knew, forsooth, that we might not sometime have occasion to purchase such family necessities, and what is like experience in such matters? It is enough for our readers to know that the lord of that yard, together with two plump maidens, who but yesterday had scratched the earth in all the pride and beauty of youth, were noiselessly plucked, by the strong hand of violence, down from the roost, and hastily removed from these earthly scenes of corn and grub-worms. A blazing fire greeted the return of the adventures. The earth was soon covered with the downy vesture of our victims. The spits were industriously and carefully twirled. A rude table was spread upon the earth. All night long we feasted upon the spoils, toyed with the sparkling glass, or patronized a box of good old Havanas. Then toasts went round, to night and beauty, moonshine and love; to the past, the present, and the golden future, and last, but not

least, we drained our cups to the venerable Dea. Pip—"to him length of days, and his fill of joy." "Stolen fruit," says the proverb, "is sweet," and that night it was well verified.

The morning breeze shook the seared leaves with a gentle tremor. The east was reddening with the approaching day. The moon in the west was growing paler. Then, with a parting song, and three loud cheers, which shook the old hills, and echoed far away in the surrounding forests, our little party broke up, and each beat a careful retreat homeward. The cock sent forth his cheering notes far and wide, welcoming the morn with his shrill voice. The faithful milkmaid was tripping forth to her early task, when I stole noiselessly up to my bed, and laid down for a morning nap.

Dame Pip was an early riser, nor was her careful ear slow to detect the absence of the noble lord of her barnyard troupe. Much to her surprise and sorrow—much to the deacon's unhallowed ire, it was found, upon examination, that the glory of the roost had departed. Some broken palings and strange footprints showed at once to the deacon and his dame, that dark deeds had been consummated. Such exploits were by no means common in the quiet village of Q. The deacon was not a slow man to spread news, so, before noon, on the next day, there was not a crone, or tell tale old maid in the whole town who had not already wasted a vast store of horror and sorrow over this unparalleled manifestation of depravity on the part of the "youngsters." What added not a little to our comfort, and perhaps somewhat to our indignation, was the fact that, in conspicuous places on all the highways and byways in the village, were posted large handbills, through which the subscriber, (Dea. Pip,) offered a reward of twenty-five dollars for the detection of us, poor innocents, whom he stigmatized as thieves, rogues, juvenile villains, &c. Such slander was intolerable. There was more fun in prospect. We had taken such precautions that, though the deacon had been diligent in his inquiries, we were sure that we were beyond detection, if not free from suspicion. So we felt bold. The deacon spent the most of that day, with hammer and nails in hand, strengthening by every expedient, the ramifications of his roost. He also publicly announced that he should procure a large dog to welcome the thieves on their next visit, and that they would find him, musket in hand, if they attempted any similar depredations in future. This latter threat produced no fear, for the deacon was half blind, was known to be peculiarly nervous about fire-arms, and was withal too generous to indulge in any such pastime. But he seemed inclined to fulfill the latter threat at the very earliest opportunity.

It was therefore indispensably necessary that we should hasten to execute our plan.

The beautiful night and morning of which we have already spoken, was succeeded by one of those calm, quiet days, which in our climate so frequently herald an approaching tempest, and are for this reason designated by the homely and truthful, though perhaps somewhat equivocal appellation of "weather-breeders." As the day drew near its close, the light, hazy clouds, which had in the earlier hours shot up their misty, scarcely perceptible points across the zenith, grew heavier and denser, and as evening closed in, the sky was enveloped in a thick vesture of clouds, and, though the moon was nearly full, the darkness was quite unusual. Fresh puffs, too, came stronger and stronger from the stormy N. E., and the peculiar and chilly temperature of the atmosphere seemed to portend that the first snow storm of the season was close at hand. The night could not have been more favorable to our design.

Tom C., one of the confederates, was the son of a wealthy farmer, who would not have missed a dozen chickens from among the multitude who inhabited his broad acres. Tom was in our plot, and volunteered to furnish the requisites. Accordingly, a venerable chanticleer, of gigantic size, whose vocal powers had frequently excited Tom's admiration, was selected as the fittest of its kind, to answer our purposes, and was carefully deposited under a barrel, in an accessible position.

It was eleven o'clock. The village was quiet. A strong breeze swept through the neighboring pines, and sent forth to our ears that mournful, dirge like sound, which so often precedes a snow storm. Here and there a snow flake came through the darkness, and fell with its soft, feathery touch upon our faces. It was time for the curtain to rise. Tom understood the method of eliciting the most unearthly screams from his victim. He was, moreover, the fleetest of the company, which was a qualification not to be neglected by us. He was therefore selected as the chief actor in the coming tragedy. As the old bell from the church tower tolled out the hour of eleven, there went up from the premises of Dea. Pip, such agonizing notes as were never heard before. Poor chanticleer seemed to understand the nature of his mission, and to strive to please his masters. Not many moments elapsed before the door of the deacon's domicile was hastily opened, and a ghost-like figure, enveloped in a long, white, flowing robe, emerged, and rushed toward the spot where Tom had hitherto been standing. Loud exclamations were heard, and the chase began. What was toil for the deacon, was mere play for Tom, who was as fleet as a deer. Away went the pursuer and the pursued.

Directly in front of the deacon's mansion stretched a narrow patch of meadow land, through which ran in every direction a multitude of deep ditches, which had from time to time been excavated. Beyond this lay a range of upland covered with a thick growth of young forest trees. In the edge of this wood lay concealed the remainder of our party. The land had previously been carefully examined, and Tom knew every inch of it. So did the deacon, but his zeal in the chase made him forgetful. Directly across their path (perhaps by some mischievous design—perhaps not) lay the broadest, deepest, and filthiest ditch in the whole bog.

In a neighboring cornfield we had often noticed a man of straw, which had withstood the buffets of the elements during the whole season, and was still in a tolerable state of preservation. The "Scarecrow" was carefully removed and suspended upon a stake which was set in the very centre of the ditch. To this point Tom directed his course. He had intentionally flagged that he might inspire the deacon in the chase.—One long leap has carried the pursued in safety across the slimy abyss. Close upon him is the pursuer. Louis's leap is unobserved——. Now the deacon is in his glory. His victim has halted. The thief is in his power—the rascal. One final strong effort and thou hast him, Sir deacon! Then there was a closing of brawny arms—a half uttered, "Now I've got——" smothered into a kind of groan, a heavy plunge—a cry for help, and a loud, long, triumphant shout from Tom and his comrades. Now there was a bold clustering near the ditch, a wild, hearty laugh as the deacon clambered up from his slimy bath and took his way homeward. We could almost hear his teeth chatter with cold, as his now sable form receded in the darkness.

The next day the odious handbills were all removed. The deacon never alluded to his adventure, but in some mysterious way it was noised abroad, and the deacon's plunge was the subject for many a joke, and many a laugh went round at his expense, when the knowing ones at Q. were gathered in the village tap-room or by the cheerful winter's fireside.

The Household of Sir Thomas More.*

WE have often wondered that there have not been more imitators among our modern authors of the delightful simplicity of the older English style. We have plenty of writers, great writers, too, but the principal object of modern authors has seemed the expression of ideas rather than those ideas themselves. We think because we must write, instead of writing because we have thoughts. Simplicity of style has become almost a chimera, and what we do have under that name, seems rather the studied carelessness of the belle's morning negligé than the unaffectedness of pure nature.

There was a very false idea on the subject of gardening, prevalent some years ago, now happily obsolete, which showed a most ill-judged mania for unnatural nature. Everything must be distorted into an artificial simplicity. The quiet brook, babbling through the fields, was forced by pipes to the top of a carefully irregular mound, and must there burst into a fountain from a pile of rocks, and lose itself in a fish-pond. The pleasant grove, which had grown up in some sequestered corner of the rich parvenu's grounds must be felled and its place filled by gigantic forest trees which were to form a ludicrous imitation of the "forest primeval." All the wonders of nature, from every latitude and clime, were sometimes to be found in the small space of a few acres, exhibiting an affinity more singular than that which unites the "Happy Family," and a combination more wonderful than that remarkable "*natural* curiosity," the Fejee mermaid.

This seems the kind of nature too often attempted by modern authors. They are prone also to mistake eccentricity for simplicity, baldness for plainness. Under these circumstances, it is refreshing because it is so rare to find a book so charmingly natural as the one before us. The author, whoever he may be, has sustained his rôle most admirably. The book is just what the gentle Margareta would have written, if she did not.

The book is a sort of diary of events transpiring in the household of Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor of Henry the Eighth, after the fall of Wolsey. He resigned his office rather than consent to the plans of the King, with regard to his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and soon after lost his head for refusing the oath of supremacy. With the character of the man, we are all acquainted. In private life he was exceedingly affection-

*The Household of Sir Thomas More. Libellus a Margareta More. Quindecim annos nata, Chelseiae inceptus. Scribner, 1852.

ate, enjoying to the utmost the pleasures of a cheerful home and contented spirit, enlivened by wit and "decent mirth." In his public capacity he was strict and inflexible in the administration of justice and firm in the discharge of his duty. The blandishments of a King could not gain his consent to what he conceived to be a crime, and the terrors of the scaffold could not loosen his adherence to his faith. He entered upon public life with reluctance and quitted it with joy. His death was marked by the most exemplary Christian courage and fortitude.

We are at a loss in making extracts from this charming book what to omit rather than what to select. We hope, however, that what our limits will allow us to insert may induce some to read the whole book, for they cannot fail to derive both pleasure and profit from its perusal.

She thus accounts for the commencement of her undertaking: "On asking Mr. Gunnel (who appears to have been the tutor of the family,) to what use I should put this fair libellus; he did suggest my making it a kind of family register, wherein to note y^e more important of our domestic passages, whether of joy or grief. My father's journies and absences, the visits of learned men, their notable sayings, &c. 'You are smart at the pen, mistress Margaret,' he was pleased to say; and I would humbly advise your journalling in y^e same fearless manner in the which you framed that letter which soe well pleased the Bishop of Exeter, that he sent you a Portugal piece. 'Twill be well to write it in English, which 'tis expedient for you not altogether to neglect even for the more honourable Latin.' Methinks I am close upon womanhood. 'Humbly advise' quotha! to me, who have so often humbly sued for his pardon and sometimes in vain! 'Tis well to make trial of Gonellus, his 'humble' advice. Albeit our dayly course is so methodicall, that 'twill afford scant subject for y^e pen. Vitam continet una dies."

The diary commences with an account of the visit of Erasmus at her father's house, his conversation, &c., which we cannot divide nor admit the whole. With Erasmus, however, came her future husband. She thus describes their meeting:

"Soe soon as I had kissed their hands and obtayned their blessings, the tall lad stepped forth, and who y^d he be but William Roper, returned from my father's errand over seas! He hath grown hugelie and looks mannish; but his manners are worsened insteade of bettered by forayn travels; for insteade of his old franknesse, he hung upon hand till father bade him come forward; and then, as he went his rounds, kissing one after another, stopt short when he came to me, twice made as though he would have saluted me, and then held back, making me look soe

stupid, that I c^d have boxed his ears for his payns. Specialie as father burst out a-laughing and cried, 'The third time's lucky.' Gentle Margaret! not perceiving, in her maiden innocence, the tokens of that love which was soon to command her heart! Again, "Will Roper hath brought mother a pretty little forayn animal called a marmot, but she said she had noe time for such-like playthings, and bade him give it to his little wife. Methinks, I being nearesixteen, and he close upon twenty, we are too old for those childish names now, nor am I much flattered at a present not intended for me; however, I shall be kind to the little creature, and, perhaps, grow fond of it, as 'tis both harmless and diverting."

She meets William in the nuttury. "I cannot help smiling, whenever I think of my rencounter with William this morning. Mr. Gunnell had sent me Homer's tiresome list of ships; all because of y^e excessive heate within doors, I took my book into y^e nuttury, to be beyonde y^e wrath of far-darting Phœbus Apollo, where I clomb into my favorite filbert seat. Anon comes William through y^e trees without seeing me; and seats himself at the foot of my filbert; then, out with his tablets, and, in a posture I s^d have called studied, had he known anie one within sight, falls a poetizing, I question not. Having noe mind to be interrupted, I let him be, thinking he w^d soon exhaust y^e vein; but a caterpillar dropping from y^e leaves on to my page, I was fayn, for mirthe sake, to shake it down on his tablets. As ill luck w^d have it, however, y^e little reptile onlie fell among his curls; which soe took me at vantage, that I could not help hastilie crying, 'I beg your pardon.' 'Twas worth a world to see his start! 'What,' cries he, looking up, 'are these indeede Hamadryads?' and would have gallanted a little but I bade him hold down his head, while that with a twig, I switched off y^e caterpillar. Neither could forbear laughing; and then he sued me to step downe; but I was minded to abide where I was. Howbeit, after a minute's pause, he sayd in a grave, kind tone, 'Come little wife;' and taking mine arm steadilie in his hand, I lost my balance and was fayn to come down whether or noe. We walked for some time juxta fluvium; and he talked not badlie of his travels, inasmuch as I found there was really more in him than one w^d think."

She is exceedingly mortified at a mistake by which Mr. Gunnell gets a sight of her "libellus." This accident causes the following resolution. "Hum! I have a mind never to write another word. That will be punishing myselfe, though, instead of Gunnell. And he bade me not take it to heart like y^e late Bishop of Durham, to whom a like accident befel, which soe annoyed him, that he died of chagrin. I will never

again, howbeit, write anie thing savouring ever soe little of leritie or absurditie. The saints keepe me to it! And to know it from my exercise book, I will henceforth bind a blue ribbon round it. Furthermore, I will knit y^e sayd ribbon in soe close a knot, that it shall be worth no one's else payns to pick it out. Lastlie, and for entire securitie, I will carry the same in my pouch, which will hold bigger matters than this!"

Her father's conversation, in which he proposes she should marry Will Roper, and her objections, very faint, you may be sure, her argument with Will on the subject of religion, (Will having been somewhat shaken in his popish faith,) we must omit. But the result is inevitable and we must give her account of it.

"Soe my fate is settled. Who knoweth at sunrise what will chance before sunsett? No; the Greeks and Romans mighte speake of chance and of fate, but we must not. Ruth's hap was to light on y^e field of Boaz; but what she thought casual, y^e Lord had contrived. First, he gives me y^e marmot. Then, y^e marmot dies. Then, I, having kept y^e creature soe long and being naturalie tender, must cry a little over it. Then Will must come in and find me drying my eyes. Then he must, most unreasonable, suppose that I c^d not have loved the poor animal for its own sake soe much as for his; and, thereupon, falls a love-making in such down-righte earnest, that I, being alreadie somewhat upsett, and knowing 'twould please father, and hating to be perverse.....and thinking much better of Will since he hath studied soe hard, and given so largely to y^e poor,—and left off broaching his heteroclite opinions.....I say, supposed it must be soe some time or another, soe 'twas no use hanging back forever and ever, soe now there's an end, and I pray God gives us a quiet life. No one w^d suppose me reckoning on a quiet life, if they knew how I've cried all this forenoon, ever since I got quit of Will, by father's carrying him off to Westminster. He'll tell father, I know, as they go along in the barge, or else coming back; which will be soon enow, though I've taken no heed of the hour. I wish 'twere cold weather, and that I had a sore throat or stiff neck, or somewhat that might send me reasonable to bed, and keep me there till to-morrow morning. But I'm quite well and it's the dog-days, and cook is thumping the rolling-pin on the dresser, and dinner is being served, and here comes father."

But we must pass from the happy scenes to the time when the clouds begin to come. Her father resigns his office.

"He hath resigned the Great Seal! And none of us knew e'en of his meditating it, nor of his having done soe, till after morning prayers to-day, when, insteade of one of his gentlemen stepping up to my moth-

er in her pew with the words, 'Madam, my Lord is gone,' he cometh up to her himself, with a smile on's face, and saythe, low bowing as he spoke, 'Madam, my Lord is gone.' She takes it for one of the many jests whereof she misses the point; and 'tis not till we are out of Church, in y^e open air, that she fully comprehends my Lord Chancellor is indeed gone, and she hath onlie her Sir Thomas More."

But we must hasten to the end. Misfortunes thicken, yet amid them all, her noble father preserves the same cheerful calm that gladdened his happier days. His name is in the bill of attainder. It disturbs him not, and he manifests no undue gladness when it is struck out. But his refusal to take the oath which would abjure his faith, seals his fate. He is arrested one morning while breakfasting, but succeeds in concealing it from his family until evening. Then all is despair, and the past joy is followed by a chilling desolation. Poverty begins to threaten them and all is gloomy. Margaret visits her father in prison. He is accused of misprision of treason. About the same time her child dies. "He's gone, my pretty !.....slipt through my fingers like a bird ! uplifted to his own native skies, and yet when as I think on him I cannot choose but weep.....Such a guileless little lamb !.....My Billy-bird ! his mother's owne heart. They are all wondrous kind to me....."

"Spring's come, that brings rejuvenescence to the land, and joy to the heart, but it brings none to us, for where hope dieth, joy dieth. But patience, soul; God's yet in the aumry !"

Her father is arraigned and condemned. As he is led back to the Tower after the sentence, she bursts through the guards and embraces him, receives his last commands and bids him farewell. He is executed.

"Alle's over now.....they've done their worst and yet I live. There were women coulede stand aneath y^e cross. The Maccabees' mother.....yes, my soul, yes; I know. Naught but unpardoned sin.....The chariot of Israel."

She determines to obtain her father's head, exposed according to custom upon London Bridge. With the assistance of a "poor faithful fool" she effects her plan by stealth. The book closes with the following passage, which must conclude our already too extended notice.

"Flow on, bright, shining Thames. A good, brave man hath walked aforetime on your margent, himself as bright, and useful, and delightful, as be you, sweet river. And like you, he never murmured; like you, he upbore the weary, and gave drink to the thirsty, and reflected heaven in his face. I'll not swell your full current with any more fruitless tears. There's a river whose streams make glad the city of our God.

He now rests beside it. Good Christian folks, as they hereafter pass this spot, upborne on thy gentle tide, will, may be, point this way, and say—'There dwelt Sir Thomas More.' But whether they do or not, vox populi is a very inconsiderable matter, for the majority are evil, and '*the people* sayd let him be crucified!' Who would live on their breath? They hailed St. Paul as Jupiter, and then stoned him and cast him out of the city, supposing him to be dead. Their favorite of to-day, may, for what they care, goe hang himself to-morrow in his surcingle. Thus it must be while the world lasts; and the very racks and scrues, wherewith they aim to overcome the nobler spiritt, onlie test and reveal its power of exaltation above the heaviest gloom of circumstance."

INTERFECISTIS, INTERFECISTIS HOMINEM OMNIUM ANGLORUM OPTIMUM.

P.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

THE engrossing topics at present are the exercises of Commencement week. A list of these is given below, although rather late for the use of the future tense.

Commencement occurs this year on Thursday, 29th inst. On Tuesday preceding, the *Concio ad Clerum* will be preached by REV. BENJAMIN S. J. PAGE, of Bridgeport; subject, "*Truth in its relation to the promotion of Holiness.*"

On Wednesday, the *Phi Beta Kappa Society* will hold a meeting for business at 8 A. M., and will assemble in the evening to hear an oration from E. P. WHIPPLE, Esq., of Boston, and a poem from REV. JOHN PIERPONT, of Medford, Mass.

The *general meeting of the Alumni* will be held at 10 A. M., in the tent in front of the Library.

In the afternoon, the Literary Societies of the College will hold their anniversary meetings in their respective halls.

There will be no public exercises this year of the Theological or Law Department.

The exercises of the Graduating Class commence on Thursday, at 9 o'clock A. M. The music will be furnished by Dodworth's Band.

We hear that a new catalogue of the officers and members of the *Phi Beta Kappa Society* (the Alpha of Connecticut) will be issued soon after Commencement. In this edition the obituary dates of deceased members will be noted, so far as ascertained, and an Alphabetical Index will be appended.

ALUMNI OBITUARY.

We subjoin a list of the deceased Alumni during the past Collegiate year. We shall see that death is doing its accustomed work. The patriarchs of the institution are dropping into the grave full of years and of honors. Ten of this number graduated previous to the Commencement of the present century.

SUMMARY OF THE OBITUARY OF ALUMNI OF YALE,

Deceased during the Academical year 1851-2

<i>Class.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>	<i>Date of Death.</i>	<i>Age.</i>
1780	Rev. Samuel Nott,	Franklin, Ct.,	May 26, 1852.	98
1782	Hon. Samuel Woodruff,	Granby, Ct.,	November, 1850.	90
1784	Rev. Saul Fowler,	Southwick, Mo.,	April 20, 1852.	82
1787	Rev. Enos Bliss,	Lorrain, N. Y.,	April, 1852.	86
1790	Ammi Rogers,	Milton, N. Y.,	April 10, 1852.	82
1793	David Phelps,	Hancock, N. Y.,	Sept. 20, 1851.	88
"	Rev. Ichabod L. Skinner,	Brooklyn, N. Y.,	January 29, 1852.	84
1796	Charles Bostwick,	Bridgeport, Ct.,	March 1, 1852.	76
"	Rev. Henry Davis,	Clinton, N. Y.,	March, 1852.	80
1799	Rev. Moses Stuart,	Andover, Mass.,	January 4, 1852.	72
1804	Rev. Christopher E. Gadsden,	Charleston, S. C.,	June 24, 1852.	68
"	Hon. David Plant,	Stratford, Ct.	October 18, 1851.	68
1805	Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet,	Hartford, Ct.	Sept. 9, 1851.	68
1806	Hon. Ebenezer Young,	West Killingly, Ct.	August 18, 1851.	68
1808	Dr. Timothy J. Gridley,	Amherst, Mass.,	March 10, 1852.	65
1812	Daniel Noyes,	Andover, Mass.,	April 8, 1852.	60
"	Hon. Isaac T. Preston,	New Orleans, La.,	July 5, 1852.	59
"	Rev. Ward Stafford,	Bloomfield, N. J.,	March 26, 1851.	68
1813	Josiah Spaulding, Esq.,	St. Louis, Mo.,	April 14, 1852.	69
1815	Hon. George Winchester,	Natchez, Miss.,	February, 1851.	59
1818	Hon. Frederick Whittlesey,	Rochester, N. Y.,	Sept. 19, 1851.	54
1820	Rev. Daniel H. Johnson,	Mendham, N. J.,	July, 1852.	51
1822	Rev. William Croswell,	Boston, Mass.,	Nov. 19, 1851.	47
"	Francis Griffin, Esq.,	New York City,	January 12, 1852.	50
1824	Jonathan T. Hudson,	New York City,	July, 1852.	47
"	Rev. Chauncey Wilcox,	Ridgefield, Ct.,	January 31, 1852.	55
1827	Rev. William Kirby,	Jacksonville, Ill.,	Dec. 20, 1851.	47
1829	Rev. Joseph D. Tyler,	Stanton, Va.	January, 1852.	48
1830	John B. Bispham,	San Francisco, Cal.,	February 24, 1852.	42
1831	Junius Hall, Esq.,	Boston, Mass.,	August, 1851.	39
1836	Lucius H. Woodruff,	Hartford, Ct.,	May, 1852.	38
1837	Rev. George Schenck,	Bedminster, N. J.,	July 7, 1852.	36
1846	Frederick P. Bellinger,	Herkimer, N. Y.,	February, 1852.	48
1847	Dugald C. Haight,	St. Louis, Mo.,	January 21, 1852.	24
1848	Clinton C. Brown,	Barnwell, S. C.,	January 29, 1852.	25
1851	Horatio W. Brinsmade,	Troy, N. Y.,	July 25, 1852.	31
1851	Emerson C. Whitney,	Middletown, Ct.,	Nov. 30, 1851.	

Editor's Table.

We are a martyr. We detect a most marvelous resemblance between ourselves and the remarkable progenitor—the good, but unfortunately victimized John Rogers. Our Maga. corresponds charmingly to Mrs. Rogers—dear, good lady. Various unlucky productions of ours are the nine children. This identical editor's table the remaining one. (We are firmly convinced that our celebrated prototype had none.) The weather furnishes us with plenty of heat for our purpose, and the printer's devil, instead of stirring up the fire, stirs up us. You, kind readers, are the sort that have sent us to the stake, which we are at present grasping in agony and pain, between the thumb and prime digits of our dexter. We should prefer to do super sinister. The heat, other engagements, with various reasons, "too numerous to mention," have prevented us from collecting that store of matter which would load our table. We can't tell any good stories; and no one has energy enough to laugh at them, if we could. Our fare, this time, must exceedingly resemble that set before the guests at Timon's last feast. We promise, however, not to throw the dishes in your face.

The minds of the boating portion of the college would seem at present occupied with the approaching regatta at Lake Winnepisiogee. It is expected to take place during the first week in vacation. We have the honor to belong to a boat-club, and we intend to be on hand. All the clubs but one will probably be represented here. They will stay a week, and hold two regattas. It is probable, also, that our brethren in Harvard may appear on the ground. It is a good idea, and all concerned, we believe, expect a glorious time. We do not think the pleasures of boating are appreciated in this college, except by the few who have tried it. You, dear reader, who are so loud in your scoffs at the folly of pulling a boat, when you might as well sail, should try it once, before you condemn it. You should have been with us the other night, when we went down to the fort, and took that glorious sea-bath. How it refreshed and strengthened us. How the exercise benighted us, and what pleasure there was in feeling the boat leap at every stroke, as animate, like ourselves, with very exultation. You should have seen, as we did, the phosphorescent silver slipping in sheets from the gliding oars, and the diamonds flashing from beneath the bow, while the ripple of the water made music befitting the occasion.

This is the time of examinations, and an anecdote we heard from a graduate of a few years' standing may not be mal-apropos. He had been absent from the whole course of Geological lectures, but appeared at the time of examination to take his turn with the rest. One morning he inquired from his fellows, what they were going to be examined on that day. "Chemistry," was the reply. He accordingly appeared at the appointed hour, collecting as much as possible, his scattered and exceedingly vague ideas on that very useful science. Soon his name was called, and he rose, nobly resolved to "do or die." "Of what is the earth principally composed?" was the venerable professor's first inquiry. "Oxygen, Sir," was the equally prompt reply. "True, true, in an elementary sense," said the professor; "but of what material is it formed?" Our hero, not knowing what else to say, un-

hesitatingly exclaimed "Quartz," which, to his great surprise, was pronounced correct. The next question was the Latin for flint-stone, which was answered correctly, of course. After a few more guesses, which, through the kind assistance of his fellows, and his own good fortune, were pretty successful, he was permitted to take his seat. After the examination was over, one of his companions remarked, "Well, Bill, we were examined in Geology, after all." "The deuce, you say! You don't mean to say that I've just been examined in Geology, do you?" "Certainly you have," was the reply to his astonished inquiry, and the learned senior was rejoiced to find that he was so proficient in a science of which he had foolishly supposed himself profoundly ignorant. This was in the easy days of old, before the discovery of biennials.

We ourselves remember, as no doubt others do, hearing a student reply, in the height of his erudition on being asked the number of the graces, that he thought there were "about *three thousand*, more or less." "Rather less than more, I believe," was the reply of the instructor, as he motioned the young classic to his seat.

The year's work is nearly ended, and vacation is coming. Who does not expect a happy one? The commencement is here. The speeches will soon be delivered, the sheepskins taken, and a quarter of our number will leave us forever. But the rest of us are looking forward to a return here. And all part happily. But whether we part to meet again, or not, we wish to each of you, kind readers, a merry vacation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a "Morning Song," from "C." We can give our readers an idea of the performance, without publishing the whole, although it is only four stanzas. The fact that morning and gladness come together, one over the mountain, and the other over the vale, is startling. This, connected with the announcement that music is ringing, (the breakfast bell, probably,) and that sunlight is resting, at just the time when it should be at work, and the inference from these developments that we should be cheerful, constitute the song; for which "C." will receive our thanks.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the receipt of Norton's Literary Gazette for July, also of the Georgia University Magazine for the same month. We wish our Georgian brothers all success in their course.

ERRATA.

Page 88, last line, for *Nidas* read *Midas*.

" 89, 10th line, for *without* read *wishing*.

" 91, 20th line, for *and* read *as*.

" 247, 7th line from bottom, for *smiled* read *smile*.

" 248, 11th line, for *same* read *strange*.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE PREMIUM FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION, established in 1850, and placed at the disposal of the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, is again open for competition. It is a gold medal, of the value of twenty-five dollars, to be awarded for the best prose article, not exceeding eight pages of the Magazine in length, and written by an undergraduate of this College, that shall be offered for publication on or before the fifth Wednesday of the first term of the collegiate year. There shall be no restriction as to subject, any farther than the known character of the Magazine requires. The essays sent in for competition must be signed with assumed names, and accompanied with sealed letters containing the true names of the authors; which, except in the case of the successful competitor, shall be returned to the Post Office unopened, and inscribed with the assumed names. The prize shall be adjudged by an examining committee, to consist, always, of the chairman of the board of Editors, and two resident graduates appointed by the Editors. Should none of the essays be deemed worthy of the prize, the Editors shall have the power to withhold it, for the time being.

GEORGE A. JOHNSON,
Chairman of the Board of Editors.

July 16th, 1852.





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CONDUCTED BY

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1. The first part of the text is a list of names and dates.

2. The second part of the text is a list of names and dates.







